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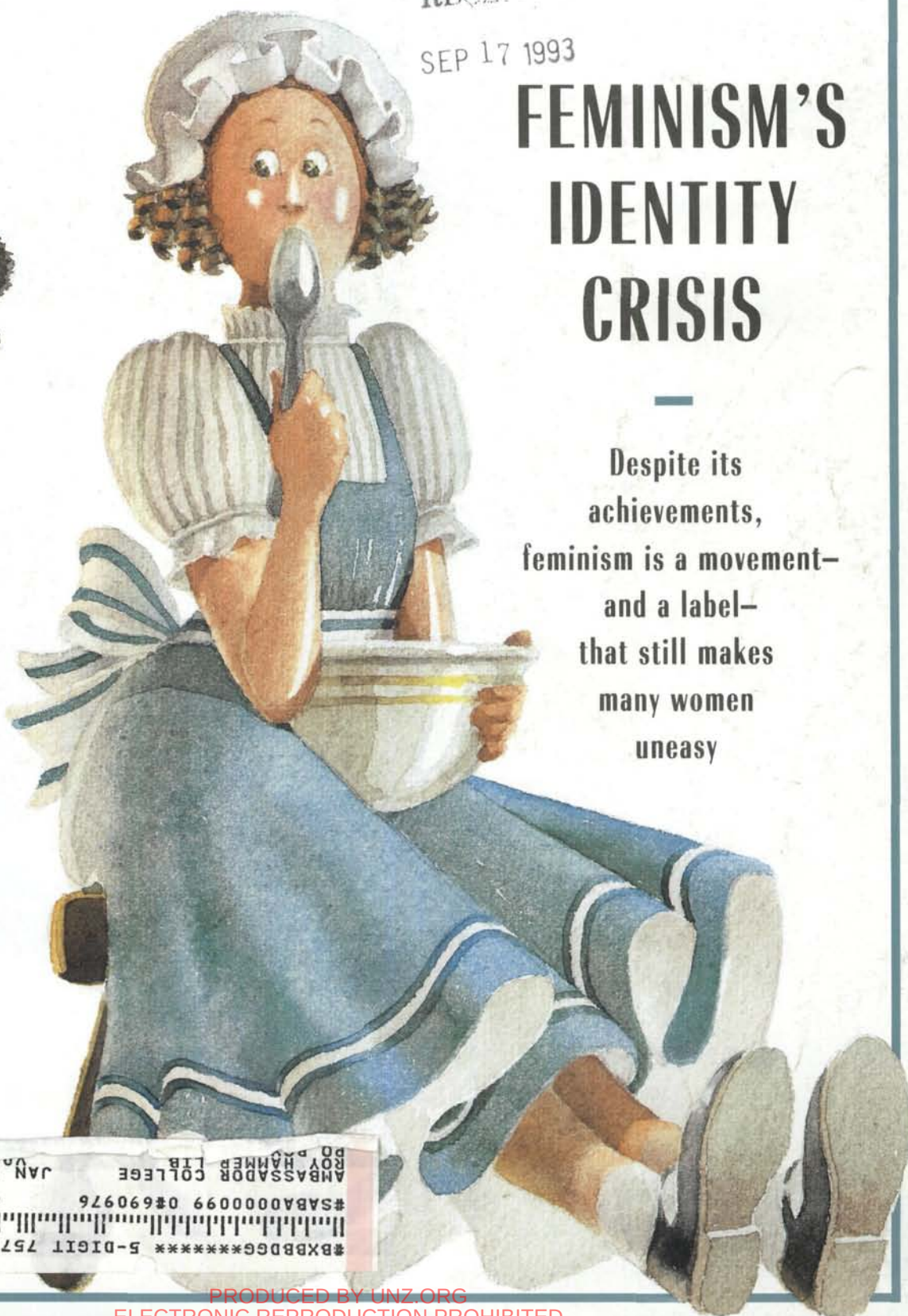
POWELL FOR PRESIDENT? / CLINTON'S TOO-MILD FIX FOR THE ECONOMY
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FEMINISM'S IDENTITY CRISIS

—
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achievements,
feminism is a movement—
and a label—
that still makes
many women
uneasy

BY
WENDY
KAMINER



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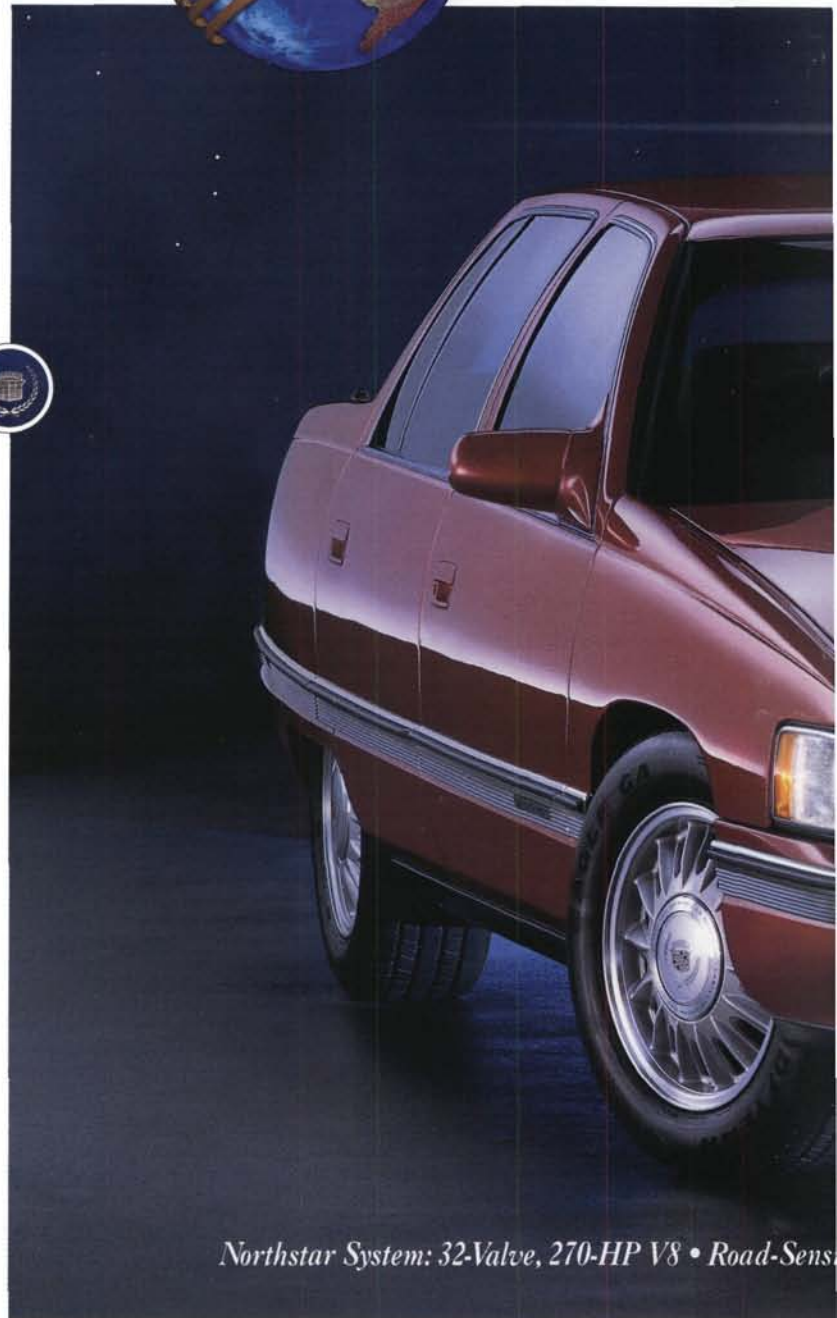
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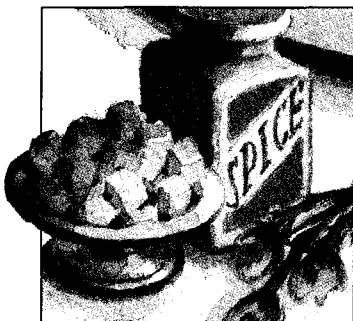
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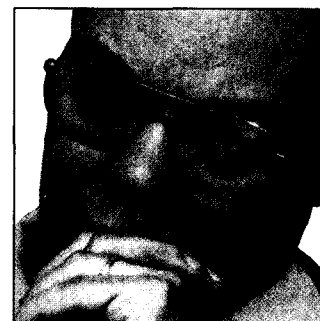
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Page 51



Page 36



Page 22

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 22 WASHINGTON:
PRESIDENT POWELL?**
The idea seems promising
in theory. It may even
become a reality.
by STEVEN STARK

- 32 DIPLOMACY:
REPARATIONS**
Nearly a half century after
the Holocaust a little-
known organization keeps
Germany financially alert
to the Holocaust's victims.
by MICHAEL Z. WISE

- 36 ENERGY:
SOMETHING IN
THE WIND**
Advances in creating
energy out of thin air.
by DOUGLAS GANTENBEIN

- 44 PUBLIC POLICY:
AVOIDANCE TACTICS**
Convention and tourism
boycotts are enjoying a
heyday. Are they effective?
More to the point, are
they fair?
by MICHAEL WRIGHT

HUMOR, FICTION, AND POETRY

- 69 ODE FOR MRS.
WILLIAM SETTLE**
by PHILIP LEVINE
- 70 A KAYA IN HOUGHTON**
by ERNST HAVEMANN

51 FEMINISM'S IDENTITY CRISIS

A curious division has become apparent. While a great majority of American women support the basic goals of the feminist agenda, a great majority are also loath to describe themselves as feminists. What gives?

by WENDY KAMINER

77 FACING UP

President Clinton's hard-won new budget, which modestly reduces the annual federal deficit, may be a welcome first step—but, the author argues, it's a baby step. To get where we need to go, he writes, we must cut—and cut deeply—entitlement programs and tax subsidies that primarily benefit the middle class.

by PETER G. PETERSON

92 IN MANY TONGUES

Hans Eberstark is a linguistic savant of prodigious memory who can pick up new languages and dialects with astonishing ease. Happily, with our correspondent he used English.

by JEREMY BERNSTEIN



- 72 DIALOGUE OF
SOUL & STONE**
by BROOKS HAXTON

- 84 LIEUTENANT COLONEL**
by ANDREW HUDGINS

- 103 STONES**
by GUY BILLOUT

BOOKS

- 116 LIBERALISM AND ITS
ENEMIES**
The Anatomy of Antiliberalism,
by Stephen Holmes
by GLENN TINDER

- 123 ARISTOCRATIC REBELS**
Bertrand Russell: A Life,
by Caroline Moorehead

*Ottoline Morrell: Life on the
Grand Scale,* by Miranda
Seymour

by HERMIONE LEE

- 130 BRIEF REVIEWS**
by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

ARTS AND LEISURE

- 104 MUSIC:
VOX POPULI**
The author confronts his
ambivalence about rap.
by FRANCIS DAVIS

- 110 TRAVEL:
PUERTO RICO'S RICHES**
A sense of becoming yet
never arriving is one ele-
ment of the island's appeal.
by HERBERT L. HILLER

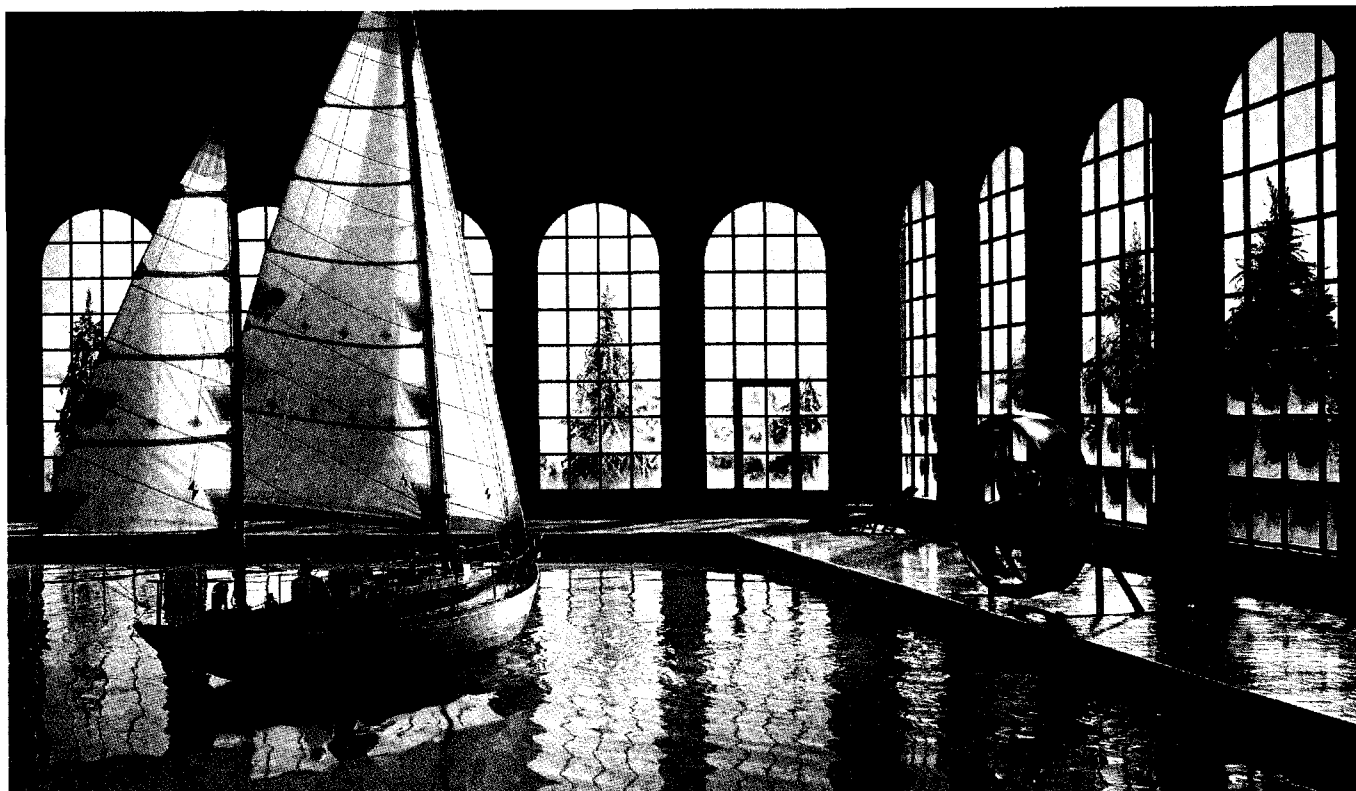
OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4 745 BOYLSTON STREET/
CONTRIBUTORS**
- 6 LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR**
- 18 THE OCTOBER ALMANAC**

- 133 THE PUZZLER**
*by EMILY COX
AND HENRY RATHVON*

- 135 WORD WATCH**
by ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

*Cover illustration by
Fred Marcellino*



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"ICANNOT TELL what the dickens his name is," Mrs. Page says of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. She is being disingenuous, but her words echo those of many readers of this magazine—and librarians and indexers—who over the past decade have called or written to ask, "Is your name officially *The Atlantic* or *The Atlantic Monthly*?" It is not hard to see why the confusion arises. The logo on our cover says simply *The Atlantic*. The running heads on the tops of pages inside the magazine say *The Atlantic Monthly*.

For the record, we have always been *The Atlantic Monthly*. Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of our founders, came up with the name during the course of a productive nap in 1857, and this name has appeared in full on the cover for most of the magazine's history. Perhaps inevitably, the editors very early on began referring to the magazine among themselves as *The Atlantic*. Even Holmes, after rising from his nap and proclaiming the magazine's formal name to his wife, went on to muse, "Soon you'll hear the

boys crying through the streets, 'Here's your *Atlantic*, 'ilantic, 'ilantic, 'ilantic!'" He was wrong about the boys, right about the name.

The word "Monthly" was first dropped from the logo on the cover of the July, 1932, issue, and it remained off until 1971. The reason seems to have been primarily considerations of design: the era of illustrated covers was upon us, and with it the need to keep type elements on the cover to a minimum. Inexplicably, little confusion about the magazine's formal name arose during this time. After a decade-long restoration of "Monthly" in diminutive form, the word was dropped again in 1981, once more for reasons of design. Confusion then began to set in.

The name *Atlantic Monthly*, and the long tradition it embodies, are important to us. Next month's cover will carry a new logo that reincorporates the word "Monthly." The magazine's logo is one element of a larger redesign, about which more will be said in this space next month.

—THE EDITORS

The Atlantic The Atlantic Monthly

The current logo (top) and our new one

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



IT'S NOT THE ECONOMY

Allow me to congratulate you on "It's Not the Economy, Stupid," by Charles R. Morris (July *Atlantic*). For once, the truth is told about the uselessness of most predictions by erudite economists. The article also points out, correctly, how far out of control our economy is, and how little influence Presidents or other Democrats or Republicans have on its functioning.

In the 1940s technology revolutionized methods of growing cotton. Before then cotton culture was labor-intensive, and armies of sharecroppers and tenant farmers worked the crop. Then herbicides were invented, and sharecroppers and tenant farmers were replaced. Large areas of the cotton-growing South lost 30 to 50 percent of their population as displaced people streamed north and into the big cities. These people had no urban skills, and were given little help in adapting to a way of life that was alien to them. They were given a dole—relief. But what they needed was training and education to become functional in their new environment. We jammed them into unwholesome slums, and thereby created the ghettos that haunt us today. Was the technology that did away with the very arduous work of growing cotton by hand good or bad? The technology was wonderful—it freed people from slavlike labor—but our response to it was wholly inadequate. In fact, few people even considered the problem, and so the long-term effect is that it now haunts us.

NATHAN OSER
Oriskany Falls, N.Y.

with the help of the Rules Committee, but it also routinely fails to comply with the laws it imposes on itself.

Mussolini made the trains run on time. But the Italian people paid a tremendous price with their sweat and blood. Likewise the American people are ill served when the majority leadership of the "greatest deliberative body known to man" ignores enfranchisement and fairness and undermines representative government.

ROBERT JAY
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Charles R. Morris says that "presidential elections have become referenda on the business cycle." "Have become"? This is not a recent development in U.S. electoral history.

Long before "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" citizens judged Presidents on the performance of the economy. Martin Van Buren was a one-term President primarily owing to the economic bust following Andrew Jackson's closing of the Bank of the United States in the 1830s. Grover Cleveland was returned to power in 1892 owing to economic uncertainty in the Farm Belt coupled with labor dissatisfaction following the Homestead strike—both private-sector problems. The Roaring Twenties kept the White House Republican until the "Hoover crash" of 1929 brought a twenty-year Democratic reign.

Neither the White House nor Congress can control the nation's entire economy, but American voters have always voted their pocketbooks when choosing leaders.

SEAN DRURY
Newbury Park, Calif.

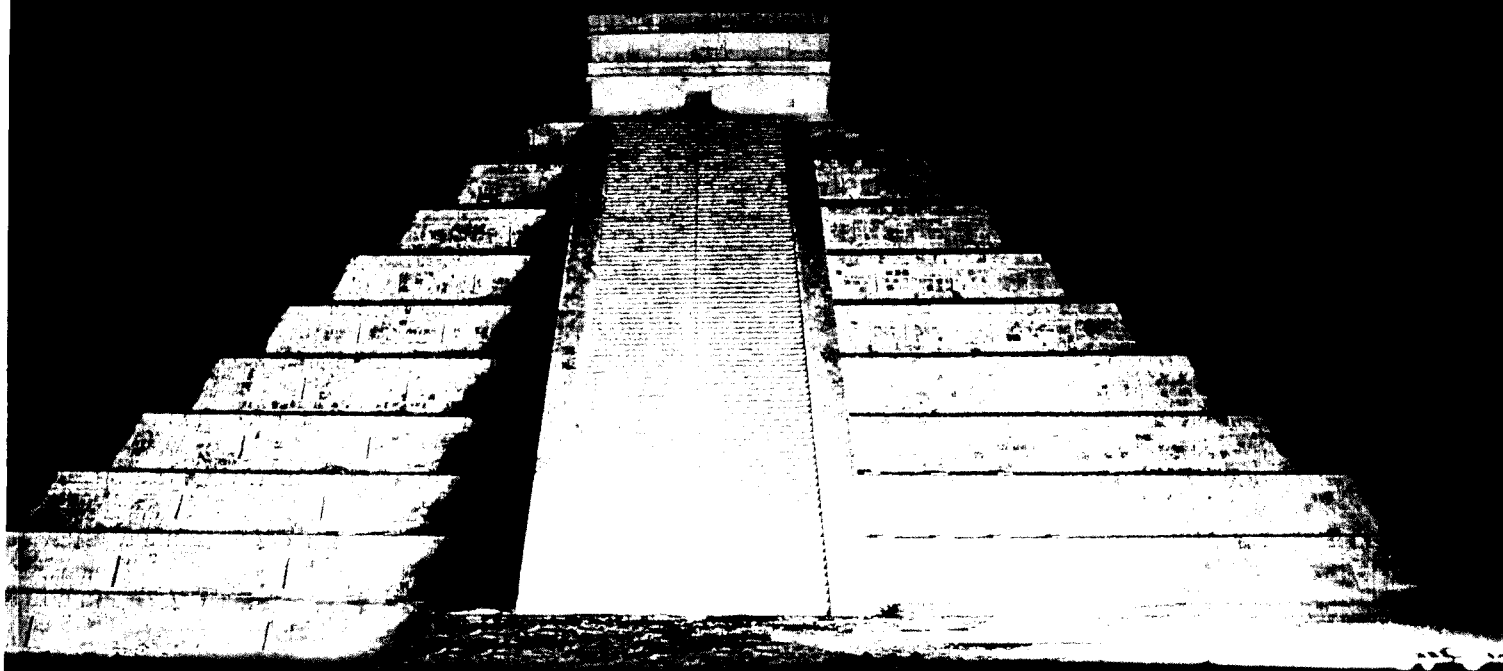
The Congressional Budget Act requires any tax or spending bill to be within the budget, and new spending and tax changes must be identified. In 1991–1992 the Budget Act was invoked on 47 percent of the measures that came through the Rules Committee. Not only does Congress refuse to comply with the laws it imposes on society,

Charles Morris's treatise on economic-model complexities reminded me of my first economics course. As we prepared for our first exam, the professor was asked if the questions under discussion were similar to those he would include on the midterm. He replied

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that he used the same questions every year; he just changed the answers.

JOHN GUNYOU
*Finance Commissioner
State of Minnesota
St. Paul, Minn.*

As Charles Morris points out, there may be no consensus on what caused the Great Depression, but in retrospect it is quite clear that the enormous government programs instituted by FDR exacerbated and prolonged the problem. Growth in the size and complexity of the federal government requires that something else be reduced. This reduction takes the form of government confiscation of Americans' private property through increasing taxes. As Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford found out, you can't achieve government growth by printing more currency. That will just reduce the value of the currency or, viewed another way, cause inflation or even hyperinflation, as it has with countries that have attempted this policy in the past. Therefore, since the government produces

nothing, financing government growth requires that something be taken from productive Americans.

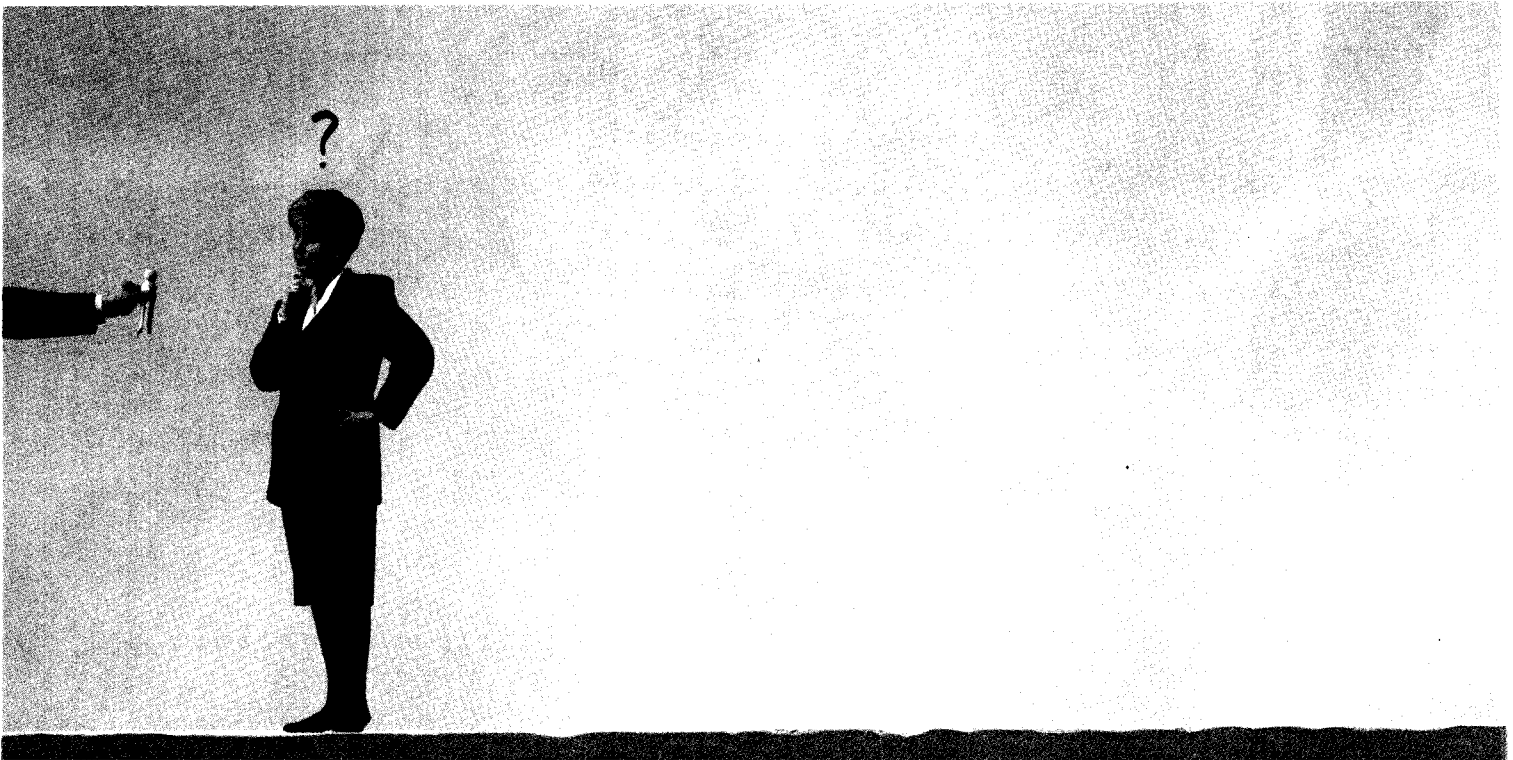
Attempts by the President to micro-manage American morals also have a negative economic effect. Policies such as the Family Leave Bill and the Americans With Disabilities Act have an economic impact on the American public, which must ultimately pay the higher prices that result when businesses accommodate these rules. Implementing socialized health care in America is another example of presidential interference with our personal lives at the expense of the economy. Spiraling health-care costs are used as justification for further government interference when in reality government is the cause of these spiraling costs. Regulatory interference in the free exchange of goods and services always forces prices higher.

The futile war on drugs is the epitome of a presidential policy with a negative impact on the American economy. Huge amounts of tax dollars are required to fund the various federal, state,

and local agencies that prosecute Americans who choose to use drugs that are not sanctioned by the government. At the same time, tax dollars are used to promote and subsidize government-sanctioned drugs, such as alcohol and tobacco, through farm subsidies. Then there is the loss of productivity of Americans who are incarcerated under these hypocritical laws, and the increase of violent crime owing to the government-caused creation of a black market.

Morris accurately observed that the economy is too large for centralized presidential management. Examine how successful former Eastern bloc leaders were with their central planning committees. The President can only have a disruptive effect by attempting to interfere with the economy. A healthy economy is one free of regulatory bureaucracy and unburdened by large government overhead. People don't exist to support the government; the government exists only to protect the people.

BERT WILSON
Russellville, Ky.





Many of Charles Morris's criticisms of the economics profession are well taken, but we economists do not all look and think alike. Friedrich Hayek, a Nobel laureate and a student of the Austrian economist Ludwig von Mises, explained the contradictions and failures of "scientific management" of government in a 1945 *American Economic Review* article titled "The Use of Knowledge in Society." Morris would probably find Hayek to be an intellectual soulmate.

It was almost "heresy" at that time, Hayek wrote, to suggest that "scientific knowledge is not the sum of all knowledge" and that this knowledge could not be used by wise and benevolent politicians to "plan" the economy. But there is another kind of knowledge, which Hayek called "the knowledge of the particular circumstances of time and place," which all people possess and which only they can utilize effectively. We all spend a lifetime accumulating knowledge about our particular jobs and careers, and no scientist, economist, or policymaker can

ever imitate that knowledge. And it is this knowledge, utilized most efficiently in a free-market economy, that makes the economic world go round.

What Hayek called the "pretense of knowledge" on the part of politicians, academics, and other advocates of broad economic intervention by government lies at the heart of all failed attempts at government planning, from the disastrous experiments in socialism in the former USSR and elsewhere to America's ill-fated attempts at Keynesian "fine-tuning," an ironic term if ever there was one.

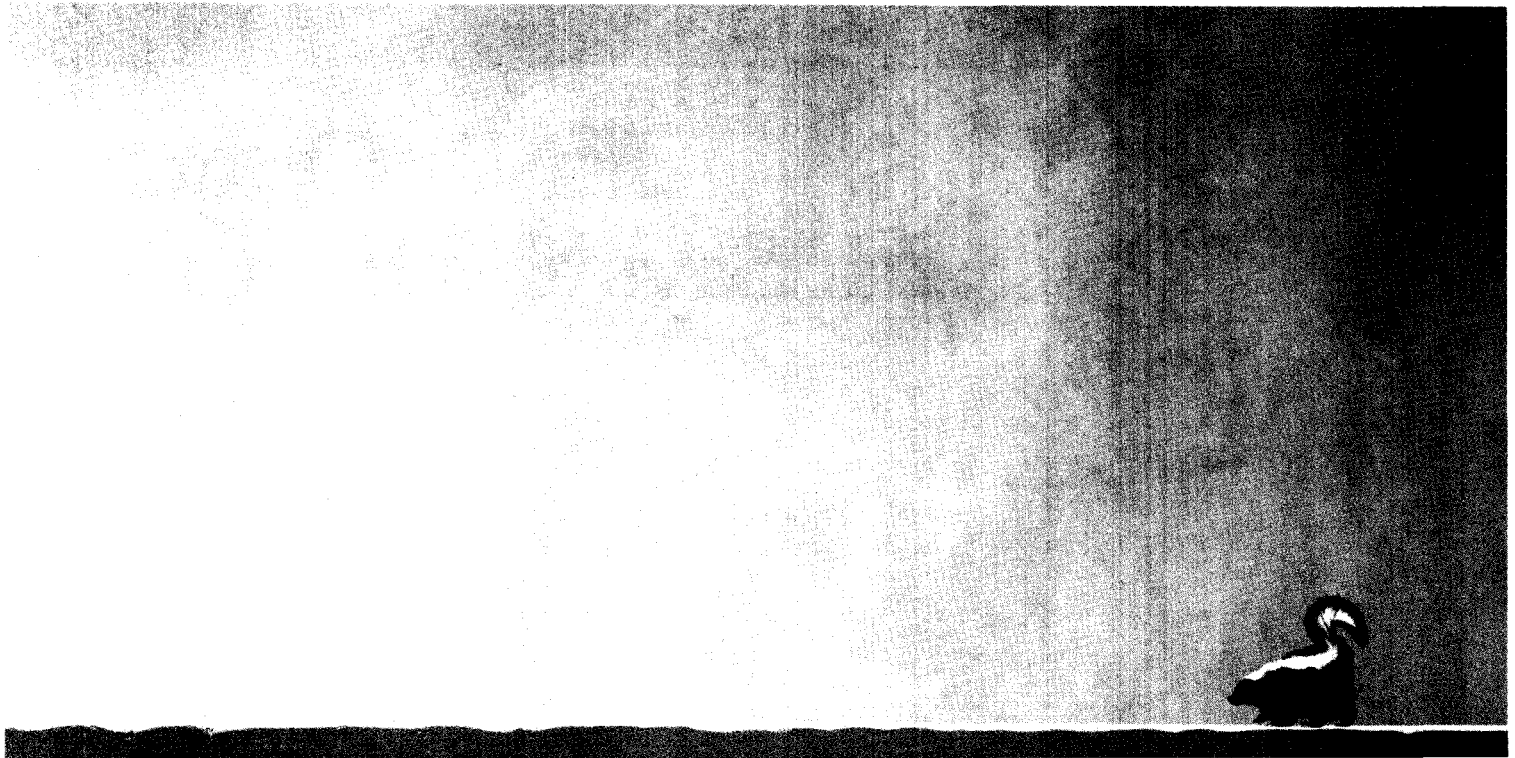
Most modern Austrian economists (so named because the school of thought was founded by Karl Menger, an Austrian) would agree heartily with Morris's contention that "forecasting in economics is not the same as plotting the path of a planet"; with his appreciation of the sheer complexity of the economy, which simply cannot be captured by conventional economic "models"; and with his paraphrases of John Holland's statements about the economy as an "adaptive system" that is more akin to

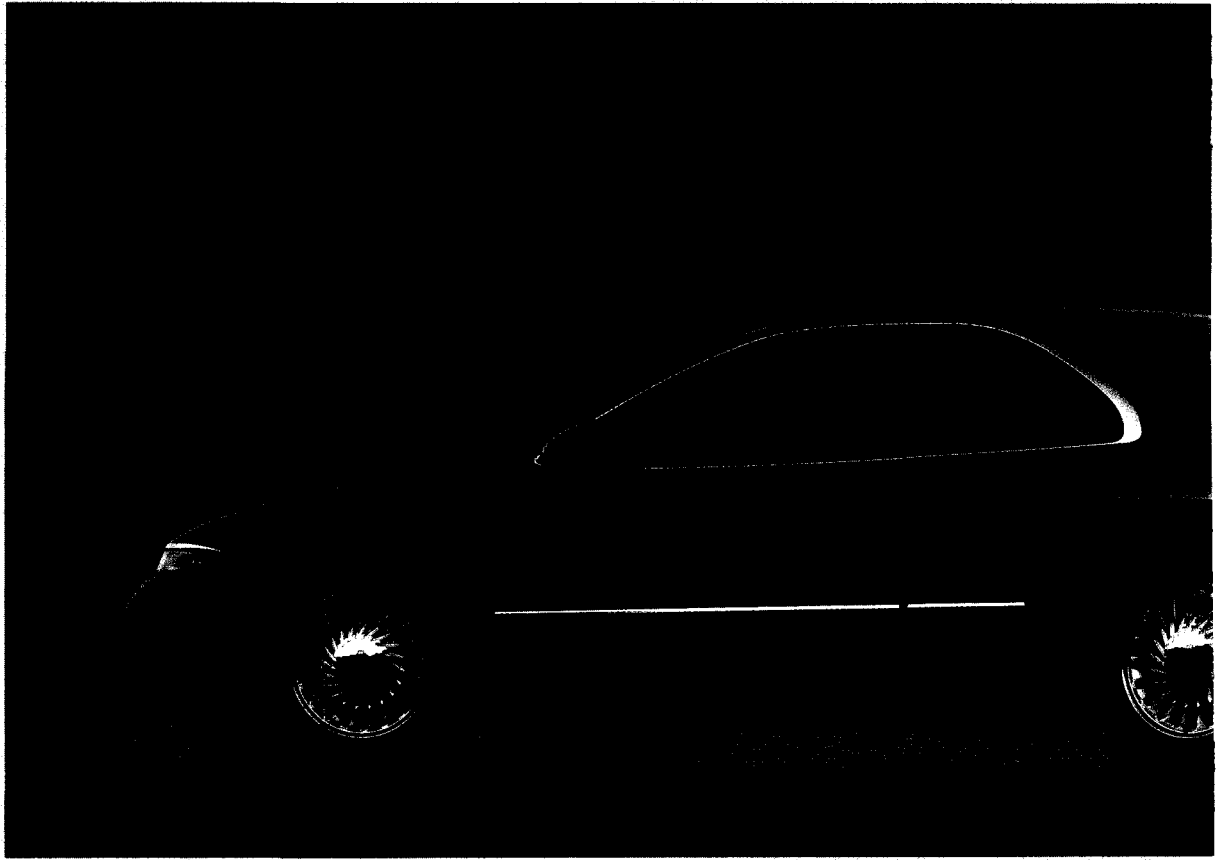
biological systems than to Newtonian mechanics. To his suggestion that Presidents cease the practice of pretending to be daily miracle workers I would add: Amen.

THOMAS J. DiLORENZO
*Loyola College
Baltimore, Md.*

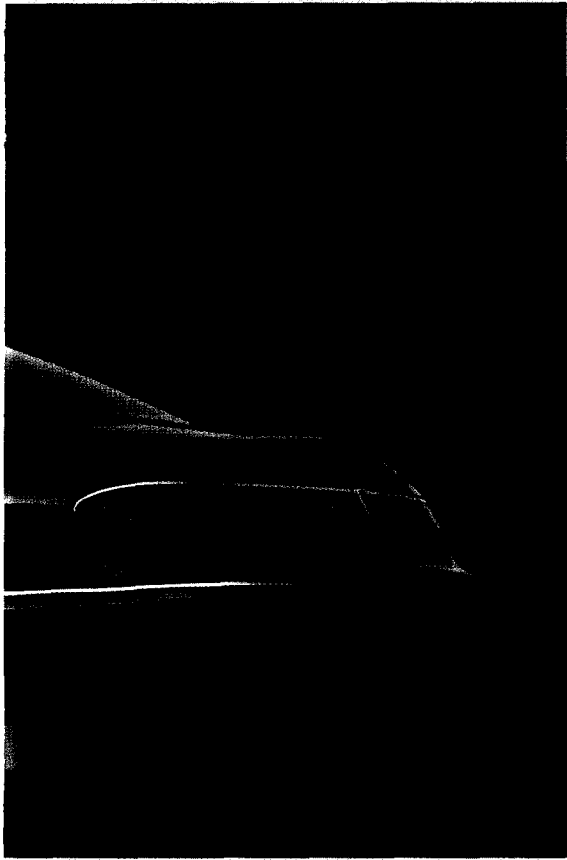
Charles Morris replies:

Judging by their letters, I suspect that Nathan Oser and Bert Wilson would disagree with each other on most specifics, but the questions they raise are pitched to the right level of discourse. Government policies on food and agriculture, on illicit drugs, on immigration, on health care, all have profound long-term economic and other effects. The detailed failures of conventional economics don't mean that good policymaking is either unnecessary or impossible. It was, after all, American statesmen who engineered the postwar reconstruction of Europe and Japan and created our modern open global trading system; this was long-term economic policymaking at





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its best, based on first principles rather than the absurdly specific computer models that partisans wield today.

The challenge is to decide what we want the government to do and then to hold it to a high standard of accountability. Liberals and conservatives will disagree over what we should expect of the government; my argument is merely that the penchant of the press and politicians, abetted by too many lime-light-seeking economists (who almost always know better), for focusing on what the government can't reasonably do—such as determine next month's GDP growth or "create eight million new jobs"—obscures the issues and destroys accountability. Sean Drury suggests that, lamentably, it has always been so.

DISENCHANTED IRELAND

Geoffrey Wheatcroft's impressive analysis "The Disenchantment of Ireland" (July *Atlantic*) precisely captures the spirit of Ireland's national myth-making.

However, it is important to recall that not only Eamon de Valera was selling an idea very different from reality. Lost in the shuffle of the British government's failure to honor its own 1914 Home Rule Agreement (which would have granted temporary exclusion to some of Ulster's counties) were the "nationalists of the old school," including Stephen Gwynn, MP for Galway City, whom Wheatcroft mentions. Gwynn and others had their own optimistic and illusionary recipe for Ireland's future—one that would have included all thirty-two counties in a secular state with a status similar to that of Canada or Australia at the time.

Prime Minister David Lloyd George failed to understand that Gwynn, John Redmond, and other leaders of the National Party believed that he stood by promises of a united Ireland made them when Home Rule was approved; thus their position was rendered untenable when it turned out that Lloyd George could not or would not keep his promise. That the First World War gave the cynical English Conservative and Ulster Unionist parties time to destroy the Home Rule Agreement is one of the great tragedies of modern European history.

Circumstances and cynicism meant

that Gwynn and others who had the only all-inclusive vision of a peaceful, united Ireland were quickly sidelined. Nonetheless, Gwynn and most of his peers bravely chose sides and opted to be loyal to a new, truncated, religious Ireland. Indeed, Gwynn's cousin, William O'Brien, MP, led the bulk of the Home Rule Party into Sinn Féin's camp in time to secure outright victory for De Valera's party in the 1918 elections.

Incidentally, Gwynn was as "Ascendancy" as they get, and distinctly Episcopalian—not Catholic, as Wheatcroft says. His father and one of his brothers were Church of Ireland vicars. One brother became provost to Trinity College, Dublin, and another became vice-provost. Two of his brothers played cricket as well as rugby for Ireland, and one also played for the Gentlemen of England, something that no self-respecting Catholic nationalist would have dreamed of doing.

CHRISTOPHER FAUSKE
South Hampton, N.H.

It is a testimony to the unstinting hospitable instincts of the Irish that they still put up with visits from the likes of Geoffrey Wheatcroft. His self-righteous assumption that nationhood is proper for some but not for the Irish leads him into such censorious cavils about Ireland's condition that all perspective is lost. Attacking "myths" of Irish aspirations for unity, economic development, use of the Irish language, and a distinctive way of life, he overlooks the central fact that all countries generate myths about national identity. Considering that Ireland has a history of savage repression at England's hands, it has no small right to some relieving imaginings. It should be recalled that the term "jingo" was invented for England's peculiar nationalist fantasies. Even rich America needs frontier myths and popular idols for its diversion.

Wheatcroft sees Partition as a blessing, oblivious of the wretched discrimination, corruption, and jackboot rule presided over in Northern Ireland by the Crown's servants, who have consigned the area to the ministrations of hot-Gospel loonies and Colonel Blimp racists. Independent Ireland, though geographically marginal and resource-poor, like Greece and Portugal, could have had a different economic history

had not Partition denied it the industrial assets of the North.

"Quite possibly, if they had stayed around long enough, the English might have turned their minds to rectifying the cultural oppression and ruination of Gaelic Ireland," Wheatcroft writes with patronizing fatuity. It certainly never occurred to them over the long period, from 1500 to 1921, while they did stay around, doing their best over centuries to decimate that culture and exterminate its exponents.

At the root of Wheatcroft's maunderings is the unfortunate fact that Englishmen like himself simply cannot reconcile themselves to the reality that not all people wish to admire and imitate the curtsying superstitions and myths of English monarchy. Nor do they believe the Anglo myth that a simple and godly people from foggy England did humanity a service by violently acting out imperial delusions across several continents.

DENNIS CLARK
Philadelphia, Pa.

Geoffrey Wheatcroft's essay on Ireland is one of the most pernicious pieces of propaganda that I have ever read regarding my ancestral homeland. The piece's apparent open-mindedness masks a substance of condescension, arrogance, and ignorance.

Nowhere is Wheatcroft's ignorance more apparent than in his offhand references to the Great Famine and the profound impact it had on the past one and a half centuries of Irish history. More than a million Irish men, women, and children starved to death while their homeland was a net exporter of food to an occupying power. Exactly what is so "sad and disturbing" about it if a people who had suffered such an abomination and many less appalling indignities compared their sufferings to the horrors of Nazism, especially when the existence of the death camps was not widely known?

Yes, De Valera erred grievously in his response to Nazism. In fact, his practical error of failing to pursue an arrangement whereby Ireland would abandon neutrality, the United States would station troops in Ireland and use the treaty ports, and the British would leave Ulster was probably as serious as his moral error of underestimating the barbarity of Nazism. Given the history that went before him, however, it is



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difficult to have expected better from De Valera.

It is equally difficult to accept Wheatcroft's assertion that were it not for the Royal Navy, Hitler "would have walked over Ireland." German plans for the invasion of Britain relied heavily on the use of river barges to carry men and materials across a few miles of English Channel. How or why would the Germans have used barges to carry an invasion force a much greater distance across open water to Ireland? It was geography, not the British fleet, that saved Irish neutrality.

I, too, suspect that contemporary Ireland is not exactly what Pearse and Connolly had in mind in 1916, just as I suspect that the contemporary United States is not exactly what Washington and Jefferson had in mind in 1776. I further suspect that Wheatcroft has unrealistic expectations of the Irish people which result from his inability to grasp the enormity of the horrors that his people have inflicted upon them.

PATRICK TOOMEY JR.
Miami Shores, Fla.

"The Disenchantment of Ireland" neither surprised nor disappointed me. I got exactly what I expected from an English journalist writing about Ireland—namely, racist drivel. Geoffrey Wheatcroft does Ireland a grave injustice by giving evidence of smallness of mind, not to mention a British-educated ignorance of Irish history. In short, his article is misleading, mischievous, and cheap!

C. G. MCGILLICUDDY
Bronx, N.Y.

By criticizing censorship while at the same time raising Conor Cruise O'Brien to the rarefied status of "arguably the greatest living Irishman," Geoffrey Wheatcroft shoots himself in both feet.

As a government minister in the 1970s, O'Brien was largely responsible for legislation that bars from the Republic's airwaves those Irish who might well be accused of hanging on to certain myths, regardless of modern realities. I speak of Sinn Féin and others who invite both Irish and British government disapproval in the context of the Northern Ireland conflict.

Many agree with O'Brien's views on Sinn Féin, but many more, most Irish journalists included, strongly disagree

with a muzzling of political debate that continues to this day. O'Brien continues to defend such censorship; he did so quite recently, in fact, in a Dublin high court case.

RAY O'HANLON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

It is ironic that Geoffrey Wheatcroft attributes the dominance of Fianna Fáil to "the elaborate system of proportional representation." It would be more accurate to credit this system for the not inconsiderable intervals when Fianna Fáil was out of power. Nobody knows this better than the party itself, which twice (1959 and 1968) tried to replace it with the British "first-past-the-post" system, but failed to gain approval in the subsequent referenda. The electoral system also explains how Mary Robinson, in Wheatcroft's phrase, "slipped through to win" the presidential election. In spite of the scandal Wheatcroft mentions, the Fianna Fáil candidate had a plurality of first-preference votes, but the elimination of third-place Austin Currie and the redistribution of his second-preference votes gave the victory to Robinson.

Wheatcroft is right to attribute the origin of the two large parties to the 1922–1923 civil war, but he thinks (mistakenly) that this was a conflict between Home Rulers (a spent force in 1922) and Free Staters. In fact it was between Free Staters, who were satisfied with dominion status, and "Republicans," who wanted to end the British connection completely.

MARTIN E. MULDOON
Toronto, Ont.

Geoffrey Wheatcroft replies:

There were two factual errors in my article on Ireland. I am grateful to Christopher Fauske for pointing out that Stephen Gwynn was not a Catholic, and I can only plead Dr. Johnson's "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." I am also grateful to Martin Muldoon for the correction about the split in Sinn Féin in 1922 between Free Staters and Republicans. I did in fact know this, and what appeared was the result of a hiccup in transatlantic communications.

The other letters speak for themselves: your correspondents are entitled to their, albeit rather misty and romantic, view of Ireland, and to their ritual abuse of me. Only one makes me as indignant as I have made some read-

ers. Trying gently to make a point about a certain Irish tendency toward solipsism and self-pity, I quoted an *Irish Press* leader from 1943: "There is no kind of oppression visited on any minority in Europe which the Six County nationalists have not also endured." The treatment of the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland after Partition was indeed disgraceful, in terms of discrimination in housing and jobs, of gerrymandering and exclusion from power. But the *Irish Press* made a specific and deliberate comparison between that treatment and the oppression of the Jews by Hitler. The fact that there are still Irish-American readers of *The Atlantic* to whom that comparison seems appropriate or decent makes my point far more eloquently than I could myself.

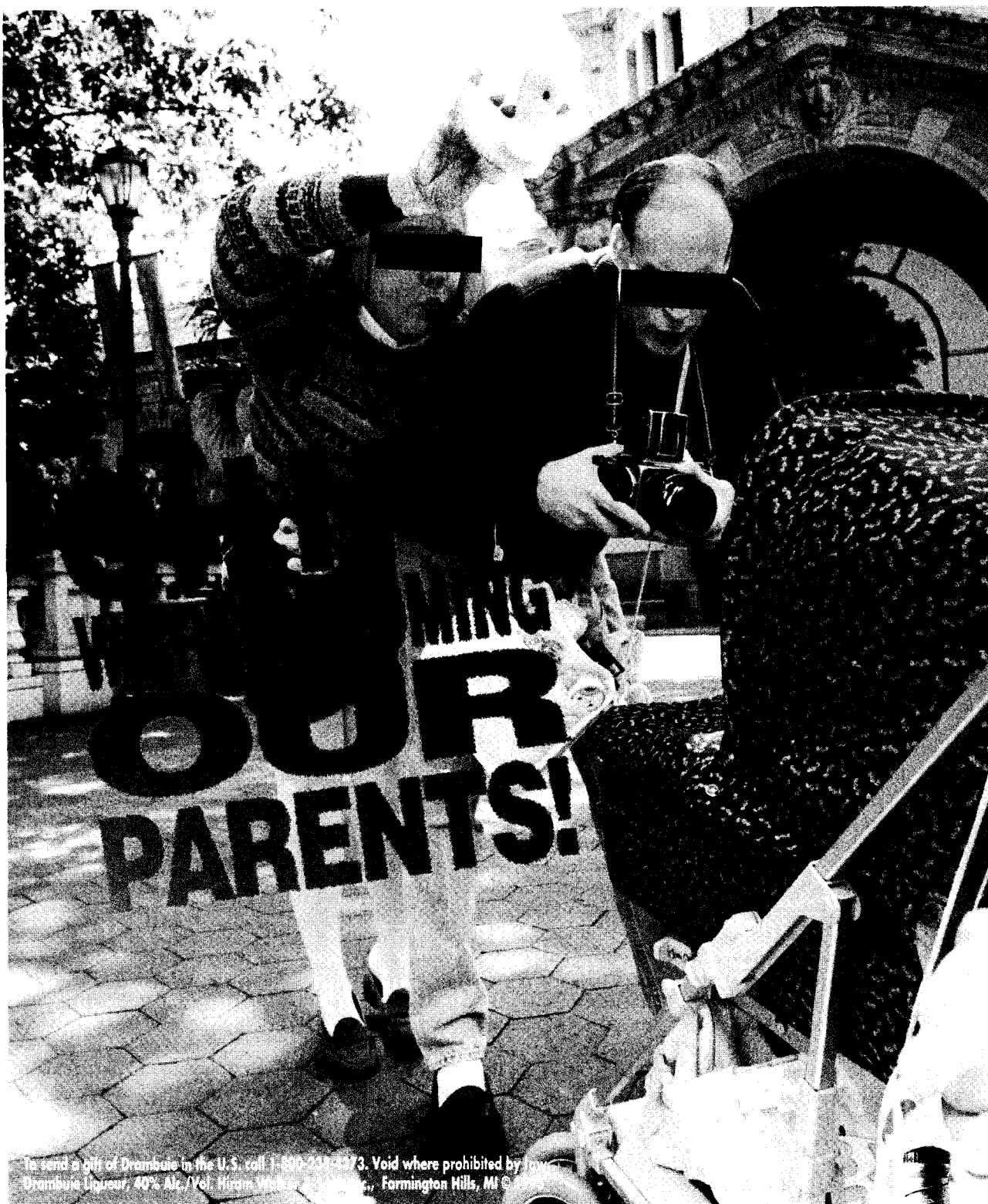
LAST POSITION HELD

Before she slaps one of her feminist foremothers in the face in a fit of post-adolescent pique, Sarah Finnie Rockwell ("Last Position Held," June *Atlantic*) should at least get her facts straight. She does not say how old she is, except to identify her generation as "late twenties to . . . early forties." But it is clear that she is either too young or just too ignorant of Gloria Steinem's life work to have the faintest idea what that courageous woman has done for Rockwell and her generation. Without the untiring work of Steinem and many other women (and men) that have been published in the pages of *Ms.* magazine for twenty years, I can guarantee Rockwell that neither she nor any other woman would appear on the masthead of *The Atlantic* under any guise except that of a lowly "researcher," if that.

ELIZABETH J. HINDS
Morris, Minn.

As an educated (B.A., M.A.) choose-at-stay-at-home-and-raise-my-child mother, I turn to *The Atlantic* every month to keep my mind sharp. Thanks to Sarah Finnie Rockwell, I have a renewed pride in my current occupation (motherhood) and am determined to find some way to include it on my next résumé. Thank you for an enjoyable, high-quality publication.

LORI CLUNE EMERZIAN
Fresno, Calif.



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Sarah Finnie Rockwell replies:

The letters from Elizabeth Hinds and Lori Emerzian illustrate a paralyzing polarity among well-educated women. To Ms. Hinds: Like many women my age (thirty-seven), I acknowledge an enormous debt to Gloria Steinem et al. As schoolgirls we were encouraged by voices like hers to pursue the careers of our choice, and many of us have done so. The trouble is, children weren't factored into the equal-access scenario—by Steinem, by *Ms.*, by employers, by our teachers, or (until we became mothers) by us. Maternity-leave policies may come and go, but the fact remains that young children need and deserve extraordinary amounts of time and attention. Even in middle-class two-parent families it is difficult, at best, for both adults to advance their careers and simultaneously provide a secure, happy home life for children.

JAPAN'S ECONOMY

Eamonn Fingleton's article "Tokyo: Fine, Thank You" (May *Atlantic*) is a snarl of misinformation and economic snake oil.

There is, for instance, the ten-foot-tall claim that "Japan's per capita income finished last year . . . a stunning 42 percent ahead of Americans." It would be very interesting to hear the author of this statement explain why such super-rich Japanese own less than half as many cars as and a third fewer telephones and televisions than us poor Americans, why they have houses that are about half the size of those in Europe or the United States, and why they eat less meat, fruit, and vegetables. I'm aghast that there are still national writers out there who don't realize that the only sensible way to compare income levels across countries today is by using the "purchasing power parities" that international economists have worked hard to perfect over the past decade. Or perhaps this author did know that but chose to use wildly inaccurate unadjusted figures anyway because he did not like what the purchasing-power data show: 25 percent more buying income per person in America.

Fingleton cites Japan's serious labor shortages as a sign of national well-being—instead of a symptom of the country's serious demographic problems, its inflexible wastage of labor in industries like retailing, distribution, and white-

collar clerking, and its irrational aversion to the use of female or immigrant talent. As an example of the country's "robust economic health," the author describes a parcel-delivery company that pays "young men straight out of school nearly \$100,000 a year" and still ends up chronically shorthanded. This is a kind of "health" most national economies would certainly want to do without.

As the article progresses, the economic logic gets even richer. The hundreds of billions of dollars in financial losses that resulted when the Japanese government first overheated and then collapsed the Tokyo stock market were a good thing, not a bad thing, Fingleton assures us. I quote:

Big corporations profited handsomely by selling vast amounts of securities at inflated prices. The buyers, typically rich private citizens or small entrepreneurial companies, have since seen a severe diminution of their financial strength—but this has actually been in a good cause. Not only have the corporations that are the key agents of the country's industrial policy been enriched, but the egalitarianism of Japan's all-important social contract has been reinforced.

Whew! This guy must have loved the stock-market crash of 1929. His ramblings are, first of all, factual bullhockey: millions of small savers, retirees, and other investors lost their nest eggs when the Tokyo bubble burst. In addition, the paternalistic notion that any pain that has benefits for big corporations must be good is as offensive to most Japanese as it would be to most Americans. By Fingleton's logic, the U.S. government ought to be colluding with Exxon, GM, AT&T, and others to engineer stock-market manipulations that would enrich the corporate mama while taking money away from overwealthy small entrepreneurs and evil "rich private citizens."

Fingleton applies the same syllogism to Japan's recent real-estate collapse. Don't worry, he says, "the victims have been almost entirely small-scale real-estate companies and their lenders; Japan's all-important industrial economy has remained sheltered from the turmoil." Again, factual nonsense: Japan's large banks and life-insurance companies have been hurt badly by real-estate losses, and this will reduce or eliminate their ability to finance new

industrial borrowing for years. Besides, don't the economic interests of small companies and small people count too? Aren't they equally entitled to a fair and sensible set of national economic policies? Alas, to Fingleton and other advocates of government-corporate collusion, only big enterprises count.

The economic foolishness goes on and on. Fingleton argues that Japanese bureaucrats may actually have induced today's crippling mess in their banking industry on purpose, as a convenient way of forcing mergers. Crafty planners in government ministries bankrupting major institutions in a plot to build an even bigger steamroller? This is something only the most ingenuous Japan, Inc. enthusiast could dream up.

Fingleton and the sources he relies on are prominent cheerleaders for national "industrial policies," both abroad and at home. That is the real agenda behind this article, and in their zeal to defend government economic steering these informants tint, retouch, and misrepresent actual developments in Japan. At a time when Americans badly need accurate information about our major Asian partner, this is most unfortunate. In the future we *Atlantic* readers would welcome a little less pro-industrial-policy puffery in your pages, and a little more realistic reporting on the true strengths and weaknesses of the Japanese economy.

KARL ZINSMEISTER
Ithaca, N.Y.

Eamonn Fingleton replies:

Karl Zinsmeister's tone suggests that I have made major errors of fact and logic—but he does not substantiate a single instance. Instead he blithely offers an unreconstructed recitation of the very same errors of American conventional wisdom which I took pages to rebut in my article.

My point about Japan's 42 percent edge in per capita income is not a "ten-foot-tall claim" but a fact that, as the article made clear, is vouched for by S. G. Warburg Securities. This figure is *real* in that Japanese employers now pay some of the highest wages in the world—and they sweep all before them in competing against the cream of American, German, Swedish, and Swiss corporations in export markets.

Mr. Zinsmeister makes much of Japan's low consumption rate. There is no surprise here—least of all for *Atlantic*



readers. As my article pointed out, Japanese employers now invest three times as much per employee as their American counterparts do. To the extent that a higher percentage of national income is allocated to investment in Japan than in the United States, it follows as a mathematical certainty that Japan's consumption rate will be lower. Thus Japanese consumption is constantly lower than American observers think it "should" be. The Japanese measure themselves by quite different standards: they are sacrificing today to build a better world for their children.

That said, Mr. Zinsmeister's picture of the deprived Japanese consumer is unrecognizable. Although the Japanese underconsume, there is no need to send food parcels. Housing space excepted, on virtually every measure of consumer welfare the Japanese are close to U.S. levels or are actually ahead. Japan now leads in the percentage of households with color television, microwave ovens, and air-conditioning. In cars Japan lags only slightly: a 77.3 percent penetration rate versus America's 87.7 percent. Moreover, cars on Japanese roads are typically much newer than cars in the United States. Mr. Zinsmeister's suggestion that the Japanese are short of fruit and vegetables will surprise anyone who knows the country: the Japanese diet is widely recognized as one of the healthiest in the world.

Mr. Zinsmeister should know that purchasing-power parity is not a new concept. It is a highly subjective measure that has been used by second-tier economies for decades to convince themselves that they are more successful than they seem to be. To compare the United States and Japan on this

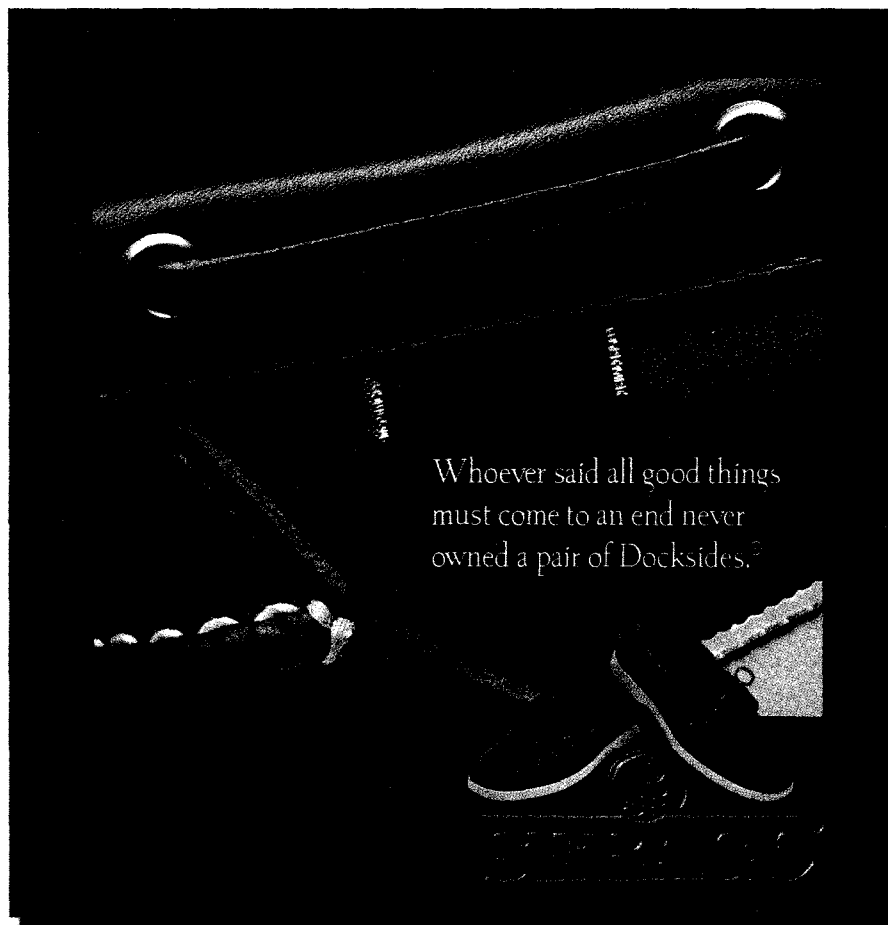
measure you must make value judgments about whether, for instance, it is better to eat chocolate cookies or tofu and whether America's embarrassment of legal talent produces more "consumer welfare" than Japan's universal health-care system. The Reaganite think tanks that have suddenly embraced purchasing-power parity in recent years can be counted on to give the American economy the benefit of every doubt on such conundrums.

For a disinterested comparison of consumer welfare I refer Mr. Zinsmeister

if employers are still vying with one another for labor, this is unmistakable evidence that they—and their workers—are prospering.

Mr. Zinsmeister takes me to task for my interpretation of the Tokyo stock-market crash. The context of my comments made clear that *viewed from the standpoint of Japanese policymakers*, the financial mayhem was in a good cause. After nearly eight years in Japan, I have come to accept that Japanese policymakers, as good Confucians, strike a balance between the rights of individuals and group

welfare different from the one most Westerners would choose. Like Mr. Zinsmeister, I might think this balance is inappropriate, but since we are not Japanese, our views are beside the point. The effect of the crash, which even Mr. Zinsmeister does not challenge, is that it transferred wealth from the personal to the *industrial* sector. He should not shed tears for the banks: they are uncomplaining instruments of industrial policy—and in any case, as I pointed out, they continue to grow far faster than their American counterparts. Virtually none of Japan's

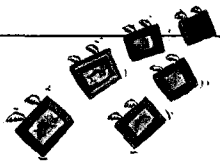


ter to the United Nations Human Development Index, which ranks Japan first in the world. The United States is sixth. Then there is the ultimate test of living well: human mortality. Even a Washington think tank cannot do much to bend the evidence here: the Japanese live about seven years longer than Americans.

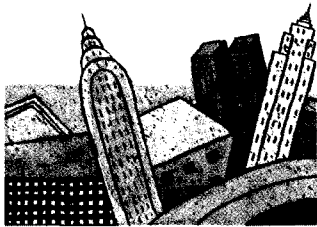
Mr. Zinsmeister's attribution of Japan's labor shortage to "serious demographic problems" is puzzling. My article pointed out that Japan's work force has been growing by a net 1.2 million people a year in the 1990s. Thus

wealth was dissipated in extravagant consumption or misallocated in inappropriate real investments during the Bubble years. There is no question that Japan's richest individuals have been the crash's big losers. Mr. Zinsmeister's suggestion that many small savers lost their "nest eggs" is unsupported by the evidence: stocks accounted for only 12 percent of a typical householder's financial assets before the crash.

I have no "agenda." I merely report what I see: in the very special case of Japan, industrial policy does what Japanese officials ask of it.



THE OCTOBER ALMANAC



ARTS & LETTERS

October 3, ninety of John James Audubon's original watercolors for his *Birds of America* series of illustrations will leave their home in the New-York Historical Society for the first time since they were acquired from the artist's widow in 1863. This sampling from the artist's major work will be on view at the National Gallery of Art until the beginning of next year, after which the exhibit will travel to Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Houston, Memphis, New York, Seattle, and San Francisco before returning to New York in April of 1996. The society's entire collection of 435 Audubon watercolors will be reproduced in an accompanying book. 27, the Municipal Art Society of New York celebrates its hundredth birthday in Grand Central Station, one of the buildings it has preserved. The society's support of the Zoning Resolution of 1916 paved the way for laws protecting landmarks in other cities. The society helped establish the Landmarks Preservation Commission and the New York Landmarks Law, a model for such legislation nationwide.

GOVERNMENT

October 1, federal fiscal year 1994 begins. 2, the last day to file new claims for the extended unemployment benefits that Congress passed last March as an "emergency" measure—the only major component of the President's \$16.3 billion economic stimulus package to survive. An extra 20



to 26 weeks of coverage was provided for those who have exhausted their normally allotted unemployment compensation. A small part of the \$5.8 billion needed for the extra benefits was offset when Congress decided to forgo one of its own scheduled cost-of-living pay increases. 4, the Supreme Court begins a new term today, as it has on the first Monday of every October since 1917. This term Ruth Bader Ginsburg takes her place as the nation's 107th Supreme Court Justice, replacing Byron R. White.

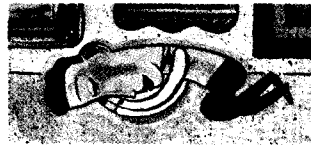


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THE SKIES

October 15, New Moon, which comes a scant 10 hours after the Moon reaches its monthly perigee (the point in its orbit closest to Earth), meaning that very extreme high and low tides can be expected. 24, the waxing Moon lies to the north of Saturn, the only bright planet visible this evening. 30, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon and, among the Cheyenne, the Moon When Water Freezes. 31, at 2:00 A.M., Daylight Saving Time ends. Set your clocks back an hour the night before and enjoy an extra hour of sleep, the more delicious for being wholly unearned.



Q & A

Why do museums make people so tired?

"Museum fatigue" is a term familiar to museum designers, who have been studying the phenomenon for at least 75 years. In most cases it cannot simply be chalked up to boredom: museum fatigue has been found to set in after 30 to 45 minutes regardless of how engaging the exhibit is. Instead it is thought to be a natural response to being overloaded with information, especially in unstructured, open-ended situations. Museum designers are trying to combat this problem by making the physical layout of the building very clear at its entrance, and by dividing large, palatial spaces into orderly progressions of smaller rooms. Standing and walking on marble floors exacerbates the problem—all other things being equal, visitors will stay longer in a museum if its floors are carpeted or made of wood, and so exhibition floors are also receiving attention—but at least one study has shown that viewers tire quickly even when they are shown paintings while seated.

HEALTH & SAFETY

October 1, observational studies of nontraditional medical treatments begin across the country today under a grant program sponsored by the new Office of Alternative Medicine at the National Institutes of Health. The OAM will evaluate the long-term efficacy of and patient satisfaction with



treatments such as acupuncture, acupressure, herbalism, homeopathy, chiropractic, hypnosis, biofeedback, nutrition therapy, and relaxation. Unlike many of their European colleagues, most U.S. physicians have resisted these therapies, some of which date back thousands of years, and until now there has been scant scientific investigation of them. Patients have been considerably more open-minded: a study earlier this year found that a third of the 1,539 Americans surveyed had used some form of alternative medicine during the previous year (usually without telling their physicians), and it estimated that in 1990 Americans spent nearly \$14 billion on unconventional therapies, most of which was not reimbursed by insurance companies. In preparation for the program, NIH last spring sponsored workshops on writing grant proposals geared toward alternative-medicine practitioners, who in many cases have had little experience with the grant process.

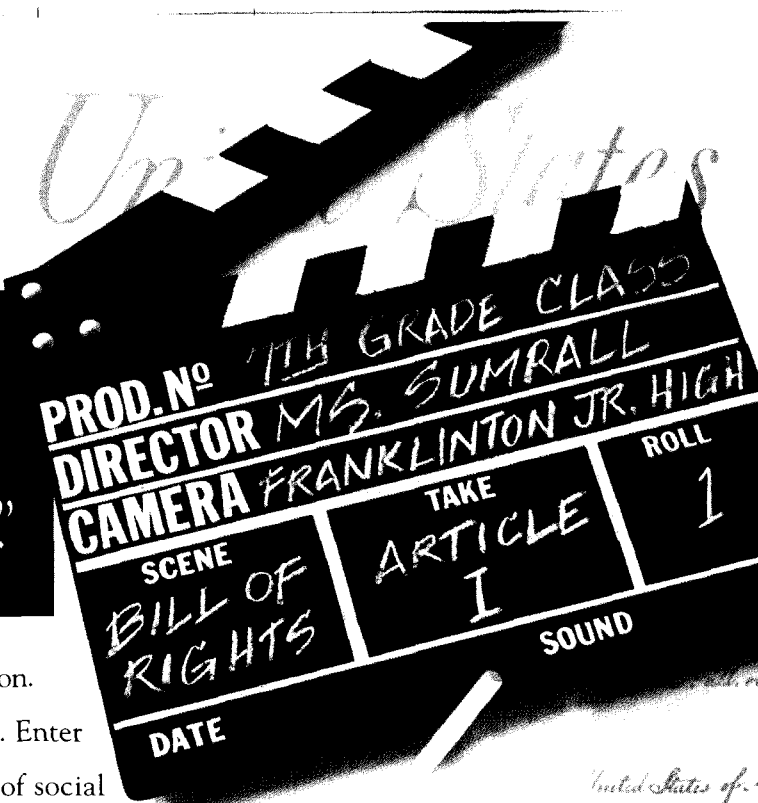


75 YEARS AGO

Margaret Sherwood, writing in the October, 1918, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Life is a passion of activity, or it is nothing. Genuine democracy rests, not upon an attitude of pleased expectation of receiving, not upon an irresponsible sense of liberty to work one's will, but upon unflinching self-surrender, unceasing activity in behalf of the common good. Services must be voluntarily rendered, often more strenuous than those exacted by superiors under the old feudal order. For democracy is a stern and lofty creed of willing self-denial, of responsibilities staunchly borne, or it is a chaos and a failure, a stampede of the masses for power or for gain."

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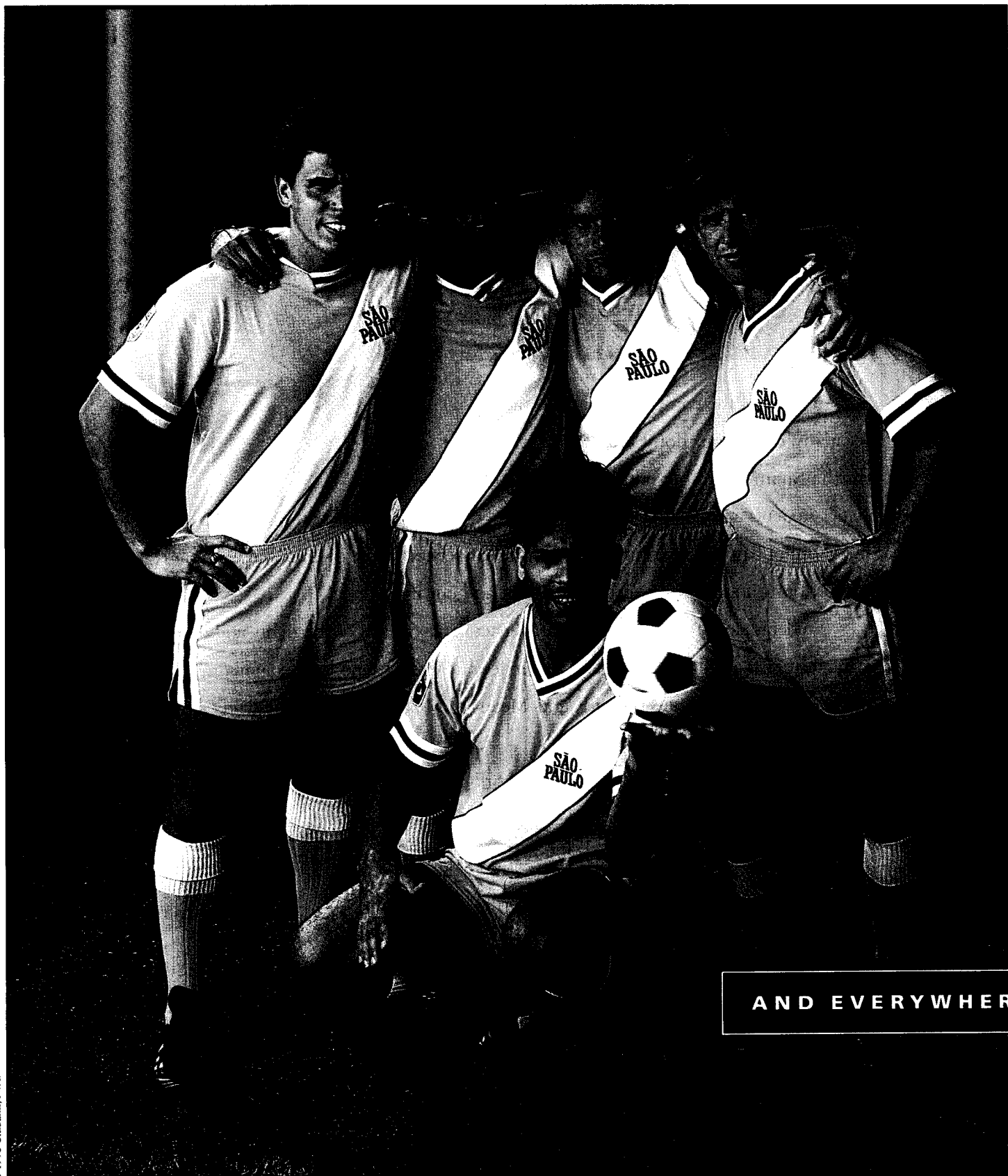
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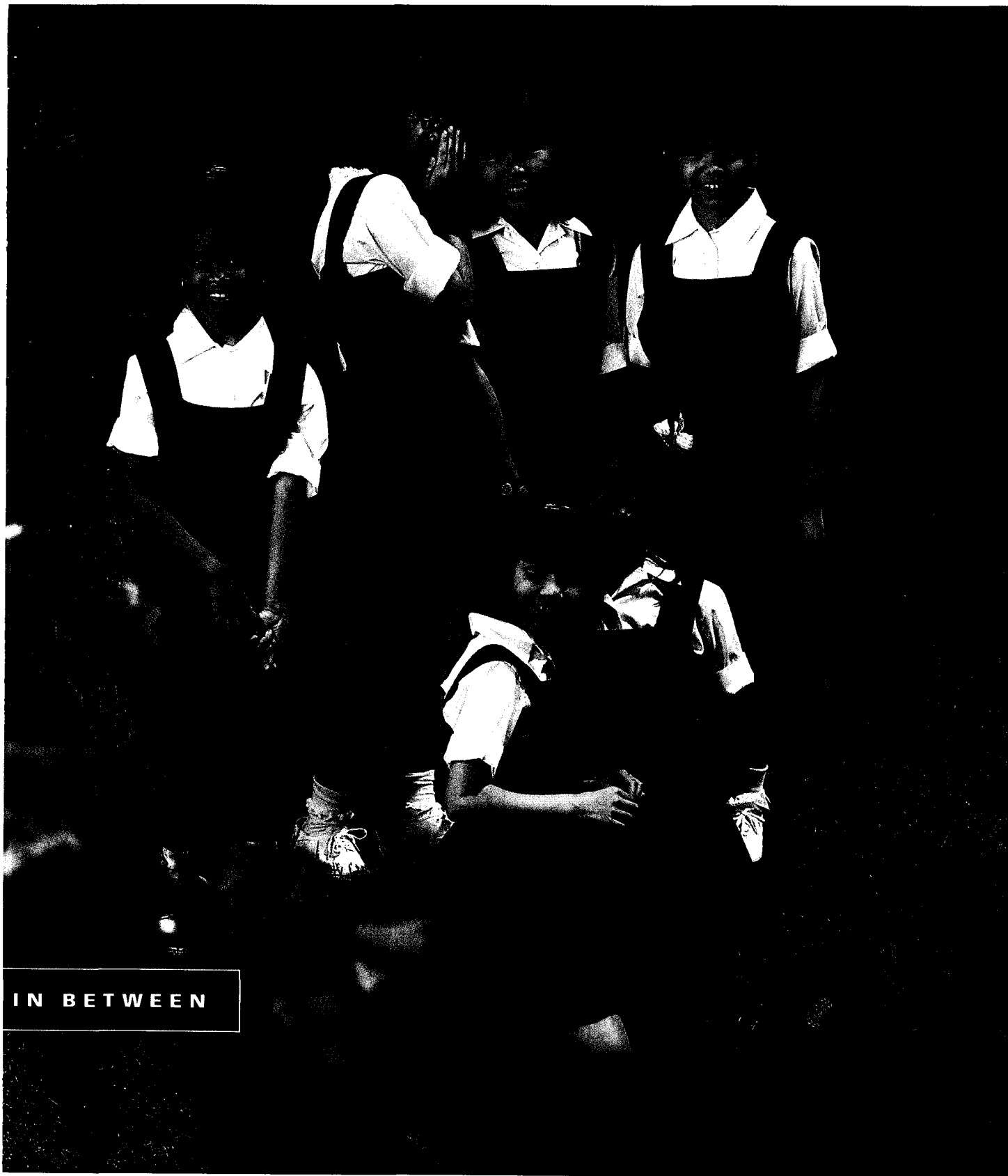
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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

President Powell?

"On paper, if he got the Republican nomination," one Democratic consultant says, "I don't see how the Democrats could win"

ROSS PEROT last year posted the second strongest showing by a third-party presidential candidate in this century—a sign that the political system might be about to undergo a major upheaval. With President Bill Clinton seemingly in political trouble, the press and the political establishment have continued to speculate about the sweeping effect that Perot and his movement could have on our politics, particularly if he runs again in 1996.

But another figure on the scene has far more potential than Perot to revolutionize American politics with a presidential run in 1996. His name is Colin Powell. If Powell could somehow win the Republican nomination, the theory goes, he could co-opt the Perot movement and split the Democratic Party, perhaps irreparably, by attracting a large number of votes from its black base constituency. That would give him a historic opportunity to reshape the electoral map—not to mention our attitudes about race. "His potential as a presidential candidate is mind-boggling," a well-known Democratic consultant, who asked to remain anonymous, said recently. "On paper, if he got the Republican nomination, I don't see how the Democrats could win." And then he added, "Is there any way you could give

him my name, so I could work for him?"

Of course, campaigns aren't run on paper. General Powell, who leaves his position as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on September 30, has never run for office. He doesn't divulge any party affiliation, and his views on issues from abortion to economic policy are unknown, apparently even to his numerous friends and admirers. He has never endorsed a candidate, and he declined to be interviewed for this article. For the record, his special assistant for public affairs, Colonel F. William Smullen III, was willing to tackle the question of presidential aspirations head on. "He has none at this time," Smullen

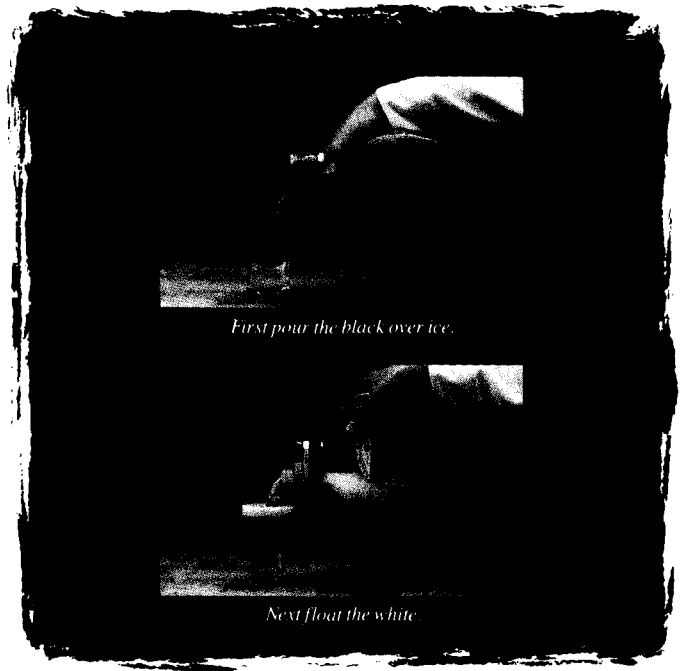
said, showing, if nothing else, that a Powell press spokesman can hedge with the best of them.

No doubt Smullen is telling the truth. By all accounts Powell has not spent his life planning a run for the White House, even if his recent travel schedule has sometimes resembled that of a candidate. But if Powell, who is fifty-six, hasn't thought seriously about the presidency yet, some of his friends and associates have—not to mention professional observers of the military or of Powell's career. What they see is a consummate politician, a compelling speaker, a Washington professional, and a figure of stature who charmed gay-rights protest-



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ers at the Harvard graduation ceremonies last June. They cite his public-opinion ratings, which are somewhere in the stratosphere: a June *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll listed Powell's favorable-unfavorable rating at an almost unheard-of 64 percent to six percent. They see miniseries material (or terrific campaign-ad footage) detailing Powell's birth in Harlem to West Indian immigrants, his childhood in the South Bronx, his heroic service in Vietnam, and his rapid rise through the ranks in Washington under both Democrats and Republicans. Already two laudatory biographies have been written about him, and more than half a dozen children's books, with titles such as *Colin Powell: Straight to the Top* and *Colin Powell: A Man of War and Peace*. By now he is growing accustomed to the introductory speeches that compare him to Dwight Eisenhower, leading inevitably to the question, Will he or won't he?

FOR WHAT IT'S worth, a number of Powell observers think he just might. They speculate that Powell wants to be President and could even be a candidate in 1996, particularly if things don't work out well for Clinton. "Sure, I think he's interested," says Howard Means, the author of *Colin Powell: Soldier/Statesman—Statesman/Soldier* (1992). Even Powell's good friend Harlan Ullman, a senior associate with the Center for Strategic and International Studies, in Washington, after detailing the many reasons why Powell wouldn't want to do it (doesn't have that burning ambition and drive, knows the limits of the office and himself, might not be his style, and so forth), told me recently, "Look, if the conditions were right and he were convinced he was the right man, I'm sure he'd give it some serious thought and might run."

Obviously, many of the political arguments for a Powell candidacy amount to little more than intriguing guesswork at this point. Still, history and the current Zeitgeist both suggest that a Powell run for the presidency next time might have a lot going for it.

For one thing, when a President fails, voters tend to look for candidates who are the opposite of the man they would replace: The down-home, obsessed-with-domestic-policy Bill Clinton replaced the patrician, foreign-policy-minded George Bush. Similarly, Jimmy Carter was succeeded by Ronald Rea-

gan, who embodied traits Carter didn't have. If many voters still see Clinton as irresolute and lacking in stature in 1996, Powell would be seen as offering decisiveness and strength.

Moreover, the 1992 campaign was the first since 1936 in which foreign-policy issues played virtually no role. Sooner rather than later the country's unusual near-total preoccupation with domestic problems will end. Should Clinton's inexperience cause him any foreign-policy or military problems in the next two years, who better to offer a critique than the former national security adviser and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs?

Another point worth noting is that Powell would not be the first successful general to seek the presidency. Nor is Eisenhower the only model he would have: ten of forty-one Presidents have been generals, and all successful major wars except the First World War have produced a hero who became President—the Revolutionary War (George Washington), the War of 1812 (Andrew Jackson), the Mexican War (Zachary Taylor), the Civil War (Ulysses S. Grant), the Spanish-American War (Theodore Roosevelt), and the Second World War (Eisenhower and even John F. Kennedy). Some of Powell's friends may be bemoaning the fact that a presidential run would drag him into the messy world of partisan politics, but his entry into politics would fit an American archetype: the soldier-turned-private-citizen who is above elective politics and all its paraphernalia but agrees to be drafted to save his country. If Powell were to answer the call "grudgingly," he would be following in an enormously appealing mythic tradition begun by George Washington (supposedly dragged from Mount Vernon against his wishes) and continued most recently by Eisenhower. Sure, Powell may have spent much of the past two decades in Washington. But because he is in the military, in an anti-politics era he has the advantage of not being viewed as part of the political establishment.

It's certainly true that feelings toward the military are different now from what they once were, particularly among Baby Boomers. Most of the men in that generation never served in the armed forces, in contrast, say, to the men of the

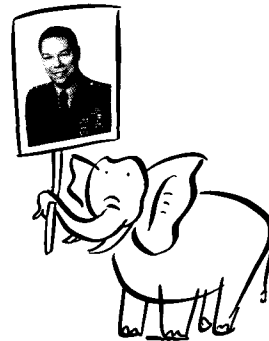
Second World War generation. But it's also true that Powell is a different kind of general from most others who have held the post of Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, or who became famous by leading a successful war effort. To begin with, very few soldiers have been killed

under his command: this is a "Give peace a chance" general. Unlike many famous generals—whose lack of rhetorical eloquence reinforced their masculine images as men of deeds rather than words—Powell is a commanding public speaker who projects well on television.

(Showing that he understands the laconic nature of military rhetoric, however, Powell did come up with a memorable epigram on the Gulf War: "Our strategy for going after this army is very, very simple. First we are going to cut it off, and then we are going to kill it.")

Powell is also identified in the public mind not just with a particular armed conflict but with the successful effort in the wake of the disastrous Vietnam War to restore the morale and reputation of the military. That role of organizational reformer is an unusual one for a military figure, but it conforms to the way the post of Chairman of the Joint Chiefs has evolved into far more of a public political job than a behind-the-scenes military one. In an era when women are entering the military in increasing numbers, it also conforms to a new, "softer" view of that institution in American culture, which is reflected in the television situation comedy *Major Dad*—featuring the domestic travails of a tough Marine who marries a liberal reporter. It is the longest-lasting sitcom about the military since *M*A*S*H*, which was far more derisive.

Voters have not turned to generals throughout American history simply because they're thought to be above politics. Before the advent of big business and large corporations, military men were often thought to possess the skills we associate today with business leaders. Powell's reform efforts may give him an image of organizational acumen similar to Ross Perot's or Bill Gates's. And Powell is seen as having helped to





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Throughout our history generals have also tended to fulfill a yearning for order, which often arises in periods like our own. We are now in the opening years of the post-Cold War era. Michael Barone, a senior writer for *U.S. News & World Report* and a co-author of *The Almanac of American Politics*, has observed that in postwar periods the public tends to become pessimistic and to undergo wild mood swings as it seeks leaders to help it interpret the new, confusing age. In these periods voters often turn to generals, such as Grant and Eisenhower. “The operative philosophy of the military has always been that we’re going to put ideology aside and whatever works, works,” Barone says. The Perot movement, with its emphasis on non-partisanship, demonstrates that this sentiment is popular now.

The current yearning for order is also reflected in the way the culture has made folk heroes out of many football and basketball coaches. Like a general, a Joe Gibbs (the former Washington

Redskins coach) or a Mike Krzyzewski (the basketball coach for Duke University) is identified in the public mind with being able to define a mission, organize his troops or team with discipline, and win. Powell’s speeches often end up sounding like an extraordinary locker-room pep talk, a genre that is itself derived from the traditional oration a general might give before sending troops into battle. In his book *Reagan’s America*, Garry Wills described how Reagan—who called himself “the Gipper”—gave speeches that borrowed heavily from the genre of the pep talk. So it goes with Powell’s speeches, which often eschew the details of government or military analysis and concentrate instead on the simple virtues of teamwork, honesty, confidence, and an ability to deal with disappointment. If the policy paper seems to be the model for much of Clinton’s rhetoric, the model for Powell’s is the graduation or convocation address, in which he can talk about values. Earlier this year he told the students of Lawson State Community College, in Birmingham, Alabama,

My simple message to you is, the only thing you do with yesterday is learn from it. What did I do wrong? Not just, what did somebody do to me? What did I do wrong? How could I improve on what I did yesterday? What have I learned from yesterday and how well can I use that today? So live for today, every minute of it, every hour of it. Save part of today to prepare for tomorrow, and always be thinking about the day after tomorrow, but dream about next week.

Above all, my young friends, have faith. Have faith in yourselves. Have faith in this country, which is such a wonderful country. Have faith in our political system, which is unlike any other in the world. There is no other nation like this. It is ours to take care of, to love, and to cherish.

Remember those who came before you. Remember what they are expecting of you. Hold fast to the dream about next week, and let that dream and your willingness to work toward that dream be your only, only limitation.

Because Powell has a “can-do” spirit, an image as someone not directly con-



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nected to the “mess in Washington,” and a persona that meshes nicely with the desire for order, he has a lot of the political strengths of Perot without, perhaps, many of Perot’s weaknesses. In theory, Powell has the potential to tap an organizational base far larger than Perot’s United We Stand America—namely, the whole military and veteran establishment, which has tended to be very disappointed in Clinton, largely because of his stand on gays in the military, his efforts to avoid service during the Vietnam War, and his defense cutbacks. There is also some evidence that Perot himself—not to mention his numerous followers, who tend to be skeptical of all elected politicians—might be favorably disposed toward a Powell candidacy. “I have the highest regard for General Powell,” Perot told me not long ago. “He’d make a fine president of anything—whether it’s a company or the country.” Perot’s confidant and part-time adviser Jim Squires goes further. “Perot thinks Powell is the greatest thing since sliced bread,” Squires says. “I think in terms of politics, style, per-

sonal life, and character, Powell is the epitome of what Ross Perot would like to see both parties put on the table.” Squires says that when Perot traveled around the country during the campaign last year asking his audiences whom they wanted as his vice-presidential candidate, Powell was the overwhelming choice. Squires adds that although he doesn’t think Perot will run in 1996, a Powell candidacy could well make a Perot run even more unlikely.

Like Eisenhower, who was wooed by both parties four decades ago, Powell would eventually need to choose a political party. That fact troubles some of his admirers, who seem to think that the mountains should come at least a short distance to Muhammad. “Moderate” and “centrist” are about the only words that come to mind when any of these friends and associates are asked to identify Powell’s ideology or party affiliation. “He’s a centrist who could run in either party,” Harlan Ullman says. “He’s uncomfortable with the conservative elements of the Republican Party, because of their traditional stands on civil

rights and social issues, but he’s uncomfortable with the more liberal elements of the Democratic Party, because of their views on defense and foreign policy.” Howard Means says, “I think he would have some difficulty running as a Republican. He was very troubled, for example, by the whole Willie Horton thing.”

STILL, MANY suspect that Powell, like Ike, will end up in the Republican Party. It’s where virtually all his patrons have been—from Frank Carlucci and Caspar Weinberger, more than twenty years ago, when he was a White House fellow, to Ronald Reagan and George Bush. If Powell is as pragmatic as his friends claim, he’ll quickly realize that this will be by far the easier nomination to get in 1996; it’s still virtually impossible to defeat an incumbent in his own party. Moreover, although Powell might actually be a stronger candidate among a Democratic-primary electorate, which includes a high percentage of blacks, he would likely run much more strongly in the fall as a Re-

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are sometimes split over how to spend the day.

publican, because he could count on holding most of that party's conservative base and still forge an appeal to key parts of the Democratic coalition. "Because of his race, he has about as un-Republican a profile as you can imagine," Michael Barone says. "But the kind of people who end up really changing our politics are those who go against type—the patrician Franklin Roosevelt in the Democratic Party, or former Democrat Ronald Reagan as a Republican. Powell has the same thing going for him."

That isn't to say, of course, that Powell would have the Republican nomination or the presidency handed to him. Some party professionals and observers are skeptical about his chances. He might turn out to be a lousy campaigner. What looks decisive in uniform can seem quirky or even dictatorial in civilian life, particularly to the press. Presidents preside by collaborating with many decision-makers and have to be comfortable with the loose chain of authority the Founding Fathers envisioned. A general, even one as politically adept as Powell, can sometimes become accustomed to sitting atop a hierarchy and issuing orders. "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" gains you immortality if you're a commander. "Damn the Congress, full speed ahead!" can get a President impeached, and it should.

Moreover, Powell has never faced the voters. The long process he would have to endure is far tougher, in terms both of media scrutiny and of the number of primaries, than anything that Eisenhower had to undergo in 1952. The recent history of military figures who tried to make the jump into politics is also not auspicious, as anyone familiar with the unsuccessful experiences of Alexander Haig (presidential run in 1988), Pete Dawkins (Senate run in New Jersey in 1988), and William Westmoreland (gubernatorial run in South Carolina in 1974) knows.

Powell would enter a Republican Party split on social issues such as abortion and gay rights. "The Republican primaries in 1996 are likely to be an ideological battleground," says Hastings Wyman Jr., the editor and publisher of *Southern Political Report*, a newsletter. "I'm not sure Powell has the political savvy to walk through the minefield of the religious right." At least one southern state's party chairman echoes that

thought, adding that Powell might prove to be too liberal a candidate for his conservative party. On the other hand, in a primary state like Georgia, where independents can vote in any party, Powell might attract a sizable crossover vote, particularly among blacks. And, Michael Barone points out, Powell's lack of exposure to the Republican Party's internal wars could prove an advantage. "He is out of tune with the arguments that have been going on inside the party—not only with social issues but on things like taxes," Barone says. "But that could help him in the long run to avoid these issues and perhaps rise above them. I think his military background and style could be enormously appealing to conservative voters today, particularly in the South, which tends to revere the military and its culture."

Powell would have the further advantage of being well known. Democrats tend to nominate relative unknowns who emerge in the national consciousness through the primaries—Jimmy Carter, Michael Dukakis, Bill Clinton. In contrast, the Republicans—perhaps because their voters tend to be more staid—have traditionally nominated one of their best-known figures. Since 1948, a period of twelve elections, the Republicans have always nominated a candidate who was running at or near the top of national polls a year before the election. Today the three most popular figures the party could nominate appear to be Robert Dole, Perot, and Powell. Dole will be seventy-three in 1996, and Perot—even if he doesn't end up in Powell's corner—has yet to show any inclination to run as a Republican. That leaves Powell.

THERE IS, OF course, the issue of race, which sooner or later always comes up in discussions about Powell. "Sadly, it's a potential problem," says Greg Schneiders, a Washington-based Democratic consultant. "We've never had a woman President; we've never had a Jewish President; we've had only one Catholic President. The prejudice barrier just cannot be overestimated."

But there are others who think that Powell is well positioned to overcome

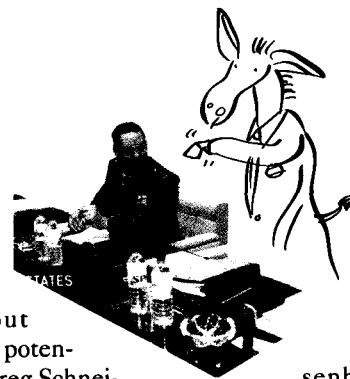
that as well, even among Republican primary voters, who tend to be quite conservative and unsupportive of most black candidates. In a new book, *The Scar of Race*, Paul Sniderman, a professor of political science at Stanford University, and Thomas Piazza, a research specialist at the Survey Research Center at the University of California at Berkeley, argue on the basis of sophisticated polling data that racial prejudice, while still obviously a factor, is now far less prevalent in American society than it once was. "Race prejudice," they write, "no longer organizes and dominates the reactions of whites." Rather, they contend, "the contemporary discussion of race confuses what white Americans think about blacks and what they think about public policies dealing with blacks. The two are not the same." In other words, Sniderman suggested in an interview with me, what keeps many white people from voting for black candidates is not prejudice but their lack of support for the policies that most black candidates espouse.

Sniderman thinks that Powell—running as a Republican—could well have the ideal persona to appeal to white voters who have never voted for black candidates because they haven't liked the candidates' politics. "There would also be a sense of historic moment surrounding his candidacy," he says. Given the chance to take part in something they saw as "the right thing to do," Sniderman says, millions of white conservative voters might well support Powell. He

adds that in view of the symbolic import of a Powell candidacy, the former general could get as much as half the black vote in a general election. In contrast, George Bush got eleven percent of the black vote in 1992, and no Republican has had a real chance to carry the black vote

since—you guessed it—Eisenhower in 1956. Even Greg

Schneiders admits that if Powell won the Republican nomination, it would show that he had put the prejudice issue behind him and was running straight at the heart of the Democratic coalition. "Then he would be a very, very tough guy to beat," Schneiders says. "Barring a major gaffe, he wouldn't lose."





OBVIOUSLY, NO ONE really knows what Powell will or should do. No matter how favorable a scenario may look in theory, the odds are formidable for anyone who seeks the presidency. Powell has spent the past thirty-five years in some form of government service—and often relatively low-paying service at that—and may decide he wants time for himself and his family. Powell knows both Clinton and former Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, another potential 1996 Republican candidate, and he may be reluctant to run against those with whom he served. Clinton may turn it around in the next two years, decreasing the prospects of any opponent. Some have suggested that Powell should seek another office first or wait. One recent poll in New York showed that when Powell was hypothetically matched against Mario Cuomo for governor in 1994, he trailed 32 percent–40 percent, demonstrating that Powell's popularity may not be transferable to electoral politics, that voters don't want him in that specific job, or that it's tough to run as a Republican in New York, particularly if you're perceived as something of a carpetbagger because you haven't lived there for more than thirty years.

Powell is surely keeping in mind the burdens he would bear as the first black candidate who had a realistic chance to win the presidency. Powell is eloquent on the subject of the racism he has had to overcome in his career, and is fond of telling the story about how "the young black captain just back from Vietnam thirty years ago, who couldn't get a hamburger at a Georgia restaurant unless he went to the back window, has become Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of America's armed forces." Harlan Ullman says the issue of race would be in Powell's mind if he considered a run for the presidency. "He knows how many failed presidencies we've had in modern times," Ullman says. "But he would have a particularly awesome responsibility. He would not want to be a failed President, but he especially would not want to be the first President who was black who failed."

A lot can change in two years. The risks are high, and if he runs, he could stumble. But a convergence of forces could well give Colin Powell a unique chance in 1996 to change the face of American politics.

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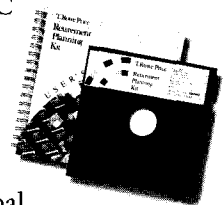
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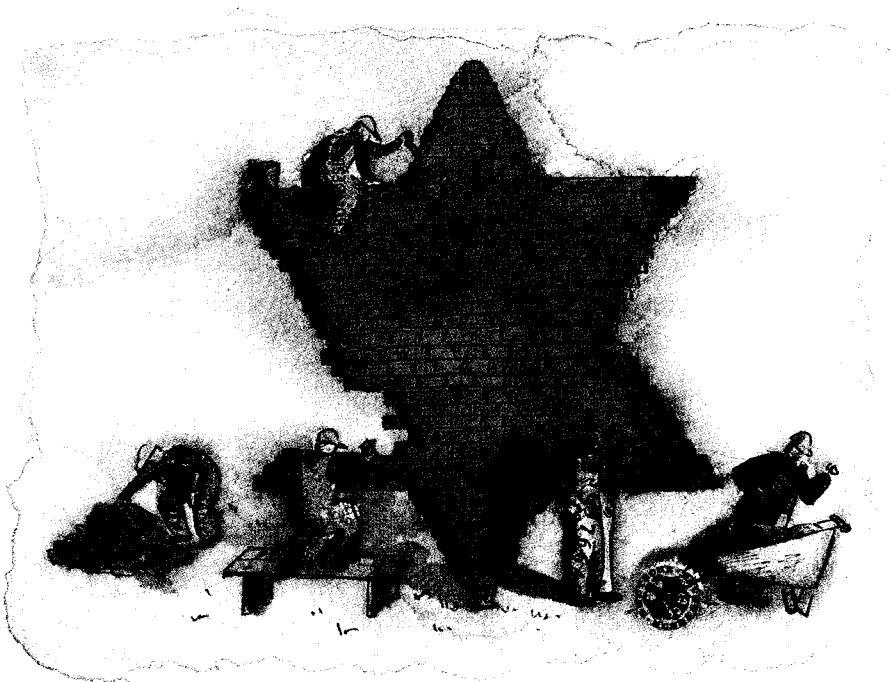


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Reparations

The Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, which recently won a substantial new award for Holocaust survivors, continues to set precedent

IFELT THE wings of world history beating in this room," a somber West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer told the Jewish leader Nahum Goldmann in 1951, when the two met secretly to prepare the way for talks on German reparations for the attempt to annihilate European Jewry. Both men were aware of the momentous moral significance of their encounter. Neither one of them could have foreseen the magnitude of the resulting commitment.

Today, nearly half a century after the liberation of the Nazi concentration camps, the Federal Republic of Germany has paid out more than \$50 billion in the form of reparations to the State of Israel and indemnification to Holocaust survivors. The German Finance Ministry estimates that it will pay out almost \$20 billion more by the year 2030, when according to its current calculations the last survivor will

have died. Yet what the German government calls *Wiedergutmachung*, literally meaning "making good again," can never truly be completed. Most Jews and some Germans avoid the term *Wiedergutmachung* altogether, considering it to be naive.

Fear that the memory of the Holocaust may recede with time has in recent years prompted an international outpouring of books and films, and a proliferation of monuments to the Holocaust's victims. Amid these acts of commemoration a little-known organization persists in seeking benefits for tens of thousands of survivors who have still not been indemnified, and at the same time monitors Germany's compliance with existing compensation agreements. For the New York-based Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, founded by Goldmann in 1951, memory alone is insufficient. The conference has spent the past four decades quietly working behind closed doors, acting as the go-between for the victims of Nazi persecution and officials of the democratic state that arose from the ashes of the Third Reich. An umbrella group representing twenty-four Jewish organizations in the United States, France, Britain, Canada, Germany, Argentina, Australia, South Africa, and Israel, the conference negotiated concurrently with Israel the original 1952 West German agreements on reparations and indemnification. Last autumn the confer-

ence concluded a major accord under which the newly unified Germany pledged to pay more than half a billion dollars to Jews around the world who endured persecution but until now have received little or no compensation because they failed to meet complex legal criteria. During the German unification talks the United States, long concerned about East Germany's refusal to accept responsibility for Nazi atrocities, had pressed for the commitment when negotiating withdrawal as an occupying power.

Survivors in marginal financial circumstances, many of them refugees from Eastern Europe who missed a 1965 cutoff date for earlier compensation, will be covered by the new agreement. It is expected to furnish more than 25,000 victims with pensions of around \$300 a month, starting in 1995, provided that the victims were incarcerated in a concentration camp for at least six months or spent at least eighteen months in a ghetto or in hiding. Another 40,000 survivors who do not meet these criteria will receive one-time payments of 5,000 marks (about \$3,000). For the time being, cash-strapped Germany has committed itself to making the monthly payments only through the end of 1999.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the new accord last November swiftly aroused expectations among needy survivors, who have packed the shabby waiting room of the claims conference's Manhattan headquarters, jammed its telephone lines, and mailed in tens of thousands of requests for applications for the new benefits. In response the conference has doubled its staff, to more than ninety in its offices in New York, Frankfurt, and Tel Aviv.

For the past two decades the austere New York headquarters have been in a midtown office building. The walls are covered with yellowing maps depicting the sites of former concentration camps and also Wehrmacht troop movements across Europe. The scene brings to mind the Vienna base of the war-crimes investigator Simon Wiesenthal. Here, too, a warren of chambers is crowded with files and boxed documents, in an atmosphere of ethical imperative. In one room a team of seven recent Jewish immigrants from the former Soviet Union work ten-hour days addressing envelopes and stuffing them with bilin-

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gual applications (in English and German) for the new benefits. The completed questionnaires often are returned paper-clipped with a snapshot of an elderly man or woman, a tattooed arm in the foreground. Photocopies of passports, diplomas, naturalization papers, and affidavits accompany the forms.

One page of the application is given over to a request for a "detailed description of persecution." Some answers are short and to the point. A woman who survived confinement in Lodz wrote: "I was forced to work in the ghetto. My entire family was killed." Others fill all thirty-one lines provided, frequently with fractured English.

Accounts of torment are commonplace here. "I read them every day," says Gerta Feigin, a sixty-five-year-old former lawyer from Latvia who oversees the processing of applications before they are sent to Germany. "And still, every time you take a horrible case in your hands, you just tremble."

Fluent in German, Russian, and English, Feigin possesses a specialized knowledge that is essential for the verification of claims. When further information is required, she personally interviews applicants. A small number are rejected as fraudulent. "I know every ghetto and every concentration camp," she says. "And I start to ask, Where did you live? Did you live in a barracks? What food did you get? At what time was the *Appell* [roll-call]? If he says it was at six o'clock in Auschwitz, then he's lying, because there the *Appell* was at nine."

Hysteria sometimes emerges when survivors must summon painful memories in a face-to-face interview. Some project their pain and anguish on the claims conference. "I wish I could wave a magic wand and the whole trauma would disappear," Saul Kagan, the executive director, said late one evening after patiently responding to a series of phone calls from yet another disturbed survivor. A native of what is now Vilnius, in what was then Poland, Kagan, who is now seventy, has been a key figure in the claims conference since its inception. He himself managed to come to the United States before German troops invaded Poland, but his mother and brother did not survive the occupation. Kagan was a member of the original conference negotiating team.

BEFORE THE 1952 agreements there was no precedent in international law for a nation-state to assume responsibility for crimes it committed against a minority within its jurisdiction, and no precedent for collective claims of this kind. Even if nothing can call the dead back to life or obliterate the crimes, Nahum Goldmann wrote in his memoirs, "this agreement is one of the few great victories for moral principles in modern times." Pragmatism went hand in hand with morality for both German and Jewish negotiators. Adenauer recognized that reparations were the price for West Germany's admission into the community of civilized nations. And although many Jews rejected the idea of "blood money," the new government of Israel desperately needed financial support. Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion maintained that the killing of the European Jews was a crime for which material reparation could never atone. But his government argued that damages were owed to the heirs of victims, and were needed for survivors' reintegration into normal life. There was plenty to lay claim to. At war's end billions of dollars' worth of plundered Jewish property, including real-estate holdings, securities, jewelry, art works, and furniture, remained in German hands. "The German people continue to enjoy the fruits of the butcheries and plundering of its leaders of yesterday," an Israeli government statement declared, augmenting the charge with a biblical quotation, from I Kings 21:19: "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?"

The claims conference carefully chose its name to stress the purely material nature of the action and to signal that no quid pro quo was involved, no policy of forgive and forget that somehow suggested the equivalence of six million deaths and a monetary sum. Still, the creation of the conference threw many Jews into emotional turmoil. When the Israeli Parliament convened to approve the negotiations, demonstrators smashed Knesset windows; at least 180 people were injured. Adenauer for his part faced objections from financial advisers to any large-scale payments—West Germany's "economic miracle" was not yet in evidence. Both Adenauer and Goldmann received threats of violence. An explosives expert was killed detonating a mail bomb sent to Adenauer by Jewish

extremists. Once a decision was made to proceed, it was out of the question for the Jewish side that talks be held on German soil. Instead they took place in seclusion outside The Hague.

Under the terms of the initial accords West Germany paid \$714 million to Israel in compensation for Israel's having taken in uprooted Jewish refugees, and about \$110 million to the claims conference to help rebuild shattered European Jewish communities and to support Holocaust research institutions and hundreds of schools, old-age homes, and synagogues around the world. As part of the \$714 million payment Israel received German-financed shipments of oil and other raw materials that enabled it to build its modern infrastructure. The 1952 accords further obliged West Germany to compensate individuals for loss of liberty, property, and relatives' lives, and for injury to health and professional advancement. Germany is now paying lifelong pensions to 170,000 Holocaust survivors and their heirs. At a peak period as many as 275,000 were receiving pensions.

Legislation excludes victims who are not German citizens and remained in their country of origin after the war. West Germany argued that such people have been covered by bilateral accords between Bonn and European governments which provided payments for these states themselves to assist those persecuted by the Nazis. Although the scope of eligibility for direct indemnification has been broadened over the years in response to claims-conference lobbying, the conference failed in its repeated efforts to get an extension of the 1965 deadline by which claimants had to file. Its primary concern was that thousands of Jews who were living behind the Iron Curtain after the war and who later emigrated were unable to apply for compensation. All the same, many inequities remained, and after Eastern European Jews began to emigrate to the West in large numbers, although the deadline was past West Germany did agree, in 1980, to make one-time payments of about \$3,000 from a hardship fund that is being replenished under the latest accord and is administered by the claims conference.

Beyond the official contacts, the claims conference has negotiated compensation to individuals from some of



the companies that benefited from Jewish slave labor, including I. G. Farben, Siemens, and Krupp. Their payments are seen by the conference as morally significant. They are also exceedingly modest. "Cold and niggardly" is how Telford Taylor, the chief U.S. prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, has described them. More-recent negotiations with two other firms, Daimler-Benz and Volkswagen, have resulted in grants to institutions sheltering and providing care to infirm Holocaust survivors.

The conference awaits a further injection of funds from the sale of property once owned by Jewish individuals and organizations in eastern Germany, where assets seized by the Nazis were never returned, having been swiftly nationalized by the Communist rulers. Since the reunification of Germany, in 1990, the conference has been designated by the German government as having rights to such property when no heirs remain. The conference has submitted scores of claims over the past two years.

Claims-conference officials nowadays

meet with German officials in Bonn as a matter of course. The relationship has become "almost routine," says Hermann Josef Brodesser, the chief of the Finance Ministry's Section for Indemnification of National Socialist Injustice. "All of us, on both sides, know what happened and so on," Brodesser says. "Therefore there are appropriate solutions to be found, and we work together in a very businesslike manner." Rabbi Israel Miller, who took over as conference president after Goldmann's death, in 1982, says, "The people who we're dealing with now in the main were not even alive at that time, and they don't feel any kind of guilt." However, the conference is watching developments in Germany with some concern. An October, 1990, opinion poll for the American Jewish Committee found that 66 percent of Germans believed that reparations should stop. Germany is spending billions of dollars a year to rebuild the formerly Communist eastern part of the country, and plans to curb state spending for social programs have sparked voter hostility over the mount-

ing economic demands of unification.

"There is now a new generation in Germany that is shouldering the tax burden, that does not have the same memories of the war," says Sidney Clearfield, the executive vice-president of B'nai B'rith International, a claims-conference constituent group. "There's a feeling of enough is enough." Nonetheless, the conference is intent on ensuring that as many needy survivors as possible live out their final years in dignity. A meeting with German officials is planned for 1994 to review the efficacy of the latest accord.

For this singular body the bottom line is not just deutsche marks but the principle of accountability. Kagan notes with satisfaction that Germany, by accepting responsibility for its predecessor government, has taken a step that has overriding moral significance for the international community. In this late-twentieth-century world of genocidal impulses and "ethnic cleansing," the precedents that have been set may be needed again.

—Michael Z. Wise

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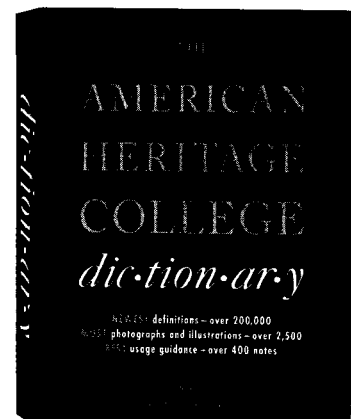


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Like towering daisies, wind turbines line a desert ridge at California's Tehachapi Pass, in part of the world's most powerful wind farm

ENERGY

Something in the Wind

Intriguing new wind machines may finally demonstrate that wind energy is economically feasible as well as clean and infinitely renewable

NORTH DAKOTA may not have much, but it does have wind. Lots of it. Almost the entire state is combed by what wind-energy analysts call Class 4 winds, which average a kite-tugging 13.4 miles per hour at about a hundred feet above the ground. With enough wind turbines capable of running efficiently in such breezes, North Dakota would become the Saudi Arabia of airflow. The state could, in fact, provide 35 percent of the forty-eight contiguous states' electrical needs through wind alone. Add South Dakota and the figure jumps to about 60 per-

cent. And that's with much of the land in those two states left out of the picture for environmental or other reasons.

The goals of most wind-energy enthusiasts are more modest; their hope is that by the year 2010 wind turbines running on big "wind farms" in the West, Midwest, and Northeast could supply about five percent of U.S. energy needs. But the higher figures give some idea of the potential and the appeal of this energy source. As a form of solar energy (heat from the sun interacts with the earth's rotation to create and direct wind), wind is an infinitely renewable energy resource. In several key regions wind tends to blow when it is needed most—during the summer in California, the winter in the Pacific Northwest, summer and winter in the Midwest. It is nonpolluting (although some complain about the visual blight of turbine towers) and highly compatible with agriculture. And in principle wind can fairly easily be turned into electricity: A generator is attached to a large rotor, the blades of which are patterned after aircraft wings, and placed atop a tower. Wind passing through the

rotor creates lift that makes the rotor spin, cranking the generator to produce electricity, which can then be fed into a power grid.

But there's a catch. "Designing a wind turbine that generates power really isn't a big challenge—people have been doing it for a long time," says Bob Guertin, the vice-president of engineering for U.S. Windpower, a turbine builder in California. "The challenge is putting a turbine out there that delivers energy at a price people want to pay." A utility-grade wind turbine must be easy to maintain and able to produce energy in relatively low winds. And it must be rugged. Gusts and eddies of wind, slamming into a turbine from several directions, cause stresses that are difficult to predict fully. Erecting multiple turbines exacerbates the problem: they're like fleets of low-flying aircraft, each creating turbulence that can batter the machine behind or next to it. The problem of price has been a particular bugbear in an industry that always seems long on bright ideas but short on cash. To cut costs a decade ago American turbine designers pared weight, a decision that in

L.L. Discoveries



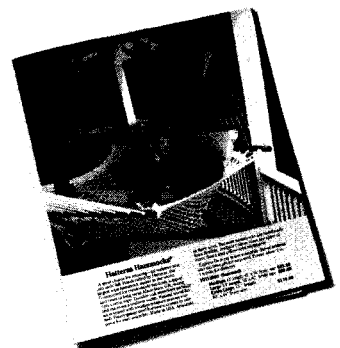
L.L. Change of Season



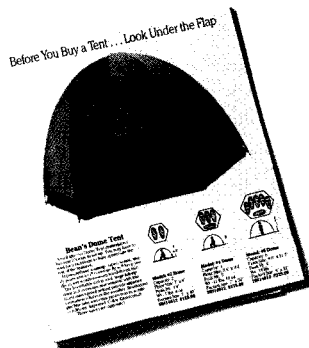
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L.L. People to See



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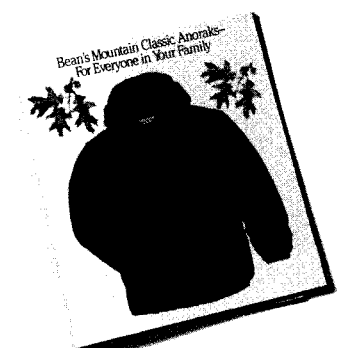
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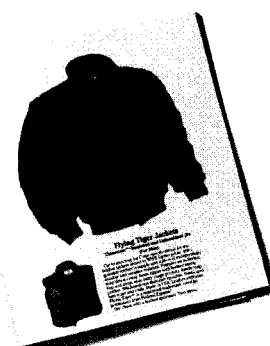
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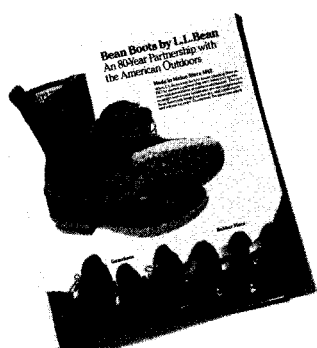
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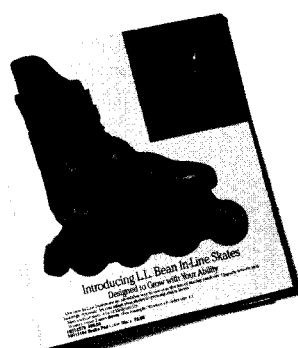
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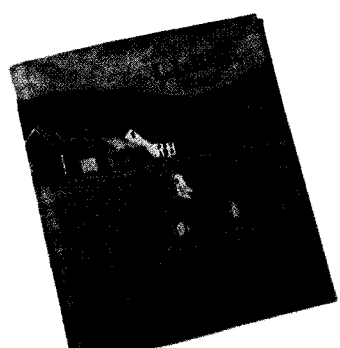
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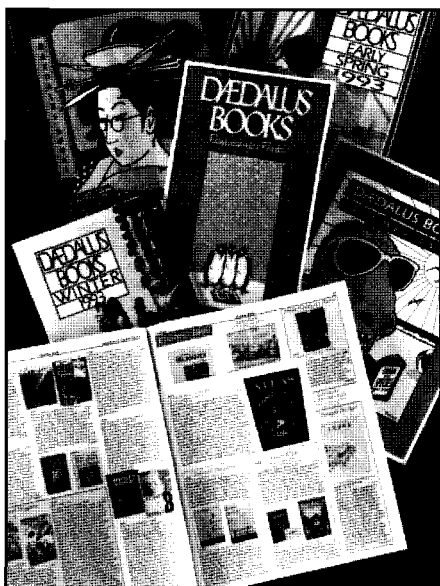
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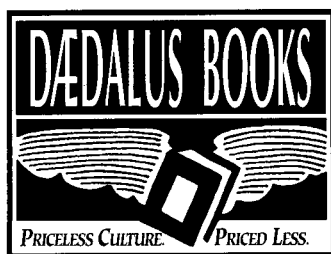
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combination with widespread ignorance of wind dynamics produced disastrous results. Gear boxes ruptured and generators fried. Things got so bad during the early 1980s that wind engineers at the Solar Energy Research Institute (now the National Renewable Energy Laboratory, or NREL), in Golden, Colorado, covered their field labs with thick steel cages to protect themselves from rotor blades that occasionally broke off turbine prototypes and pirouetted through the clear Colorado sky.

Improved maintenance and better turbine siting have made wind turbines much more reliable. Costs have gone down too, from more than 25 cents per kilowatt hour ten years ago to about eight cents today (a kilowatt hour is enough energy to run ten 100-watt light bulbs for one hour). Precise cost comparisons are extremely difficult, because utilities base their energy prices on widely varying sources and peak loads. But in general energy from wind still costs more than twice as much as energy from natural gas, currently the cheapest energy source, and also more than power from existing coal and hydroelectric facilities. So at present the nickel is the holy grail of the wind industry. If wind turbines can supply power for five cents per kilowatt hour, allowing for installation, capital, and maintenance costs, then wind will be competitive—especially if fossil-fuel prices rise.

The last time wind power was competitive, turbine fever hit California. The rolling hills of Altamont Pass, thirty miles east of San Francisco, are dotted with thousands of wind turbines, most built during the mid-1980s with the help of generous state and federal tax credits and energy contracts. Their disparate designs reflect considerable uncertainty about the most efficient way to tap the wind: some models have two blades, others three; some point upwind and others downwind; some have eggbeater-like vertical-axis turbines; one is a picturesque Dutch machine with elaborate paddles which conjures up images of the windmills of old. Altamont and the wind farms at San Geronio Pass, near Palm Springs, and Tehachapi, near Edwards Air Force Base, generate enough power each year from their 16,000 turbines to supply the residential needs of San Francisco and Washington, D.C., combined. But the tax credits expired in 1986, and the contracts will soon have paid out their fat front-end sums. Few

wind machines have been built here in recent years; most builders of these turbines have long since gone bust.

THE EXCEPTION is U.S. Windpower, based downhill from Altamont Pass in Livermore. It has survived largely by operating its own machines, learning to fix and improve what it produced. Today some 3,500 of U.S. Windpower's model 56-100 turbines, a model introduced in 1983, fly at Altamont—roughly half of all the machines there. The 56-100, a 100-kilowatt turbine with a fifty-six-foot rotor diameter, is perhaps best understood as the Jeep of wind turbines. It's tough and reliable, but not big or sophisticated enough to come close to the nickel-a-kilowatt-hour ideal. As I toured Altamont Pass recently with Robert Sims, the manager of systems planning for U.S. Windpower, we came across a row of four enormous wind machines standing partly assembled on a ridge. Each had blades fifty feet long and a housing the size of a Chevy van for its generators. These were early production models of U.S. Windpower's new wind turbine, the 33M-VS, which can create up to 400 kilowatts of electricity—enough to power eighty homes with central air-conditioning. Now that thirty-eight of these turbines are in full operation, it's the first model in commercial production that is generating power for five cents a kilowatt hour.

Work on the 33M-VS began in 1987, financed by a consortium that consisted of U.S. Windpower, California's Pacific Gas and Electric, New York's Niagara Mohawk Power, and the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), a Palo Alto-based utility think tank. This group has poured some \$50 million into the 33M-VS. To use wind-speak, the 33M-VS is an upwind, active yaw-drive machine with mechanical pitch control. Translation: Its rotor points into the wind, not away from it, so that "wind shadow" from the tower doesn't increase the loads on the blades of downwind machines. It employs a hydraulic motor-and-pinion assembly to aim itself mechanically. And its three one-ton blades are hydraulically "pitched," or rotated, to adjust to the wind. The 33M-VS's big breakthrough, though, is its ability to vary speed. Most turbines turn at a constant speed to produce electricity at sixty cycles per second—the U.S. standard for alternating cur-

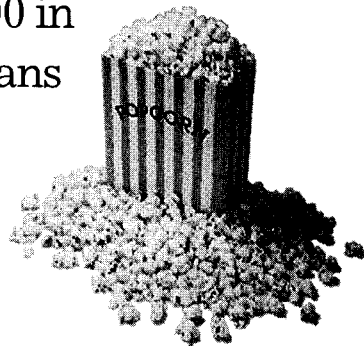
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Last summer the only full menu restaurant in Cherokee, Oklahoma closed its doors. So the town's rural electric co-op went right to work, helped raise \$25,000 from local investors and got a new restaurant into business. It employs 13 and is already exceeding profit projections. Small potatoes? Not for folks in Cherokee. Farther north, there's Soyland Power Co-op in downstate Illinois. Here the co-op helped a family-owned

popcorn warehouse expand its operations. But that warehouse is just one of the many businesses to benefit from co-op initiatives that stimulate the local economy. For example, \$320,000 in Soyland community development loans have helped 24 businesses generate \$5 million in economic growth, which isn't peanuts. Keeping local businesses in business, and helping others get started—it's no small part of the big job America's rural electric co-ops are doing in Oklahoma, Illinois, and all across the country.



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rent. They must do so, however, in varying wind speeds. One solution is to monitor the wind with an anemometer: as winds change, a computer orders hydraulic mechanisms to change the pitch of the blades so that they face low winds directly, capturing more energy, or turn away from high winds, so that not too much torque is passed to the generator. A pitch-control mechanism, however, often ends up chasing its own tail, constantly trying to adjust to wind conditions that existed moments before but have already changed.

The 33M-VS uses an electronic "black box" to adjust its power output, enabling it to spin slowly in winds as gentle as nine miles per hour or turn faster in winds of up to sixty-five miles

airplane trying to climb too steeply. Decreased lift produces less usable torque, so the rotor produces less power. But stall-control blades have had problems. They continue to generate too much lift in high winds, causing generator-busting power peaks. They are inefficient, in the sense that each turbine in a wind farm steals energy from machines downwind. And in some areas dead insects piling up on the blades can cut power output by as much as half, necessitating frequent, costly cleaning.

If wind power finally takes off, it may be in large part because of Jim Tangler, a senior scientist with NREL, a division of the Department of Energy. Tangler, a soft-spoken man in his early fifties, took on the problems of stall-control blades

tential of the new airfoils was Robert Lynette, an engineer who had left Boeing in 1979 to found his own wind-energy firm, R. Lynette and Associates, of Redmond, Washington. Lynette is now developing a wind machine called the AWT-26 that employs a blade based on the breakthrough airfoils, along with a slew of improvements gleaned from the years Lynette's firm spent monitoring some 800 wind turbines under a contract with EPRI.

The 275-kilowatt AWT-26 is a very different machine from U.S. Windpower's 33M-VS. It is a downwind, passive-yaw machine with a two-bladed, stall-regulated "teetered" rotor. Its turbine points away from the wind, and the machine aims itself, much as a weather vane does. Two-bladed rotors are more difficult to design than three-bladed ones, but because blades are costly, a twin-blade system is often more economical. In addition, the blades are not rigidly fixed to the hub but are allowed to pivot, or teeter, a few degrees to either side. That's because wind speeds are higher farther above the ground. The pivoting system allows the rotor to equalize the wind forces and decrease thrust briefly without passing it through to the drive shaft.

A prototype of the AWT-26 has been running in California since early this spring. Another will be built by the end of this year. Although about two years behind the 33M-VS in development, the AWT-26 may be able to give U.S. Windpower a run for the lead in the domestic wind market. Its design is simpler, which should result in lower production costs and easier maintenance. It weighs half what most three-blade models do, yet is better engineered than the lightweight machines of a decade ago that came to grief. And the new airfoils may allow the AWT-26 to capture as much energy as, if not more than, U.S. Windpower's pitch-controlled turbine—without the complex pitch apparatus.

The Conservation and Renewable Energy System, a newly formed public-utility consortium in Washington state, is negotiating a contract with the Bonneville Power Administration for the installation of a wind farm near Goldendale, Washington. The wind farm will generate twenty-five megawatts of power with AWT-26s that were bid at \$.056 per kilowatt hour. Bonneville is giving a similar boost to a proposed wind farm in Carbon County,



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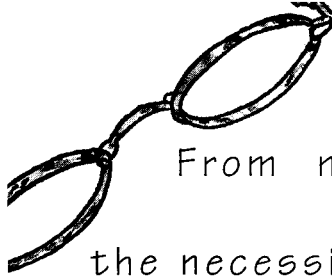
The most cost-effective turbine in commercial production: U.S. Windpower's 33M-VS

per hour and still produce sixty-cycle power. That enables it to use pitch control to fine-tune its capture of energy without the problems of pitch lag. It can slough off the stress of a sudden gust by turning faster, allowing the pitch-control mechanism to prompt smaller, less-frequent adjustments.

IRONICALLY, THE greatest challenge to the 33M-VS for wind supremacy comes from a technology that it was in part designed to circumvent. That is the alternative to pitch-control systems and black boxes for managing peak loads: "stall-control" rotors. Stall-control blades are fixed, and are designed so that high winds create turbulent flow on the downwind side of the blade; the blades then lose lift, like those on an

back in 1984, believing that design improvements could yield big dividends at a small cost. His contribution was to understand what wind turbines wanted that the aircraft wings they were patterned after did not: a low-lift airfoil. High lift is the sine qua non of flight. By placing a low-lift airfoil (the curved cross-section of a wing) at the tip of a blade and then blending it into high-lift airfoils at the blade's base, Tangler and Dan Somers, a freelance airfoil designer, fashioned a blade that performed better in low winds than previous stall-control blades but would not overpower the generator in high winds. As a bonus, these airfoils also proved to be significantly less sensitive to bug buildup and pitting from flying sand.

One who immediately saw the po-



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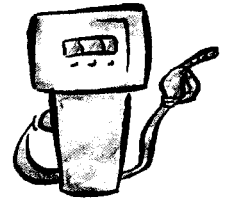
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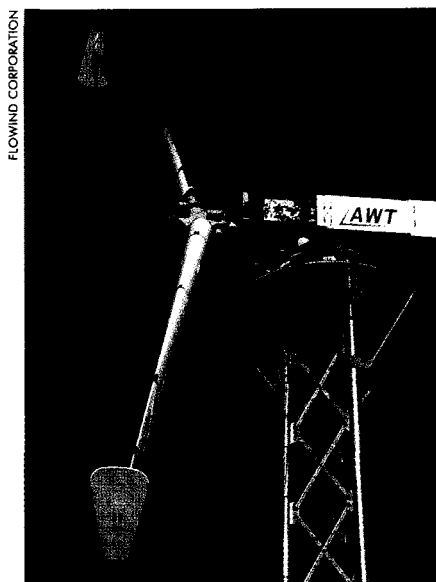
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Wyoming, which will use U.S. Windpower's 33M-VS.

Part of the financing for the AWT-26's design came from a \$7 million NREL program aimed at using the best current technology to create reliable utility-grade turbines intended to be commercially available by mid-decade. But encouraging utilities to use wind involves as much education as engineering. Only a handful of utilities outside California have any experience with wind energy; even in California the experience is indirect, since wind companies like U.S. Windpower run the wind farms, not the utilities themselves. State utility commissions are also ignorant about wind, and are apt to view it as a risky experimental technology.

NEW MACHINES and technical developments like the new airfoil have given the U.S. wind industry the potential to develop a global market for its products. China is seen as a huge market; so are India and Eastern Europe. But the United States will have stiff competition from Western Europe, which is aggressively pursuing wind energy in order to cut acid rain, decrease its reliance on nuclear energy, and launch a new domestic industry that can then expand worldwide. Last year the United States, on the strength of the three California wind farms, far outstripped Europe in installed capacity—1,600 megawatts to 750. But by the year 2000 Europe may have 4,000 megawatts of installed wind capacity, half again what the United States is likely to have. The Germans, for instance, have agreed to install 250 megawatts of wind turbines.

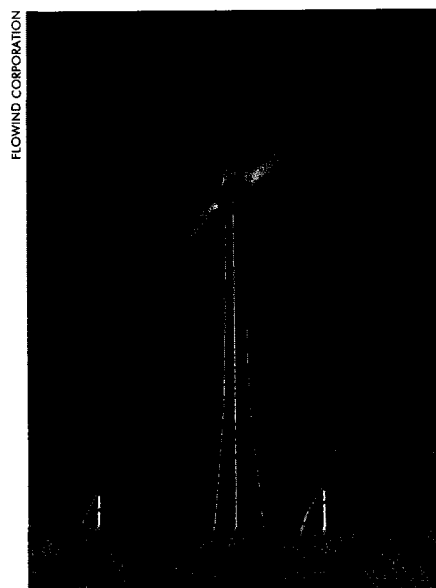
U.S. efforts seem rather feeble by comparison. "Our budget was cut about ninety percent during the 1980s," Jim Tangler says. "We were zeroed out several times under Reagan, but a little bit always got put back in." At present the Department of Energy devotes about \$24 million of its \$257 million renewable-energy budget to wind, spending most of it at NREL and the rest at Sandia National Laboratory, in New Mexico, and the Pacific Northwest Laboratory, in Washington. Not everyone is happy with the amount wind is getting. "The U.S. is nickel-and-diming research in this area," says Robert Lynette. "We had seventy million dollars a year for research during the Carter years. And what is it now? We could accelerate this



Servicing the AWT-26's generator

technology so much faster, and attract some new players to it as well."

Lynette sees a solution: draw the aerospace industry into wind energy. Wind and aerospace seem a natural pairing. Aerodynamics, structural dynamics, advanced electronics—everything turbine makers hope to focus on in coming generations of machines—are everyday problems for Boeing and McDonnell-Douglas. Such companies could also bring sophisticated manufacturing techniques to what is today a craft industry. "These blades are essentially boat technology," an NREL engineer, Walt Musial, told me while we were touring the lab's field site. His hand rested on a big fiberglass U.S.



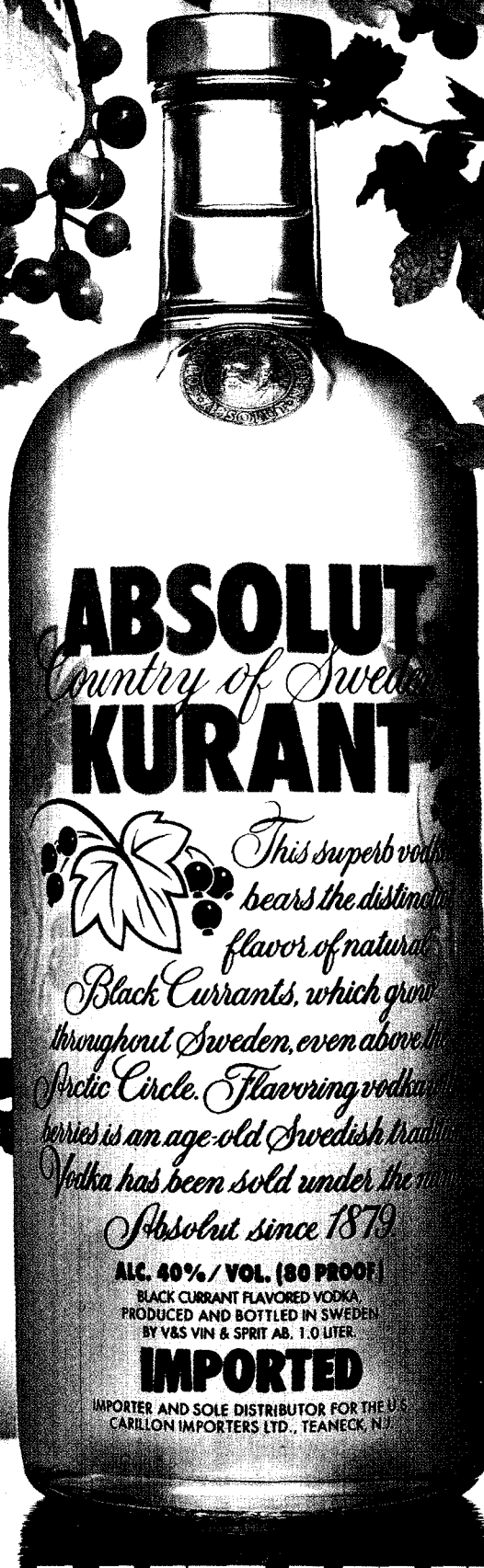
A "test flight" of the efficient AWT-26

Windpower blade that the lab was stress-testing. "It takes a lot of people to just lay up layers of cloth and resin in the molds. We see this as an area where we can make big gains in cost, with more-advanced manufacturing techniques." The blades for Lynette's machine are wooden—for all practical purposes long pieces of cabinetwork, and also highly labor-intensive. But they're lighter than equivalent fiberglass blades. Lighter still would be blades made from carbon fiber, a material aerospace companies are well acquainted with. "These guys are kind of shell-shocked now," Lynette says, alluding to aircraft makers' travails with defense cutbacks and the chaos among their commercial customers. "But pretty soon they're going to say, 'We need products.'" If aerospace firms did become involved, this would encourage other large companies to support what might at first be limited production runs of wind turbines, and would give utilities the confidence that the manufacturer of their new turbines would be around to maintain them.

Will wind power catch on? Perhaps. Scattered wind projects in Minnesota, Wyoming, the Pacific Northwest, and New England are now in the planning stage—not enough to attract much additional interest. But the 1992 Energy Policy Act gives a 1.5 cent tax credit for each kilowatt hour of energy produced from wind (the previous federal and California credits applied only to equipment costs). When this provision of the Energy Policy Act takes effect, next year, a number of wind projects may follow. An even bigger boost may have come last April, when President Clinton vowed to cut greenhouse gases to 1990 levels by the year 2000. Wind may prove to be one of the most effective ways for utilities to meet power needs without burning coal or gas.

Wind energy is no longer a research project. It works, and works cheaply and reliably enough to compete with other energy sources. Still, it must overcome a somewhat shady past to sell balky utilities and the public on its advantages. Its long-elusive promise, though, may soon be fulfilled. "We don't really need a big breakthrough," says Edgar DeMeo, the head of EPRI's solar-power program. "If wind just gets a chance in a few places, it will make its own case."

—Douglas Gantenbein



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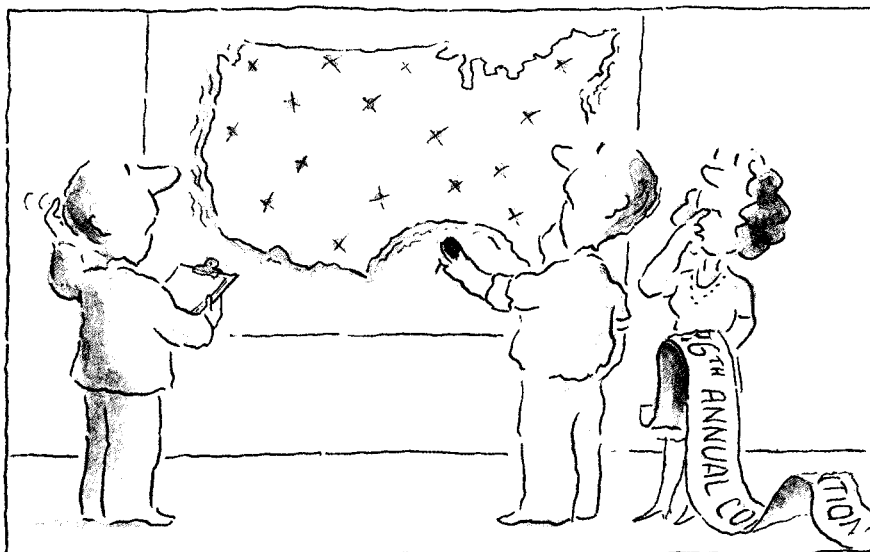
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PUBLIC POLICY

Avoidance Tactics

Who is really hurt by convention and tourism boycotts?

WHEN THE National Academy of Arbitrators decided five years ago to hold its 1993 annual meeting in Denver, the choice seemed uncontroversial. Last fall, however, after Colorado voters approved Amendment Two to the state's constitution, which overturns local laws banning discrimination against gays and lesbians, national gay-rights groups called for convention delegates and independent travelers to take their business elsewhere. In short order many groups did just that, among them the National Organization for Women, the National Council for the Social Studies, municipal workers from New York City, Philadelphia, and Atlanta, and the U.S. Conference of Mayors.

David E. Feller, a law professor retired from the University of California at Berkeley, who was then the president of the arbitrators' group, began getting calls and letters from some of the NAA's 600-odd members. Many of these people, including one of the academy's four vice-presidents, wanted to abide by the boycott. Feller, who didn't, outlined his views in a letter to his members. A "parochial" consideration, he said, was

a \$50,000 penalty for short-notice cancellation. But he stressed what he regarded as the unfairness of the boycott, arguing that its "primary impact" would fall on those who had passed the local antidiscrimination ordinances in the first place, instead of those who had voted for the amendment. Feller encouraged members "who feel strongly about the issue" to attend the early June meeting nonetheless and to consider giving money to organizations that were challenging the legality of Amendment Two and working to have it repealed. (A month and a half later the Colorado Supreme Court said the amendment appeared to be unconstitutional.)

With increasing frequency associations like Feller's are being urged by special-interest groups, and the entertainers who sometimes serve as their spokespeople, to stay away from this or that city or state whose voters or elected leaders have acted in a controversial way. The idea is to bleed a city or state financially until a wrong has been righted.

To date convention and tourism boycotts have touched a number of cities and states, with varying degrees of effectiveness; before long they could be breaking out all over the map. Owing to well-financed campaigns by hard-right religious groups, states including California, Idaho, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, Oregon, and Washington appear likely to have anti-gay-rights measures similar to Colorado's on their ballots next year. (Oregon's turn might or might not come sooner; anti-gay-rights measures were expected to be on the ballot in more than two dozen com-

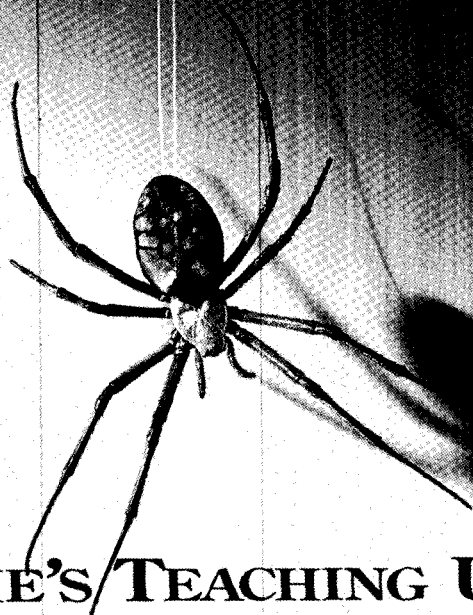
munities this fall. But in July the state legislature took steps to overturn anti-gay referenda passed earlier this year in a handful of communities.) Florida will be a battleground. Last fall, after Tampa voters repealed a law that banned discrimination against gays, an evangelical Christian group took its anti-gay campaign statewide. Gay-rights groups say that if the proposed measures pass, boycotts will be called against those states. In some cases the boycotts might be broadened beyond tourism: consumers might be urged to, say, do without Idaho potatoes.

Alaska was the focus of a storm of protest whipped up by The Fund for Animals late last year, after a state game board approved plans for shooting wolves from helicopters, and the state is not out of trouble yet. Although the game board gave up on the aerial-gunning idea after the bottom fell out of the state's \$1 billion tourist industry, this summer it announced plans to kill wolves in other ways. Animals-rights groups are watching, press releases at the ready.

Several other states are on watch lists too: Pennsylvania because it permits the shooting of birds as they are released from crates; Georgia because it has a symbol of the Confederacy on its state flag; Montana because wardens are allowed to kill buffalo that wander away from Yellowstone National Park; New Hampshire because its legislature has refused to authorize a state holiday honoring Martin Luther King Jr., leaving it the only state without one.

BOYCOTTS ARE not limited to the convention and tourism industry, of course. At almost any moment several dozen are under way, many of them directed at corporations. At mid-year, according to the Seattle-based Institute for Consumer Responsibility, which publishes the *National Boycott News*, boycott targets included the Ford Motor Company, denounced by the Irish National Caucus for its attitude toward Northern Ireland's Catholics; Levi Strauss, by the Fuerza Unida because it had shifted some operations to Costa Rica; and anybody who makes stone-washed jeans for, as the Jemez Action Group complained, using pumice that is mined "in environmentally sensitive regions."

Boycotts have been "a very American



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tactic of social protest" since the early days of the republic, says the Stanford University historian Stewart Burns. Toward the end of the nineteenth century union organizers launched boycotts of clothing manufacturers and cigar-making shops. Better known today is the 1956 bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. In the mid-1960s the United Farm Workers orchestrated a boycott of California grapes; eventually the growers gave in to the union's demands.

Convention and tourism boycotts are a relatively recent development. Their popularity is high in part because so many financially strapped states and cities have come to rely heavily on the money spent by visitors. In thirteen states, including Colorado, providing shelter, food, and entertainment for out-of-towners is the leading industry; in another two dozen states it's the second or third most important source of revenue. Overall, according to the United States Travel Data Center, a private group, travel and tourism are a \$380 billion business that provides jobs for six million people.

Conventions account for much of the cash flow. According to the International Association of Convention & Visitor Bureaus, in 1991, the most recent year for which figures are available, nearly 268,000 meetings in 349 cities attracted more than 82 million delegates. Many cities have invested millions in spanking new state-of-the-art meeting halls and hotels. Los Angeles, for example, will unveil a \$500 million expansion of its municipal convention center next month. In some cities the investments are failing to produce a torrent of cash. The new or recently expanded convention centers and hotels are having to hustle nonstop, because there are only so many groups and there are too many cities for them to go to.

In recent years boycotts have been called in various places to protest gun-control laws, outbursts of anti-Semitism, and steep service taxes. San Francisco lost approximately \$58 million when agribusiness groups canceled meetings after the city board of supervisors endorsed a renewal of the UFW's grape boycott. Chicago and St. Louis have been singled out by women's groups because legislatures in Springfield and Jefferson City wouldn't ratify the equal-rights amendment.

A boycott of Arizona that began in 1987 after Governor Evan Mecham re-

scinded the state's Martin Luther King Jr. holiday ended last fall after voters agreed to restore it. Two earlier efforts had failed. The boycott prompted 166 groups to cancel conventions worth about \$190 million, and cost Phoenix the 1993 Super Bowl (the National Football League, making amends, has rewarded the city with Super Bowl XXX, in 1996).

Last fall a judge tossed out a strict anti-abortion statute that had prompted a boycott of Louisiana. Opponents of abortion rights say they will try again. While the boycott was in effect, New Orleans lost seventeen conventions and nearly \$116 million in business. (Last fall, too, fifteen national organizations threatened to cancel scheduled conventions if David Duke, a former Ku Klux Klan leader, was elected governor; he wasn't.)

A black-led boycott cost the Miami area nearly \$50 million over three years. The boycott—launched after African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela was snubbed by local officials (who said that *he* had offended Jews and Cubans by defending Yasser Arafat and uttering a few kind words about Cuba's President Fidel Castro)—ended in mid-May, after business and civic leaders agreed to take remedial measures, including helping more blacks find jobs.

Some travel-industry executives with a stake in a targeted area complain that they've been abandoned by their colleagues in the business. "Throughout this debate [over the Colorado boycott], one national group has remained strangely silent. That group is the travel industry," Roger Smith, the president of the Denver Metro Convention and Visitors Bureau, wrote in a recent issue of an industry-association newsletter. "No airline executive, no hotel chain chairman, no travel industry organization leader has spoken out to condemn the idea of tourism boycotts." That's going a bit far. Industry spokesmen blame boycotts for lost jobs and income; they also note, however, that calling for a boycott is a constitutionally sanctioned privilege.

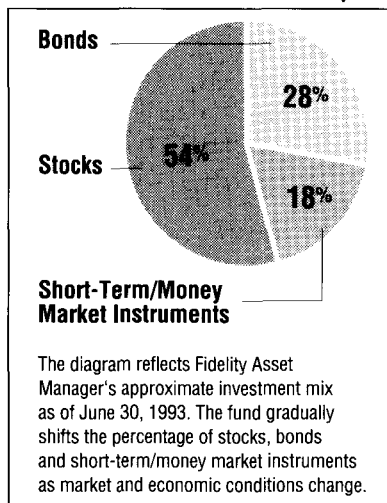
FOR ALL THE howls from targeted states, some boycotts are largely shrugged off. Abortion-rights groups decreed a boycott of Utah in 1991 after the enactment of restrictions on abortions. Regardless, conventions

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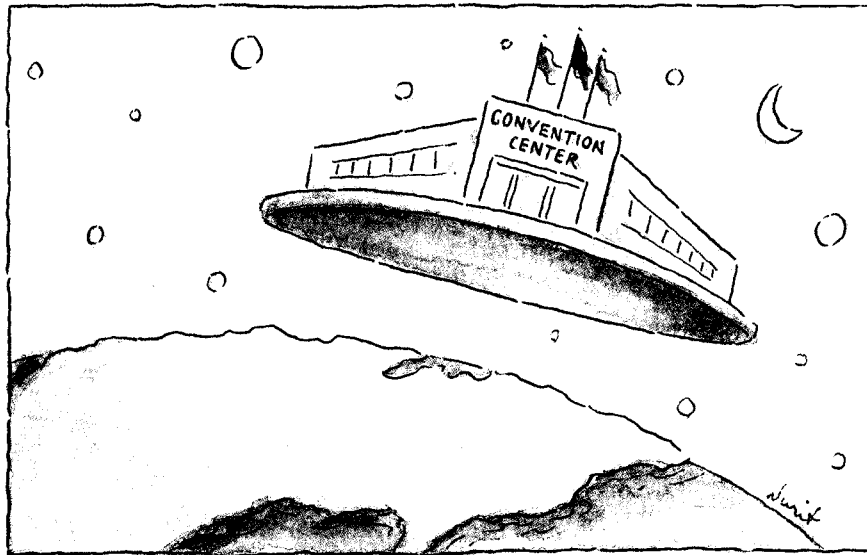
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continued to flock to Salt Lake City. Although Colorado's convention business has taken a \$35 million hit since the boycott was called in that state, its ski resorts reported a banner season last winter.

Indeed, conventioners generally are more likely to take part in boycotts than are other kinds of tourists. This spring the Travel Industry Association of America reported that in a national survey of "regular travelers," 77 percent said they wouldn't change their plans to avoid a state or city that was being boycotted. Other polls consistently produce similar results. "Individual travelers aren't likely to change their behavior because of outside pressure," says Timothy P. Ryan, a professor of economics at the University of New Orleans. Even if travelers are concerned about such matters, he says, most "don't think their action alone will influence public policy all that much."

The targets of boycotts, too, sometimes fail to respond as the boycotters wish they would. People who don't live in Arizona might assume that the boycott there made voters, like it or not, do the right thing. Many residents of Arizona, however, especially those who had long been in favor of the King holiday, say the boycott wasn't much of a factor in finally bringing the holiday about, or only made matters worse. In Colorado many who regard Amendment Two as an abomination have been reluctant to push for its repeal because of concerns that the boycott has roiled too many voters.

Some analysts question the fairness of boycotts. It's not right, they say, for

the innocent to be punished along with the guilty. "There's a certain arrogance in saying that people in a state are expendable for the greater good," says Stewart Burns, of Stanford. "It's counterproductive to alienate those whose support you need."

Consider Phoenix. It was one of the first cities anywhere to commemorate the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr. with a paid holiday. And Denver. "The November vote in Colorado was directed at Denver's actions, as well as those of Boulder and Aspen, to protect gays and lesbians from discrimination," David Feller noted in his letter to the arbitrators.

The voters of Denver overwhelmingly opposed the initiative; it passed because of the rural vote. Cancellation of our meeting in Denver would, however, have its primary impact precisely on Denver and would have little or no impact on the rest of the state.

Tom Garrett, a board member of the Alaska Visitors Association and the general manager of Alaska Discovery Expeditions, an adventure-tourism company based in Juneau, says the boycott of his state last year "clearly was effective; in that sense it was good." But, he continues, "many people here think The Fund for Animals was grandstanding. It did its thing and then moved on. Meanwhile, we've been bloodied. The tourism industry didn't ask for the wolves to be killed." Wayne Pacelle, the national director of The Fund for Animals, defends last year's Alaska boycott as a much-needed chan-

neling of rage. "We did a service for those people who operate the wilderness and backcountry tours," he says. "If Alaska had gone through with its wolf-control program, the state's image would have been deeply scarred." He continues, "We are sensitive to the fact that the boycott resulted in some collateral damage. But we know that Alaska's reputation would have suffered without it."

Once a boycott ends, it can take years for a community to recover lost business. Too, convention planners and travelers sometimes don't hear the sounding of an all-clear; late this spring an Alaska tour operator said he was still getting calls from prospective clients who wanted to know when last year's wolf-kill boycott would end. But sometimes people don't hear the all-clear signal because it's never sounded. In the course of reporting this article I asked a spokesperson in the Washington office of the National Organization for Women for the status of the many boycotts the group has been involved in. Two weeks went by. I made a follow-up call. I was told that NOW had unearthed a list of twenty or so boycotts that had, at various times, been initiated by the group's national leaders or by local chapters. NOW's board would review the matter at a meeting later in the year. Until then nobody could say precisely what remained on NOW's blacklist.

Is a boycott the only way? Maybe not. After the votes for and against the anti-gay ordinance were counted in Tampa last fall, a local organization, the Human Rights Task Force of Florida, considered a boycott, according to its spokesman Todd Simmons, but decided instead on a "buycott." The group publishes a monthly shopper's guide of businesses "that have policies in support of gays and lesbians." From February to July the directory grew from 105 listings to 430. "The hospitality field includes a lot of gays and lesbians," Simmons said. "Many of them have been hurt in Colorado. Also, we've seen how the Colorado boycott has solidified the opposition to gay rights. We decided on an approach that would empower us economically and politically. The buycott has improved our standing in the community. Businesses and other institutions have changed their policies to get in our book."

—Michael Wright



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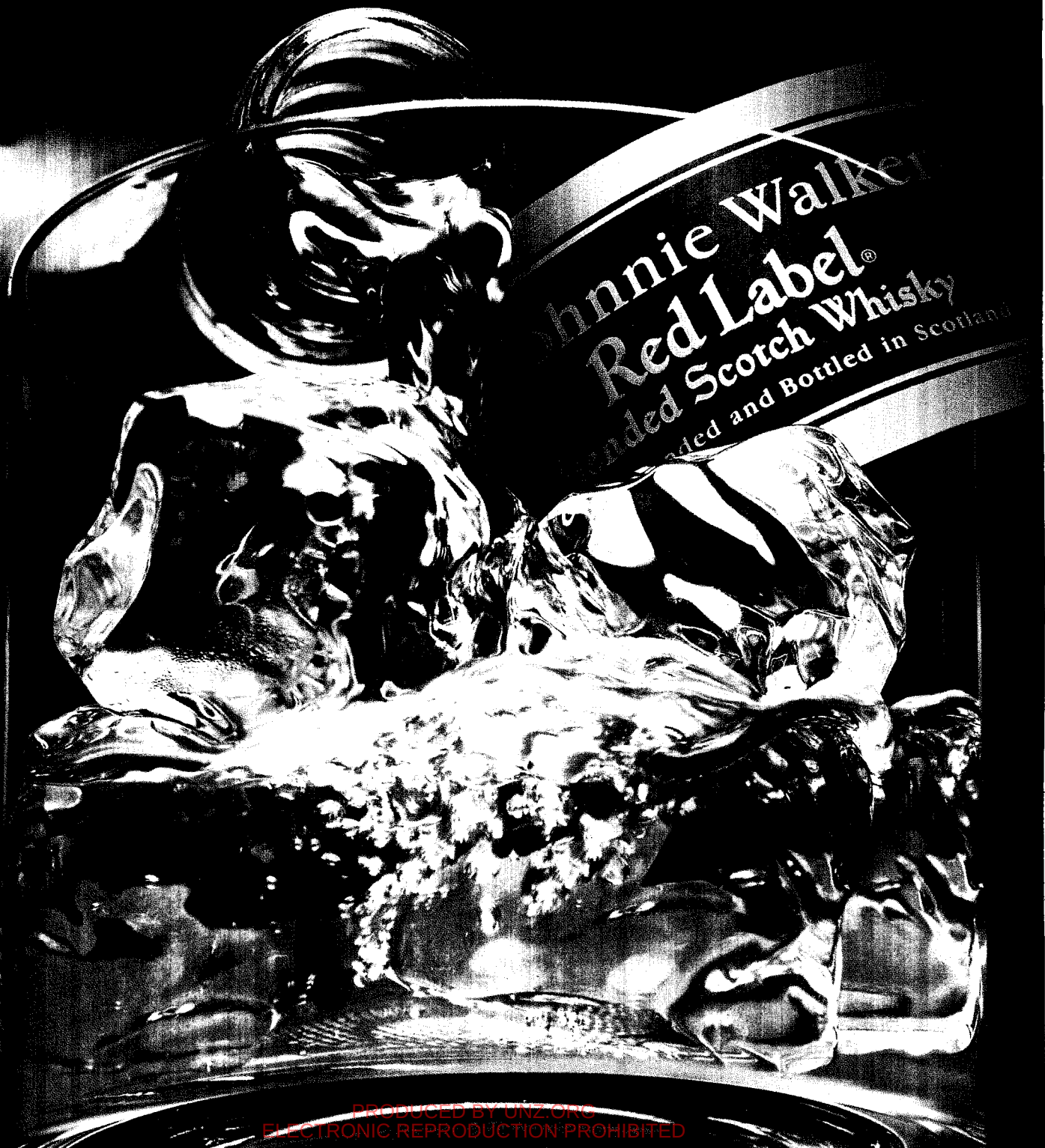
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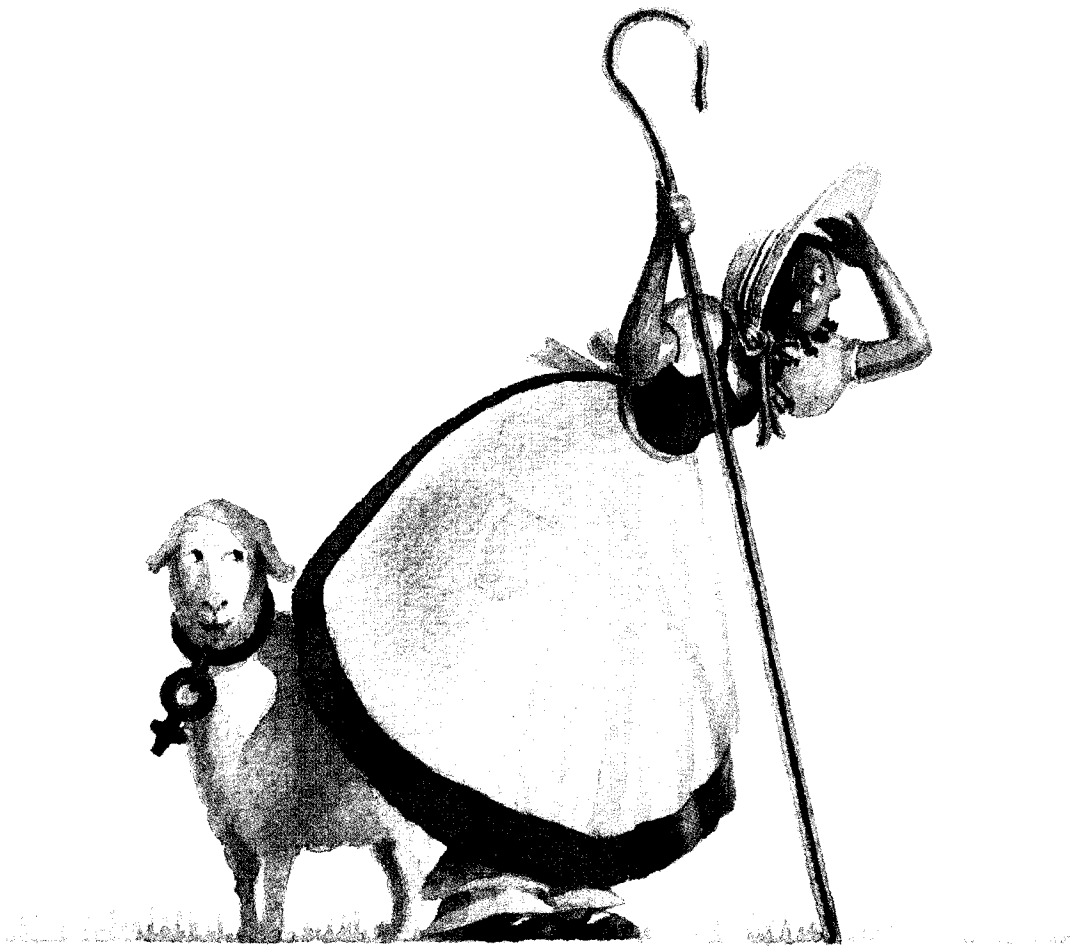
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"The confident political resurgence of women today will have to withstand a resurgent belief in women's vulnerabilities," the author writes in her analysis of a movement—and a label—that still makes many women uneasy

FEMINISM'S IDENTITY CRISIS

BY WENDY KAMINER

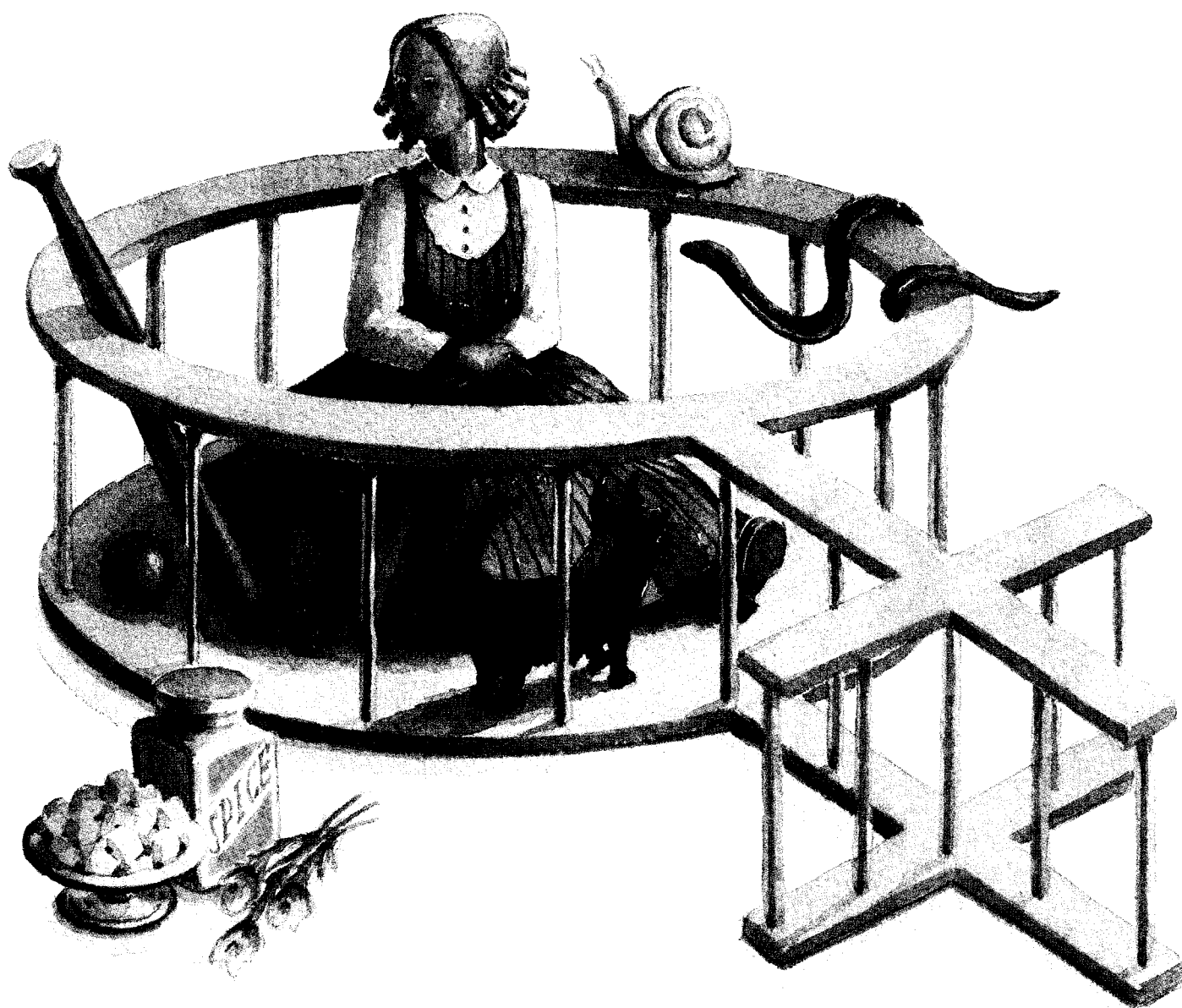


MY FAVORITE POLITICAL MOMENT OF THE 1960s was a Black Panther rally in a quadrangle of Smith College on a luxuriant spring day. Ramboesque in berets and ammunition belts, several young black males exhorted hundreds of young white females to contribute money to Bobby Seale's defense fund. I stood at the back of the crowd watching yarn ties on blonde ponytails bobbing up and down while the daughters of CEOs nodded in agreement with the Panthers' attack on the ruling class.

It was all so girlish—or boyish, depending on your point

of view. Whatever revolution was fomenting posed no apparent threat to gender roles. Still, women who were not particularly sensitive to chauvinism in the counterculture or the typical fraternity planned to attend graduate or professional school and pursue careers that would have been practically unthinkable for them ten years earlier. Feminism was altering their lives as much as draft avoidance was altering the lives of their male counterparts.

Today, three decades of feminism and one Year of the Woman later, a majority of American women agree that feminism has altered their lives for the better. In general, polls conducted over the past three years indicate strong



majority support for feminist ideals. But the same polls suggest that a majority of women hesitate to associate themselves with the movement. As Karlyn Keene, a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, has observed, more than three quarters of American women support efforts to “strengthen and change women’s status in society,” yet only a minority, a third at most, identify themselves as feminists.

Many feminists take comfort in these polls, inferring substantial public support for economic and political equality, and dismissing women’s wariness of the feminist label as a mere image problem (attributed to unfair media portrayals of feminists as a strident minority of frustrated women). But the polls may also adumbrate unarticulated ambivalence about feminist ideals, particularly with respect to private life. If widespread support for some measure of equality reflects the way women see, or wish to see, society, their unwillingness to identify with feminism reflects the way they see themselves, or wish to be seen by others.

To the extent that it challenges discrimination and the political exclusion of women, feminism is relatively easy for many women to embrace. It appeals to fundamental notions of fairness; it suggests that social structures must change but that individuals, particularly women, may remain the same. For many women, feminism is simply a matter of mommy-tracking, making sure that institutions accommodate women’s familial roles, which are presumed to be essentially immutable. But to the extent that feminism questions those roles and the underlying assumptions about sexuality, it requires profound individual change as well, posing an unsettling challenge that well-adjusted people instinctively avoid. Why question norms of sex and character to which you’ve more or less successfully adapted?

Of course, the social and individual changes demand-

ed by feminism are not exactly divisible. Of course, the expansion of women's professional roles and political power affects women's personality development. Still, many people manage to separate who they are in the workplace from who they are in bed, which is why feminism generates so much cognitive dissonance. As it addresses and internalizes this dissonance and women's anxiety about the label "feminism," as it embarks on a "third wave," the feminist movement today may suffer less from a mere image problem than from a major identity crisis.

It's difficult, of course, to generalize about how millions of American women imagine feminism and what role it plays in their lives. All one can say with certitude is that different women define and relate to feminism differently. The rest—much of this essay—is speculation, informed by conversations with editors of women's magazines (among the most reliable speculators about what women want), polling data, and ten years of experience studying feminist issues.

Resistance to the Label

ROBIN MORGAN, THE EDITOR in chief of *Ms.*, and Ellen Levine, the editor in chief of *Redbook*, two veterans of women's magazines and feminism, offer different views of feminism's appeal, each of which seems true, in the context of their different constituencies.

Morgan sees a resurgent feminist movement and points to the formation of new feminist groups on campus and intensified grass-roots activity by women addressing a range of issues, from domestic violence to economic revitalization. Ellen Levine, however, believes that for the middle-class family women who read *Redbook* (the average reader is a thirty-nine-year-old wage-earning mother), feminism is "a non-issue." She says, "They don't think about it; they don't talk about it." They may not even be familiar with the feminist term of art "glass ceiling," which feminists believe has passed into the vernacular. And they seem not to be particularly interested in politics. The surest way not to sell *Redbook* is to put a woman politician on the cover: the January, 1993, issue of *Good Housekeeping*, with Hillary Clinton on the cover, did poorly at the newsstands, according to Levine.

Editors at more upscale magazines—*Mirabella*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Glamour*—are more upbeat about their readers' interest in feminism, or at least their identification with feminist perspectives. Gay Bryant, *Mirabella's* editor in chief, says, "We assume our readers are feminists with a small 'f.' We think of them as strong, inde-

pendent, smart women; we think of them as pro-woman, although not all of them would define themselves as feminists politically." Betsy Carter, the executive editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, suggests that feminism has been assimilated into the culture of the magazine: "Feminism is a word that has been so absorbed in our consciousness that I don't isolate it. Asking me if I believe in feminism is like asking me if I believe in integration." Carter says, however, that women tend to be interested in the same stories that interest men: "Except for subjects like fly-fishing, it's hard to label something a man's story or a woman's story." In fact, she adds, "it seems almost obsolete to talk about women's magazines." Carter, a former editor at *Esquire*, recalls that *Esquire's* readership

was 40 percent female, which indicated to her that "women weren't getting what they needed from the women's magazines."

Ruth Whitney, the editor in chief of *Glamour*, might disagree. She points out that *Glamour* runs monthly editorials with a decidedly "feminist" voice that infuses the magazine. *Glamour* readers may or may not call themselves feminists, she says, but "I would call *Glamour* a mainstream feminist magazine, in its editorials, features, fashions, and consumerism." *Glamour* is also a pro-choice magazine; as Whitney stresses, it has long published pro-choice articles—more than any other mainstream women's magazine, according to her. And it is a magazine for which women seem to constitute the

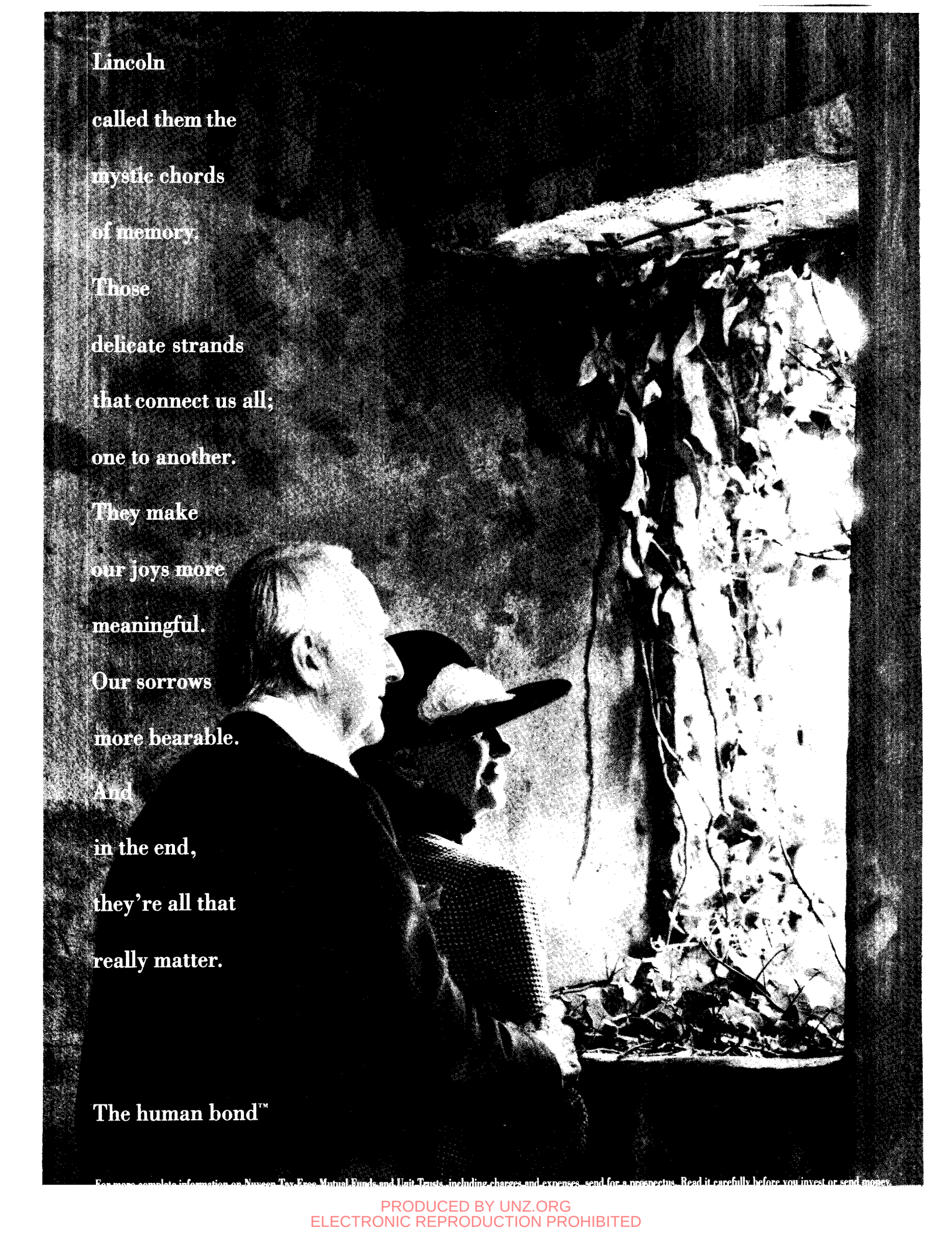
norm: "We use the pronoun 'she' when referring to a doctor, lawyer, whomever, and that does not go unnoticed by our readers."

Some women will dispute one underlying implication of Betsy Carter's remarks—that feminism involves assimilation, the merger of male and female spheres of interest. Some will dispute any claims to feminism by any magazine that features fashion. But whether *Ms.* readers would call *Harper's Bazaar*, *Mirabella*, and *Glamour* feminist magazines, or magazines with feminist perspectives, their readers apparently do, if Betsy Carter, Gay Bryant, and Ruth Whitney know their audiences.

Perhaps the confident feminist self-image of these upscale magazines, as distinct from the cautious exploration of women's issues in the middle-class *Redbook*, confirms a canard about feminism—that it is the province of upper-income urban professional women. But *Ms.* is neither upscale nor fashionable, and it's much too earnest to be sophisticated. Feminism—or, at least, support for feminist ideals—is not simply a matter of class, or even race.

Susan McHenry, a senior editor at *Working Woman* and the former executive editor of *Emerge*, a new magazine

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never been a tranquil
movement, or a
cheerfully anarchic one.
It has always been
plagued by
bitter civil wars over
conflicting ideas.**



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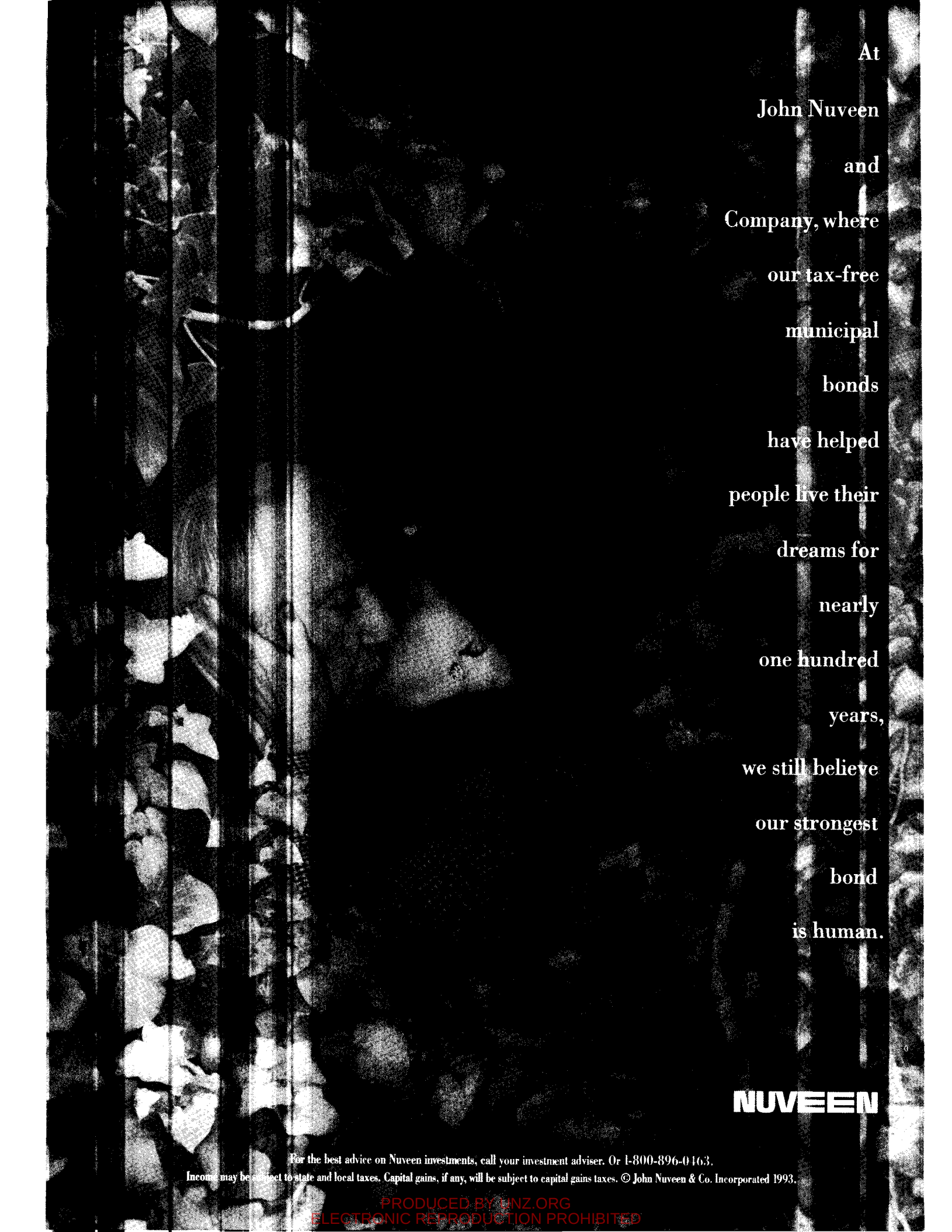
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for middle-class African-Americans, senses in African-American women readers "universal embrace of women's rights and the notion that the women's movement has been helpful." Embrace of the women's movement, however, is equivocal. "If you start talking about the women's movement, you hear a lot about what we believe and what white women believe."

For many black women, devoting time and energy to feminist causes or feminist groups may simply not be a priority. Black women "feel both racism and sexism," McHenry believes, but they consider the fight for racial justice their primary responsibility and assume that white women will pay primary attention to gender issues. Leslie Adamson, the executive secretary to the president of Radcliffe College, offers a different explanation. She doesn't, in fact, "feel" sexism and racism equally: "Sex discrimination makes me indignant. Racial discrimination makes me enraged." Adamson is sympathetic to feminism and says that she has always "had a feminist mind." Still, she does not feel particularly oppressed as a woman. "I can remember only two instances of sex discrimination in my life," she says. "Once when I was in the sixth grade and wanted to take shop and they made me take home economics; once when I visited my husband's relatives in Trinidad and they wouldn't let me talk about politics. Racism has always affected me on a regular basis." Cynthia Bell, the communications director for Greater Southeast Healthcare System, in Washington, D.C., offers a similar observation: "It wasn't until I graduated from college that I encountered sexual discrimination. I remember racial discrimination from the time I remember being myself."

Black women who share feminist ideals but associate feminism with white women sometimes prefer to talk about "womanism," a term endorsed by such diverse characters as Alice Walker (who is credited with coining it) and William Safire. Susan McHenry prefers to avoid using the term "women's movement" and talks instead about "women moving." She identifies with women "who are getting things done, regardless of what they call themselves." But unease with the term "feminism" has been a persistent concern in the feminist movement, whether the unease is attributed to racial divisions or to residual resistance to feminist ideals. It is, in fact, a complicated historical phenomenon that reflects feminism's successes as well as its failures.

"The Less Tainted Half"

THAT FEMINISM HAS THE POWER TO EXPAND women's aspirations and improve their lives without enlisting them as card-carrying feminists is a tribute to its strength as a social movement. Feminism is not dependent on ideological purity (indeed, it has always been a mixture of conflicting ideologies) or any formal organizational structure. In the

nineteenth century feminism drew upon countless unaffiliated voluntary associations of women devoted to social reform or self-improvement. Late-twentieth-century feminism has similarly drawn upon consciousness-raising groups, professional associations, community-action groups, and the increased work-force participation of middle-class women, wrought partly by economic forces and a revolution in birth control. Throughout its 150-year history feminism has insinuated itself into the culture as women have sought to improve their status and increase their participation in the world outside the home. If women are moving in a generally feminist direction—toward greater rights and a fairer apportionment of social responsibilities—does it matter what they call themselves?

In the nineteenth century many, maybe most, women who took part in the feminist movement saw themselves as paragons of femininity. The great historic irony of feminism is that the supposed feminine virtues that justified keeping women at home—sexual purity, compassion, and a talent for nurturance—eventually justified their release from the home as well. Women were "the less tainted half of the race," Frances Willard, the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, declared, and thus were the moral guardians of society.

But in the long run, identifying feminism with femininity offered women limited liberation. The feminine weaknesses that were presumed to accompany feminine virtues justified the two-tier labor force that kept women out of executive positions and political office and out of arduous, high-paying manual-labor jobs (although women were never considered too weak to scrub floors). By using femininity as their passport to the public sphere, women came to be typecast in traditional feminine roles that they are still playing and arguing about today. Are women naturally better suited to parenting than men? Are men naturally better suited to waging war? Are women naturally more cooperative and compassionate, more emotive and less analytic, than men?

A great many American women (and men) still seem to answer these questions in the affirmative, as evidenced by public resistance to drafting women and the private reluctance of women to assign, and men to assume, equal responsibility for child care. Feminism, however, is popularly deemed to represent an opposing belief that men and women are equally capable of raising children and equally capable of waging war. Thus feminism represents, in the popular view, a rejection of femininity.

Feminists have long fought for day-care and family-leave programs, but they still tend to be blamed for the work-family conundrum. Thirty-nine percent of women recently surveyed by *Redbook* said that feminism had made it "harder" for women to balance work and family life. Thirty-two percent said that feminism made "no dif-



Raking leaves wasn't exactly the way I wanted to spend Sunday afternoon. But after Linda brought out the Baileys and coffee, I warmed up to the idea immediately.



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ference" to women's balancing act. This may reflect a failure of feminists to make child care an absolutely clear priority. It may also reflect the association of feminism with upper-income women like Zoë Baird, who can solve their child-care problems with relative ease. But, as Zoë Baird discovered, Americans are still ambivalent about women's roles within and outside the home.

Feminism and the careerism it entails are commonly regarded as a zero-sum game not just for women and men but for women and children as well, Ellen Levine believes: wage-earning mothers still tend to feel guilty about not being with their children and to worry that "the more women get ahead professionally, the more children will fall back." Their guilt does not seem to be assuaged by any number of studies showing that the children of wage-earning mothers fare as well as the children of full-time homemakers, Levine adds. It seems to dissipate only as children grow up and prosper.

Feminists who dismiss these worries as backlash risk trivializing the inevitable stresses confronting wage-earning mothers (even those with decent day care). Feminists who respond to these worries by suggesting that husbands should be more like wives and mothers are likely to be considered blind or hostile to presumptively natur-

al sex differences that are still believed to underlie traditional gender roles.

To the extent that it advocates a revolution in gender roles, feminism also comes as a reproach to women who lived out the tradition, especially those who lived it out unhappily. Robin Morgan says, "A woman who's been unhappily married for forty years and complains constantly to her friends, saying 'I've got to get out of this,' might stand up on a talk show and say feminism is destroying the family."



The Wages of Equality

AMBIVALENCE ABOUT EQUALITY SOMETIMES SEEMS to plague the feminist movement almost as much today as it did ten years ago, when it defeated the Equal Rights Amendment. Worth noting is that in the legal arena feminism has met with less success than the civil-rights movement. The power of the civil-rights movement in the 1960s was the power to demonstrate the gap between American ideals of racial equality and the American reality for African-Americans. We've never had the same professed belief in sexual equality: federal equal-employment law has always treated racial discrimination more severely than sex discrimination, and so has the Supreme Court. The Court has not extended to women the same constitutional protection it has extended to racial minorities, because a majority of justices have never rejected the notion that some degree of sex discrimination is only natural.

The widespread belief in equality demonstrated by polls is a belief in equality up to a point—the point where

women are drafted and men change diapers. After thirty years of the contemporary women's movement, equal-rights feminism is still considered essentially abnormal. Ellen Levine notes that middle-class family women sometimes associate feminism with lesbianism, which has yet to gain middle-class respectability. Homophobia is not entirely respectable either, however, so it may not be expressed directly in polls or conversations; but it has always been a subtext of popular resistance to feminism. Feminists have alternately been accused of hating men and of wanting to be just like them.

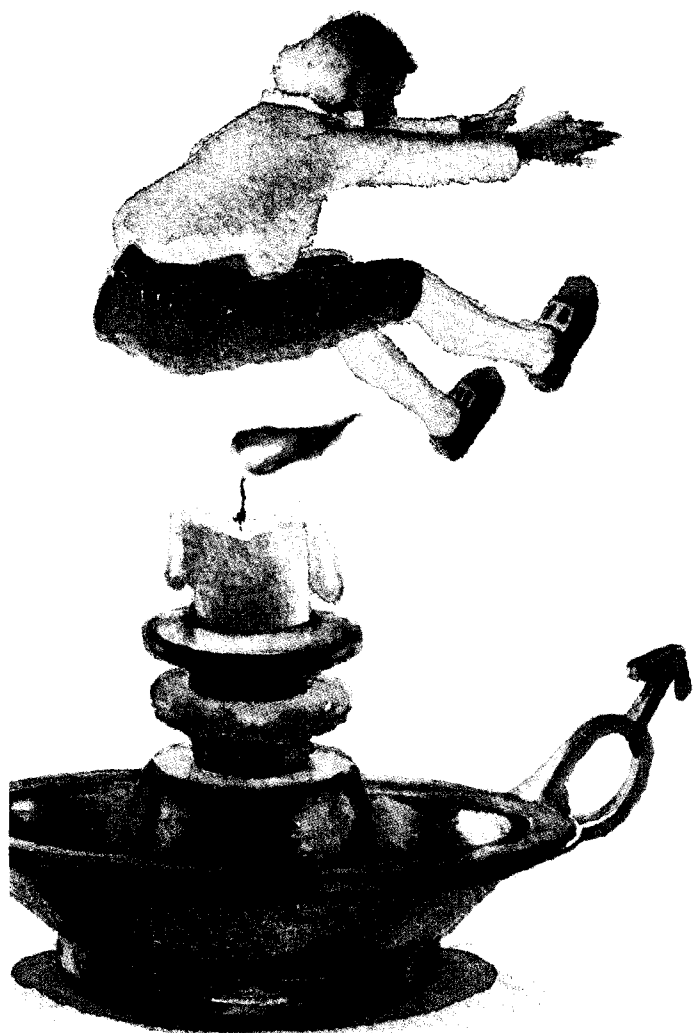
There's some evidence that the fear of feminism as a threat to female sexuality may be lessening: 77 percent of women recently surveyed by *Redbook* answered "yes" to the question "Can a woman be both feminine and a feminist?" But they were answering a question in the abstract. When women talk about why they don't identify with feminists, they often talk about not wanting to lose their femininity. To the extent that an underlying belief in feminine virtues limits women to feminine roles, as it did a hundred years ago, this rejection of the feminist label is a rejection of full equality. In the long run, it matters what women call themselves.

Or does it? Ironically, many self-proclaimed feminists today express some of the same ambivalence about changing gender roles as the "I'm not a feminist, but . . ." women (" . . . but I believe in equal opportunity or family leave or reproductive choice"). The popular image of feminism as a more or less unified quest for androgynous equality, promoted by the feminists' nemesis Camille Paglia, is at least ten years out of date.

The Comforts of Gilliganism

CENTRAL TO THE DOMINANT STRAIN OF FEMINISM today is the belief, articulated by the psychologist Carol Gilligan, that women share a different voice and different moral sensibilities. Gilligan's work—notably *In a Different Voice* (1982)—has been effectively attacked by other feminist scholars, but criticisms of it have not been widely disseminated, and it has passed with ease into the vernacular. In a modern-day version of Victorian True Womanhood, feminists and also some anti-feminists pay tribute to women's superior nurturing and relational skills and their general "ethic of caring." Sometimes feminists add parenthetically that differences between men and women may well be attributable to culture, not nature. But the qualification is moot. Believers in gender difference tend not to focus on changing the cultural environment to free men and women from stereotypes, as equal-rights feminists did twenty years ago; instead they celebrate the feminine virtues.

It was probably inevitable that the female solidarity at the base of the feminist movement would foster female chauvinism. All men are jerks, I might agree on occasion,





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over a bottle of wine. But that's an attitude, not an analysis, and only a small minority of separatist feminists turn it into an ideology. Gilliganism addresses the anxiety that is provoked by that attitude—the anxiety about compromising their sexuality which many feminists share with nonfeminists.

[Much as they dislike admitting it, feminists generally harbor or have harbored categorical anger toward men.] Some would say that such anger is simply an initial stage in the development of a feminist consciousness, but it is also an organizing tool and a fact of life for many women who believe they live in a sexist world. And whether or not it is laced with anger, feminism demands fundamental changes in relations between the sexes and the willingness of feminists to feel like unnatural women and be treated as such. For heterosexual women, feminism can come at a cost. Carol Gilligan's work valorizing women's separate emotional sphere helped make it possible for feminists to be angry at men and challenge their hegemony without feeling unwomanly. Nancy Rosenblum, a professor of political science at Brown University, says that Gilliganism resolved the conflict for women between feminism and femininity by "de-eroticizing it." Different-voice ideology locates female sexuality in maternity, as did Victorian visions of the angel in the house. In its simplest form, the idealization of motherhood reduces popular feminism to the notion that women are nicer than men.

Women are also widely presumed to be less warlike than men. "Women bring love; that's our role," one woman explained at a feminist rally against the Gulf War which I attended; it seemed less like a rally than a revival meeting. Women shared their need "to connect" and "do relational work." They recalled Jane Addams, the women's peace movement between the two world wars, and the Ban the Bomb marches of thirty years ago. They suggested that pacifism was as natural to women as childbirth, and were barely disconcerted by the presence of women soldiers in the Gulf. Military women were likely to be considered self-hating or male-identified or the hapless victims of a racist, classist economy, not self-determined women with minds and voices all their own. The war was generally regarded as an allegory of male supremacy; the patriarch Bush was the moral equivalent of the patriarch Saddam Hussein. If only men would listen to women, peace, like a chador, would enfold us.

In part, the trouble with True Womanhood is its tendency to substitute sentimentality for thought. Constance Buchanan, an associate dean of the Harvard Divinity School, observes that feminists who believe women will

exercise authority differently often haven't done the hard work of figuring out how they will exercise authority at all. "Many feminists have an almost magical vision of institutional change," Buchanan says. "They've focused on gaining access but haven't considered the scale and complexity of modern institutions, which will not necessarily change simply by virtue of their presence."

Feminists who claim that women will "make a difference" do, in fact, often argue their case simply by pointing to the occasional female manager who works by consensus, paying little attention to hierarchy and much attention to her employees' feelings—assuming that such women more accurately represent their sex than women who favor unilateral decision-making and tend not to nurture employees. In other words, different-voice feminists often assume their conclusions: the many women whose characters and behavior contradict traditional models of gender difference (Margaret Thatcher is the most frequently cited example) are invariably dismissed as male-identified.

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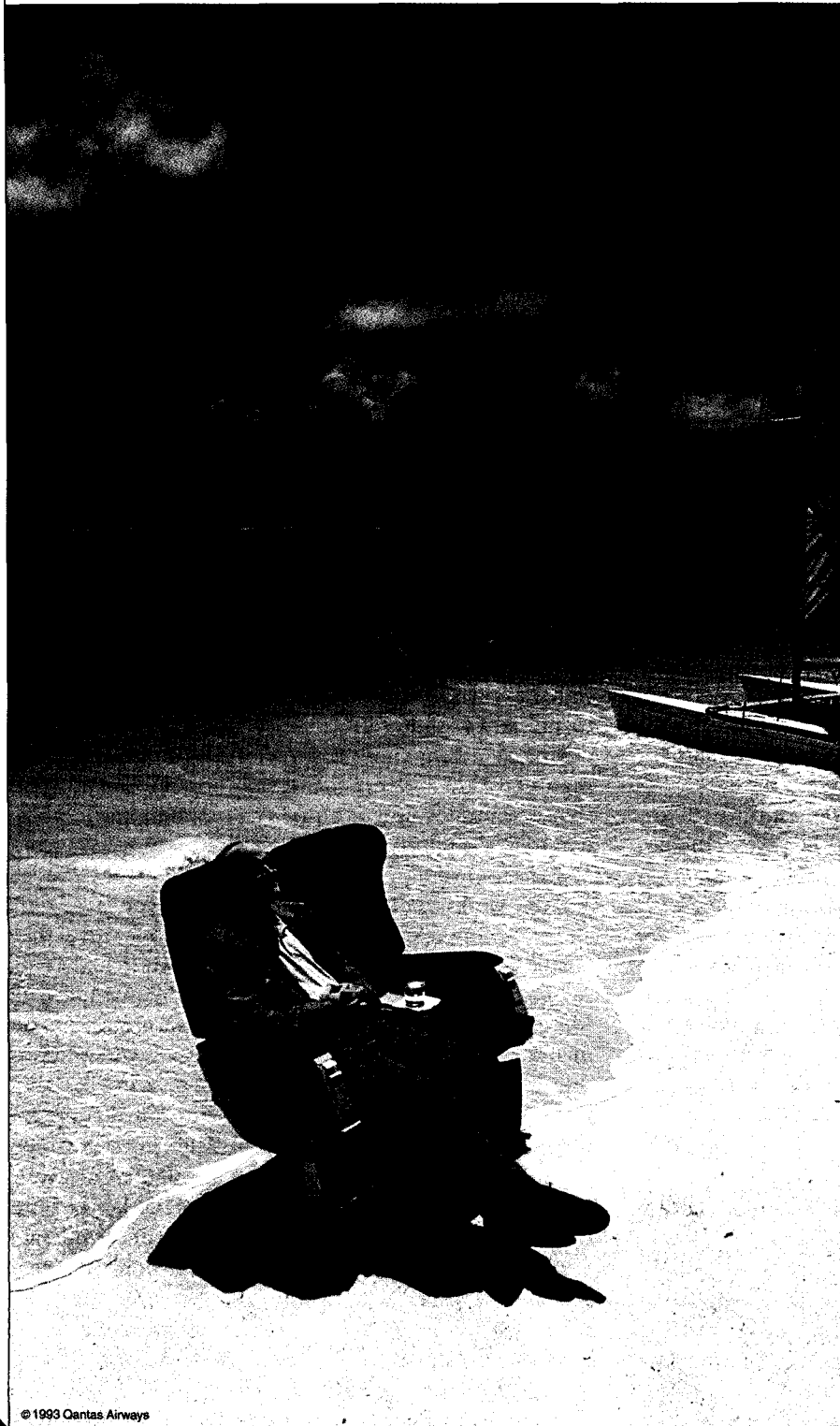
From Marilyn to Hillary

CONFRONTED WITH THE CHALLENGE of rationalizing and accommodating profound differences among women, in both character and ideology, feminism has never been a tranquil movement, or a cheerfully anarchic one. It has always been plagued by bitter civil wars over conflicting ideas about sexuality

and gender which lead to conflicting visions of law and social policy. If men and women are naturally and consistently different in terms of character, temperament, and moral sensibility, then the law should treat them differently, as it has through most of our history, with labor legislation that protects women, for example, or with laws preferring women in custody disputes: special protection for women, not equal rights, becomes a feminist goal. (Many feminists basically agree with Marilyn Quayle's assertion that women don't want to be liberated from their essential natures.) But if men and women do not conform to masculine and feminine character models, if sex is not a reliable predictor of behavior, then justice requires a sex-neutral approach to law which accommodates different people's different characters and experiences (the approach championed by Ruth Bader Ginsburg twenty years ago).

In academia this has been dubbed the "sameness-difference" debate, though no one on either side is suggesting that men and women are the same. Advocates of laws protecting women suggest that men and women tend to differ from each other in predictable ways, in accord with

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gender stereotypes. Equal-rights advocates suggest that men and women differ unpredictably and that women differ from one another unpredictably.

It's fair to say that both sides in this debate are operating in the absence of conclusive scientific evidence confirming or denying the existence of biologically based, characterological sex differences. But this is a debate less about science than about law. Even if we could compromise, and agree that sex and gender roles reflect a mixture of natural and cultural programming, we'd still have to figure out not only what is feasible for men and women but also what is just. If there are natural inequities between the sexes, it is hardly the business of law to codify them.

In the 1980s this debate about sex and law became a cottage industry for feminist academics, especially postmodernists who could take both sides in the debate, in celebration of paradox and multiculturalism. On one side, essentialism—a belief in natural, immutable sex differences—is anathema to postmodernists, for whom sexuality itself, along with gender, is a “social construct.” Sensitivity to race- and class-based differences among women also militates against a belief in a monolithic feminine culture: from a postmodern perspective, there is no such category as “woman.” Taken to its logical conclusion, this emphasis on the fragmentation of the body politic makes postmodern feminism an oxymoron: feminism and virtually all our laws against sex discrimination reflect the presumption that women do in fact constitute a political category. On the other side, to the extent that postmodernism includes multiculturalism, it endorses tribalism, or identity politics, which for some feminists entails a strong belief in “women’s ways.” Thus the theoretical rejection of essentialism is matched by an attitudinal embrace of it.

Outside academia, debates about sex and justice are sometimes equally confused and confusing, given the political and ideological challenges of affirmative-action programs and the conflicting demands on women with both career aspirations and commitments to family life. Feminists often have to weigh the short-term benefits of protecting wage-earning mothers (by mommy-tracking, for example) against the long-term costs of a dual labor market. Sometimes ideological clarity is lost in complicated strategy debates. Sometimes ideological conflicts are put aside when feminists share a transcendent social goal, such as suffrage or reproductive choice. And sometimes one ideological strain of feminism dominates another. In the 1970s equal-rights feminism was ascendent. The 1980s saw a revival of protectionism.

Equal-rights feminism couldn’t last. It was profoundly disruptive for women as well as men. By questioning long-cherished notions about sex, it posed unsettling questions about selfhood. It challenged men and women to shape their own identities without resort to stereotypes. It posed particular existential challenges to women

who were accustomed to knowing themselves through the web of familial relations. As Elizabeth Cady Stanton observed more than a hundred years ago, equal-rights feminism challenges women to acknowledge that they are isolated individuals as well. Stressing that like “every human soul” women “must make the voyage of life alone,” Stanton, the mother of seven and a political organizer who spent most of her life in crowds, exhorted women to recognize the “solitude of self.”

This emphasis on individual autonomy didn’t just scare many women; it struck them as selfish—as it might be if it were unaccompanied by an ongoing commitment to family and community. Twenty years ago feminists made the mistake of denigrating homemaking and volunteer work. It’s hard to imagine how else they might have made their case. Still, the feminist attack on volunteering was simplistic and ill-informed. Feminists might have paid attention to the historical experiences of middle-class African-American women combining paid work, volunteering, and family life. They might have paid attention to the critical role played by the volunteer tradition in the nineteenth-century feminist movement. Women’s sense of their maternal responsibilities at home and in the wider world was at the core of their shared social conscience, which feminists ignored at their peril. Feminism will not succeed with American women, as Constance Buchanan notes, until it offers them a vision that reconciles the assertion of equal rights with the assumption of social responsibilities.

That’s the vision Hillary Clinton is striving to embody, as a family woman and a feminist, an advocate of civil rights and a preacher of a caring and sharing politics of meaning. I wish her luck: the difficulty she encountered during the campaign persuading people that she has a maternal side reflects the strong popular presumption that a commitment to equality is incompatible with a willingness to nurture.

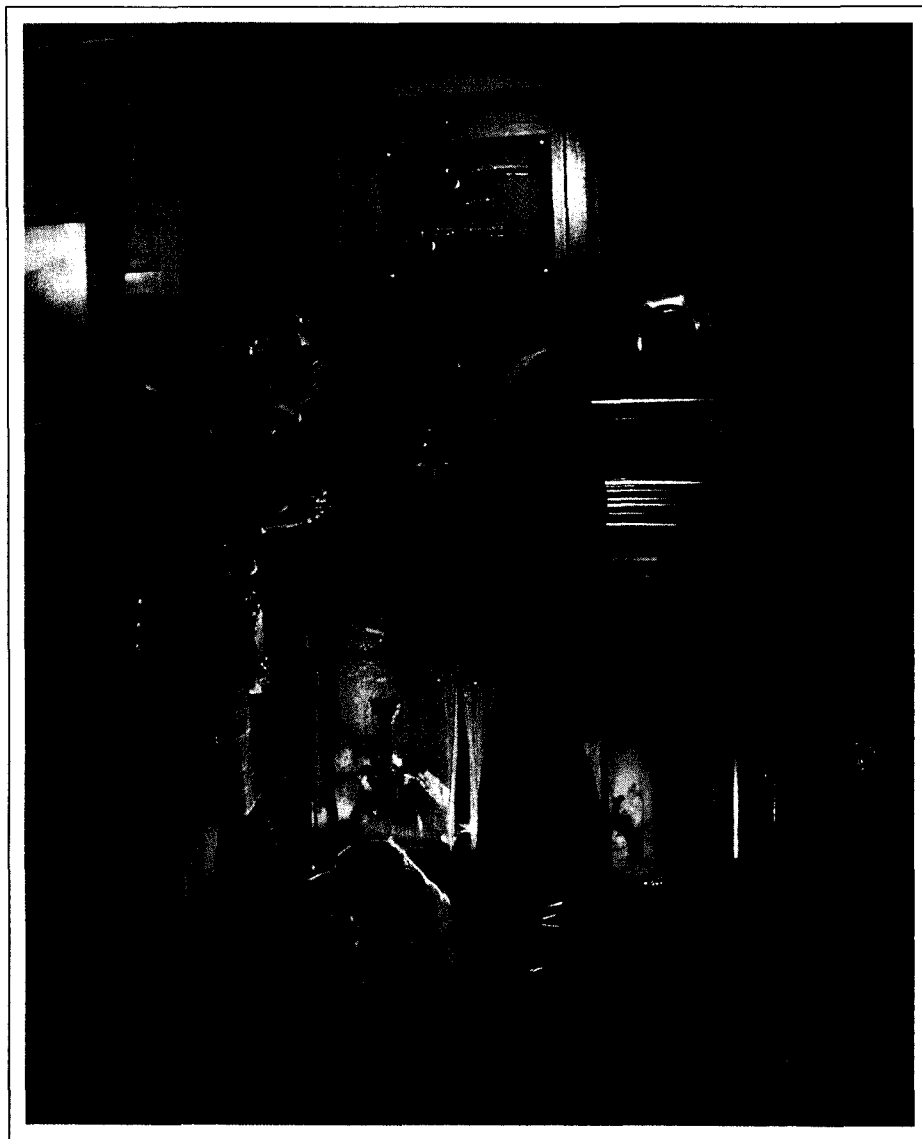
We should know better. In fact millions of American women working outside the home are exercising rights and assuming responsibilities—for better or worse, that’s one of the legacies of feminism. Women who sought equal rights in the 1970s have not abandoned their families, like Meryl Streep in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, as anti-feminists predicted they would. Instead they have overworked themselves, acting as breadwinners and primary caretakers, too. Given the absence of social and institutional support—family leave and day care—it’s not surprising that women would turn for sustenance to traditional notions of sex difference. The belief that they were naturally better suited to child care than men would relieve them of considerable anger toward their husbands. As Victorian women invoked maternal virtue to justify their participation in the public sphere, so contemporary American women have used it to console themselves for the undue burdens they continue to bear in the private one.

Notions of immutable sex differences explained a range



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Also at George's belt, fortunately, were a pair of hair-trigger pistols, given him by the laird of Aberlour. Before the men could jump him, he cocked one of the pistols and fired into the peat fire. A cloud of white ash filled the room. By the time it had cleared, George was on his horse and well away.

“If that pistol had misfired,” says our Sandy Milne, “there might not be such a thing today as The Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate.”



What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine.

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of social inequities—the plight of displaced homemakers, the persistence of sexual violence, the problems of women working double shifts within and outside the home. The general failure of hard-won legal rights to ensure social justice (which plagued civil-rights activists as well as feminists) might have been considered a failure of government—to enforce civil-rights laws and make them matter or to provide social services. It might have been considered a failure of community—our collective failure to care for one another. Instead it was roundly condemned as a failure of feminism, because it provided convenient proof of what many men and women have always believed—that biology is destiny after all. Equal-rights feminism fell out of favor, even among feminists, because it made people terribly uncomfortable and because legal rights were not accompanied by a fair division of familial and communal responsibilities.

Feminism Succumbs to Femininity

THE FEMINIST DRIVE FOR equal rights was supposed to have been revitalized last year, and it's true that women were politically activated and made significant political gains. It's clear that women are moving, but in what direction? What is the women's movement all about?

Vying for power today are poststructural feminists (dominant in academia in recent years), political feminists (office-holders and lobbyists), different-voice feminists, separatist feminists (a small minority), pacifist feminists, lesbian feminists, careerist feminists, liberal feminists (who tend also to be political feminists), anti-porn feminists, eco-feminists, and womanists. These are not, of course, mutually exclusive categories, and this is hardly an exhaustive list. New Age feminists and goddess worshippers widen the array of alternative truths. And the newest category of feminism, personal-development feminism, led nominally by Gloria Steinem, puts a popular feminist spin on deadeningly familiar messages about recovering from addiction and abuse, liberating one's inner child, and restoring one's self-esteem.

The marriage of feminism and the phenomenally popular recovery movement is arguably the most disturbing (and potentially influential) development in the feminist movement today. It's based partly on a shared concern about child abuse, nominally a left-wing analogue to right-wing anxiety about the family. There's an emerging alliance of anti-pornography and anti-violence feminists with therapists who diagnose and treat child abuse, including "ritual abuse" and "Satanism" (often said to be

linked to pornography). Feminism is at risk of being implicated in the unsavory business of hypnotizing suspected victims of abuse to help them "retrieve" their buried childhood memories. Gloria Steinem has blithely praised the important work of therapists in this field without even a nod to the potential for, well, abuse when unhappy, suggestible people who are angry at their parents are exposed to suggestive hypnotic techniques designed to uncover their histories of victimization.

But the involvement of some feminists in the memory-retrieval industry is only one manifestation of a broader ideological threat posed to feminism by the recovery movement. Recovery, with its absurdly broad definitions of addiction and abuse, encourages people to feel fragile

and helpless. Parental insensitivity is classed as child abuse, along with parental violence, because all suffering is said to be equal (meaning entirely subjective); but that's appropriate only if all people are so terribly weak that a cross word inevitably has the destructive force of a blow. Put very simply, women need a feminist movement that makes them feel strong.

Enlisting people in a struggle for liberation without exaggerating the ways in which they're oppressed is a challenge for any civil-rights movement. It's a particularly daunting one for feminists, who are still arguing among themselves about whether women are oppressed more by nature or by culture. For some feminists, strengthening women is a matter of alerting them

to their natural vulnerabilities.

There has always been a strain of feminism that presents women as frail and naturally victimized. As it was a hundred years ago, feminist victimism is today most clearly expressed in sexuality debates—about pornography, prostitution, rape, and sexual harassment. Today sexual violence is a unifying focal point for women who do and women who do not call themselves feminists: 84 percent of women surveyed by *Redbook* considered "fighting violence against women" to be "very important." (Eighty-two percent rated workplace equality and 54 percent rated abortion rights as very important.) Given this pervasive, overriding concern about violence and our persistent failure to address it effectively, victimism is likely to become an important organizing tool for feminism in the 1990s.

Feminist discussions of sexual offenses often share with the recovery movement the notion that, again, there are no objective measures of suffering: all suffering is said to be equal, in the apparent belief that all women are weak. Wage-earning women testify to being "disabled" by sexist remarks in the workplace. College women testi-

The marriage of feminism and the recovery movement is arguably the most disturbing (and potentially influential) development in the feminist movement today.

fy to the trauma of being fondled by their dates. The term "date rape," like the term "addiction," no longer has much literal, objective meaning. It tends to be used figuratively, as a metaphor signifying that all heterosexual encounters are inherently abusive of women. The belief that in a male-dominated culture that has "normalized" rape, "yes" can never really mean "yes" has been popularized by the anti-pornography feminists Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon. (Dworkin devoted an entire book to the contention that intercourse is essentially a euphemism for rape.) But only five years ago Dworkin and MacKinnon were leaders of a feminist fringe. Today, owing partly to the excesses of multiculturalism and the exaltation of victimization, they're leaders in the feminist mainstream.

Why is feminism helping to make women feel so vulnerable? Why do some young women on Ivy League campuses, among the most privileged people on the globe, feel oppressed? Why does feminist victimology seem so much more pervasive among middle- and upper-class whites than among lower-income women, and girls, of color? Questions like these need to be aired by feminists. But in some feminist circles it is heresy to suggest that there are degrees of suffering and oppression, which need to be kept in perspective. It is heresy to suggest that being raped by your date may not be as traumatic or terrifying as being raped by a stranger who breaks into your

bedroom in the middle of the night. It is heresy to suggest that a woman who has to listen to her colleagues tell stupid sexist jokes has a lesser grievance than a woman who is physically accosted by her supervisor. It is heresy, in general, to question the testimony of self-proclaimed victims of date rape or harassment, as it is heresy in a twelve-step group to question claims of abuse. All claims of suffering are sacred and presumed to be absolutely true. It is a primary article of faith among many feminists that women don't lie about rape, ever; they lack the dishonesty gene. Some may call this feminism, but it looks more like femininity to me.

Blind faith in women's pervasive victimization also looks a little like religion. ["Contemporary feminism is a new kind of religion,"] Camille Paglia complains, overstating her case with panache. But if her metaphor begs to be qualified, it offers a nugget of truth. Feminists choose among competing denominations with varying degrees of passion, and belief; what is gospel to one feminist is a working hypothesis to another. [Still, like every other ideology and "ism"—from feudalism to capitalism to communism to Freudianism—feminism is for some a revelation.] Insights into the dynamics of sexual violence are turned into a metaphysic. Like people in recovery who see addiction lurking in all our desires, innumerable feminists see men's oppression of women in all our personal and social relations. Sometimes the pristine earnest-



ness of this theology is unrelenting. Feminism lacks a sense of black humor.

Of course, the emerging orthodoxy about victimization does not infect all or even most feminist sexuality debates. Of course, many feminists harbor heretical thoughts about lesser forms of sexual misconduct. But few want to be vilified for trivializing sexual violence and collaborating in the abuse of women.

The Enemy Within

THE EXAMPLE OF CAMILLE PAGLIA IS INSTRUCTIVE. She is generally considered by feminists to be practically pro-rape, because she has offered this advice to young women: don't get drunk at fraternity parties, don't accompany boys to their rooms, realize that sexual freedom entails sexual risks, and take some responsibility for your behavior. As Paglia says, this might once have been called common sense (it's what some of our mothers told us); today it's called blaming the victim.

Paglia is right: it ought to be possible to condemn date rape without glorifying the notion that women are helpless to avoid it. But not everyone can risk dissent. A prominent feminist journalist who expressed misgivings to me about the iconization of Anita Hill chooses not to be identified. Yet Anita Hill is a questionable candidate for feminist sainthood, because she was, after all, working for Clarence Thomas voluntarily, apparently assisting him in what feminists and other civil-rights activists have condemned as the deliberate nonenforcement of federal equal-employment laws. Was she too hapless to know better? Feminists are not supposed to ask.

It is, however, not simply undue caution or peer pressure that squelches dissent among feminists. Many are genuinely ambivalent about choosing sides in sexuality debates. It is facile, in the context of the AIDS epidemic, to dismiss concern about date rape as "hysteria." And it takes hubris (not an unmitigated fault) to suggest that some claims of victimization are exaggerated, when many are true. The victimization of women as a class by discriminatory laws and customs, and a collective failure to take sexual violence seriously, are historical reality. Even today women are being assaulted and killed by their husbands and boyfriends with terrifying regularity. When some feminists overdramatize minor acts of sexual misconduct or dogmatically insist that we must always believe the woman, it is sometimes hard to blame them, given the historical presumption that women lie about rape routinely, that wife abuse is a marital squabble, that date rape and marital rape are not real rape, and that sexual harassment is cute.

Feminists need critics like Paglia who are not afraid to be injudicious. Paglia's critiques of feminism are, however, flawed by her limited knowledge of feminist theory. She doesn't even realize what she has in common with

feminists she disdains—notably Carol Gilligan and the attorney and anti-pornography activist Catharine MacKinnon. Both Paglia and MacKinnon suggest that sexual relations are inextricably bound up with power relations; both promote a vision of male sexuality as naturally violent and cruel. But while Paglia celebrates sexual danger, MacKinnon wants to legislate even the thought of it away. Both Paglia and Gilligan offer idealized notions of femininity. But Gilligan celebrates gender stereotypes while Paglia celebrates sex archetypes. Paglia also offers a refreshingly tough, erotic vision of female sexuality to counteract the pious maternalism of *In a Different Voice*.

To the extent that there's a debate between Paglia and the feminist movement, it's not a particularly thoughtful one, partly because it's occurring at second hand, in the media. There are thoughtful feminist debates being conducted in academia, but they're not widely heard. Paglia is highly critical of feminist academics who don't publish in the mainstream; but people have a right to choose their venues, and besides, access to the mainstream press is not easily won. Still, their relative isolation is a problem for feminist scholars who want to influence public policy. To reach a general audience they have to depend on journalists to draw upon and sometimes appropriate their work.

In the end feminism, like other social movements, is dependent on the vagaries of the marketplace. It's not that women perceive feminism just the way *Time* and *Newsweek* present it to them. They have direct access only to the kind and quantity of feminist speech deemed marketable. Today the concept of a feminist movement is considered to have commercial viability once again. The challenge now is to make public debates about feminist issues as informed as they are intense.

It's not surprising that we haven't achieved equality; we haven't even defined it. Nearly thirty years after the onset of the modern feminist movement, we still have no consensus on what nature dictates to men and women and demands of law. Does equality mean extending special employment rights to pregnant women, or limiting the Sixth Amendment rights of men standing trial for rape, or suspending the First Amendment rights of men who read pornography? Nearly thirty years after the passage of landmark federal civil-rights laws, we still have no consensus on the relationship of individual rights to social justice. But, feminists might wonder, why did rights fall out of favor with progressives just as women were in danger of acquiring them?

The most effective backlash against feminism almost always comes from within, as women either despair of achieving equality or retreat from its demands. The confident political resurgence of women today will have to withstand a resurgent belief in women's vulnerabilities. Listening to the sexuality debates, I worry that women feel so wounded. Looking at feminism, I wonder at the public face of femininity. □

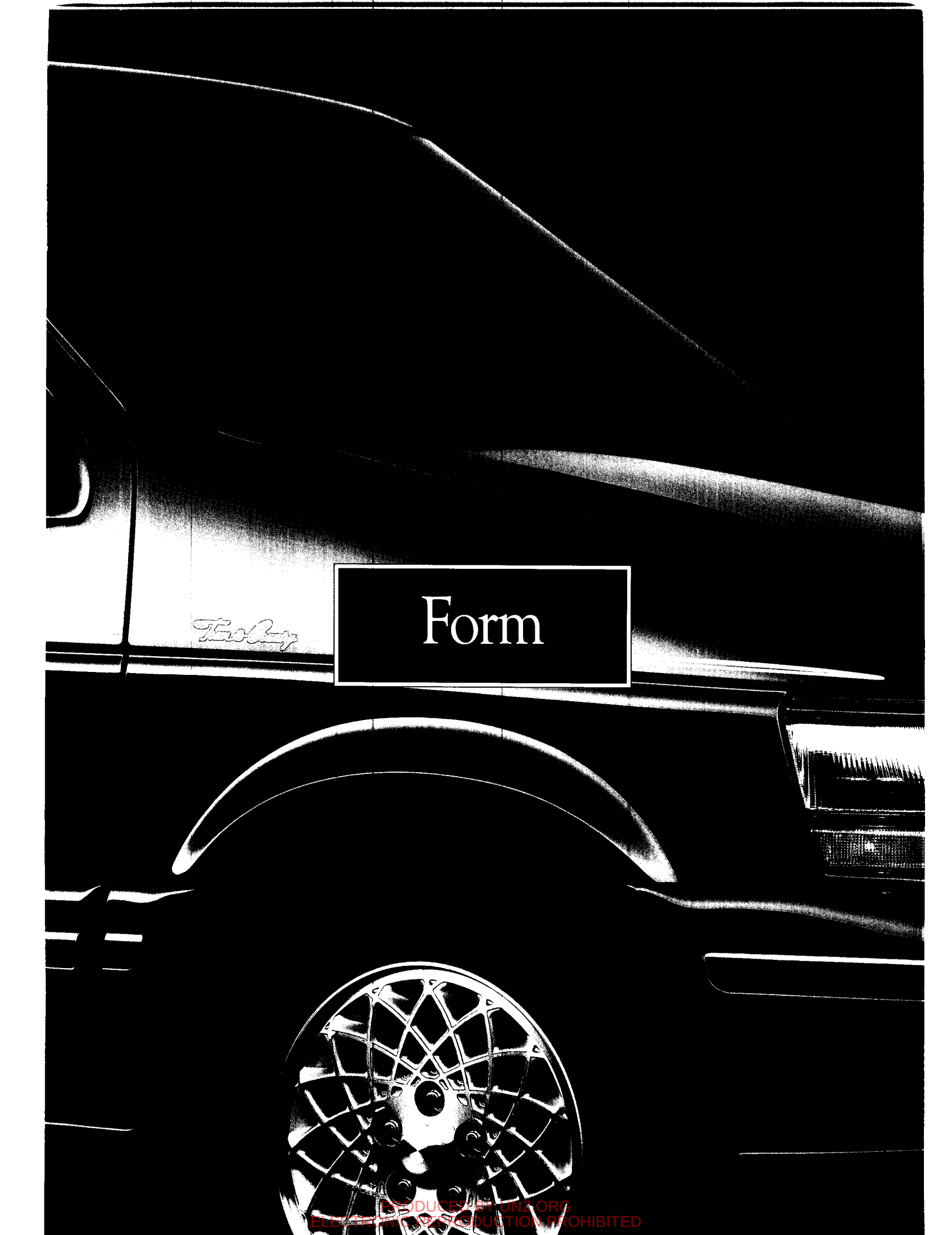
“Form ever
follows function.”

—Louis Henri Sullivan (1896)

By maximizing
the ratio of room given
to passengers to room

Function

given to machine
a whole new category of
vehicle is created.

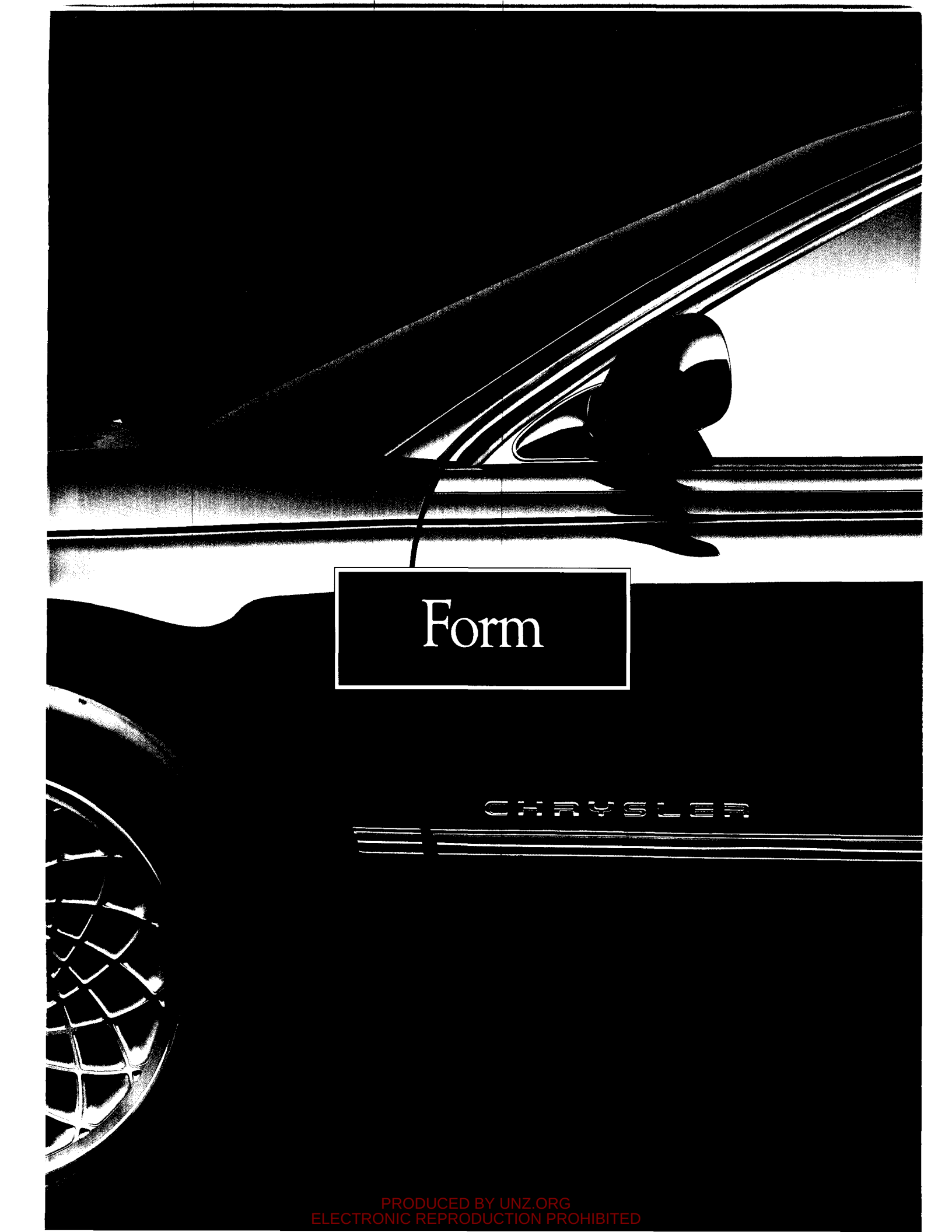


Form

Later, this same concept
leads to “cab forward.”
The windshield is moved
forward

Function

and radically canted
to provide increased
visibility and decreased
aerodynamic drag.



Form

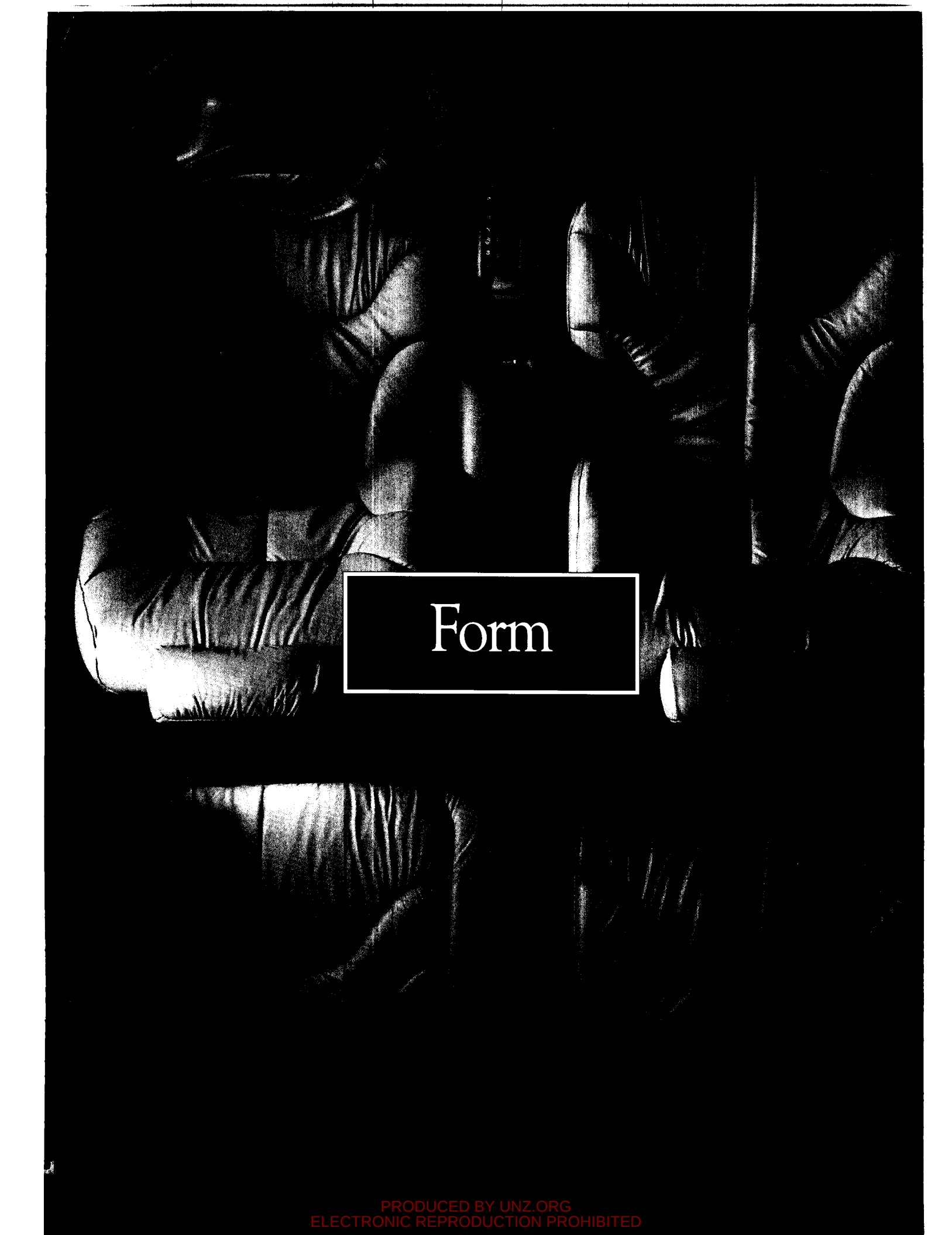
CHRYSLER

The wheels are moved
toward the corners to
provide a significant increase
in interior volume.

Function

This also provides a wider
track for more stable handling.

Rear doors become wider
for easier entry and exit.



Form

Presenting one of the most eloquent expressions ever of
form following function. The Chrysler New Yorker.

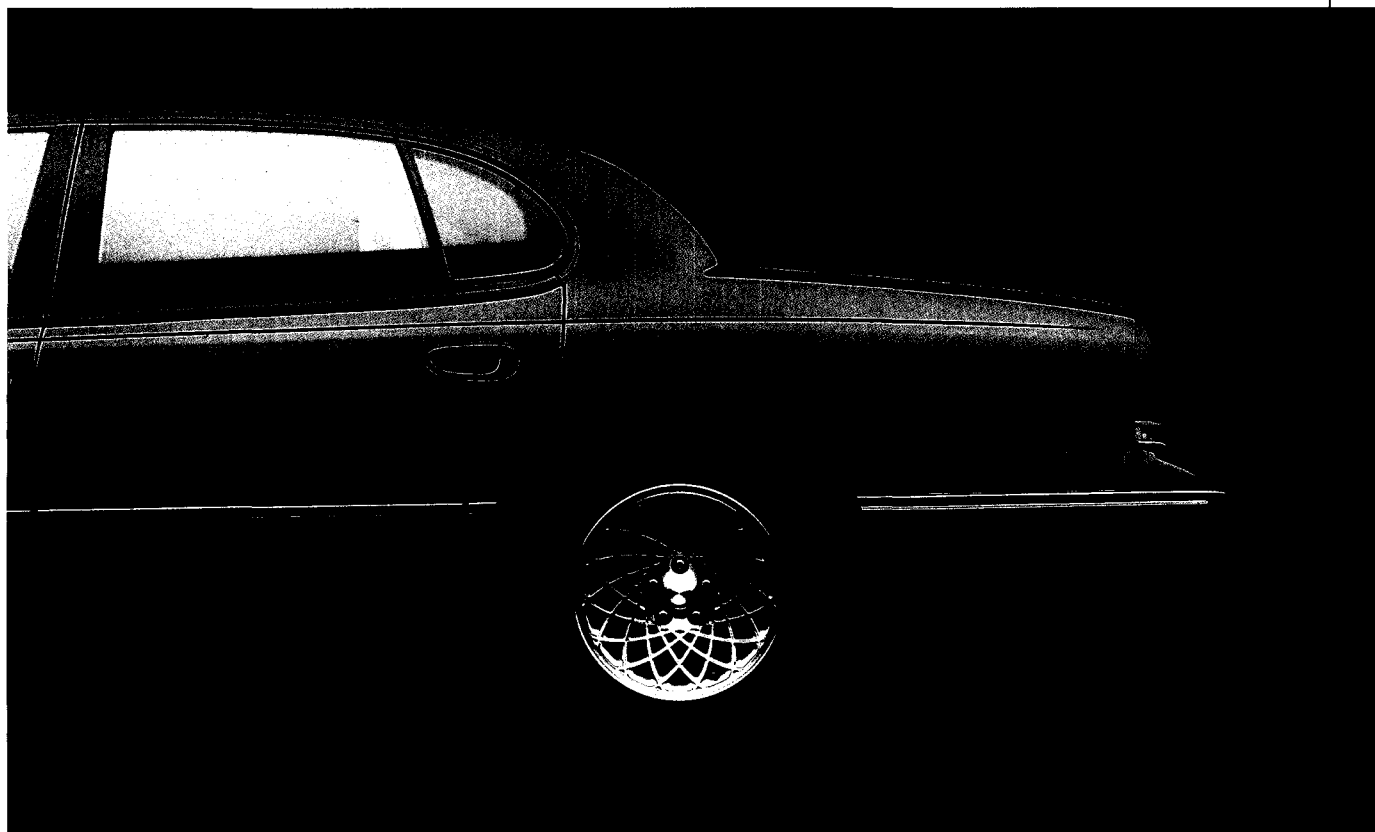


Buy a new car that looks like this and everywhere you go heads will swivel.
Which will probably make you feel very, very good. For about one week. After
that, you hope and pray a car's beauty is more than sheet metal deep. Fortunately
this car's fluid lines are not the result of some styling gimmick; they're the result

[†]Based on '93 EPA Measurements. * Always Wear Your Seat Belt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a totally new automotive architecture called “cab forward.” The New Yorker seats six, and is roomier than the Cadillac Seville, Acura Legend and the Infiniti Q45.[†] It has a longer wheelbase than a Lincoln Continental, so you get a smooth, comfortable ride. It has a wider track than the Lexus LS 400, so the car plants



itself around curves. It has four-wheel independent suspension, four-wheel disc ABS, and driver and front passenger air bags.* All standard. In fact, the whole premise behind its design was functional: to combine the comfort of a luxury car with the handling of a sports sedan. Can we help it if it also turned out beautiful?

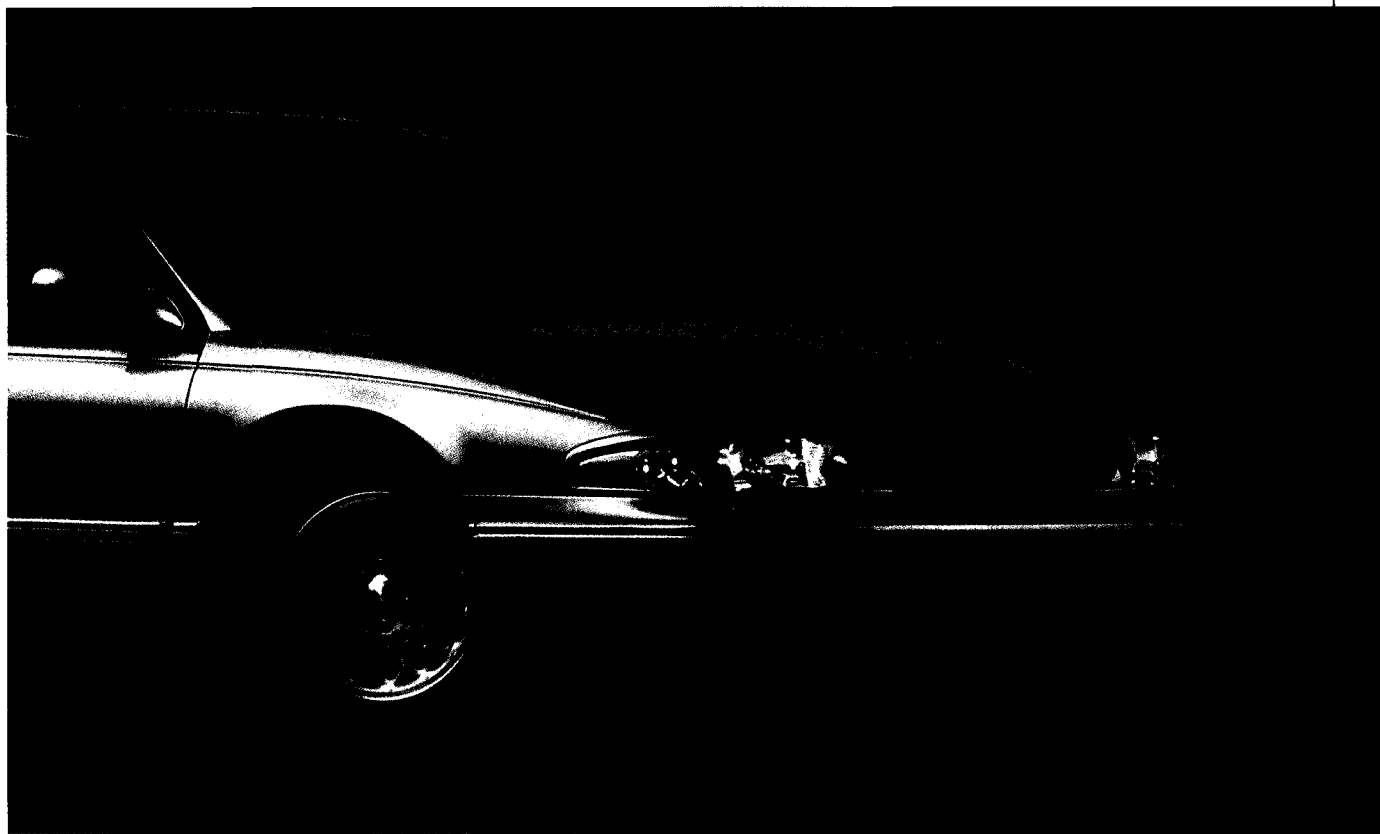
Presenting the Chrysler LHS.
Its function? To perform.



If what you're looking for is a sedate way to get from one appointment to the next, there are many luxury cars you can choose from. However, if what you want is a car that can make that trip exhilarating, take a look at the Chrysler LHS. It's one luxury car that assumes you enjoy the act of driving. To that end, it has a 24-valve,

*Always Wear Your Seat Belt.

214-horsepower overhead cam engine with more torque than a Nissan 300 ZX, and “it answers to the helm with an effortless precision that would do BMW proud,” says *Car and Driver*. The Chrysler LHS caters to your sense of refinement with anatomically designed bucket seats trimmed in glove leather, an 11-speaker Infinity Spatial



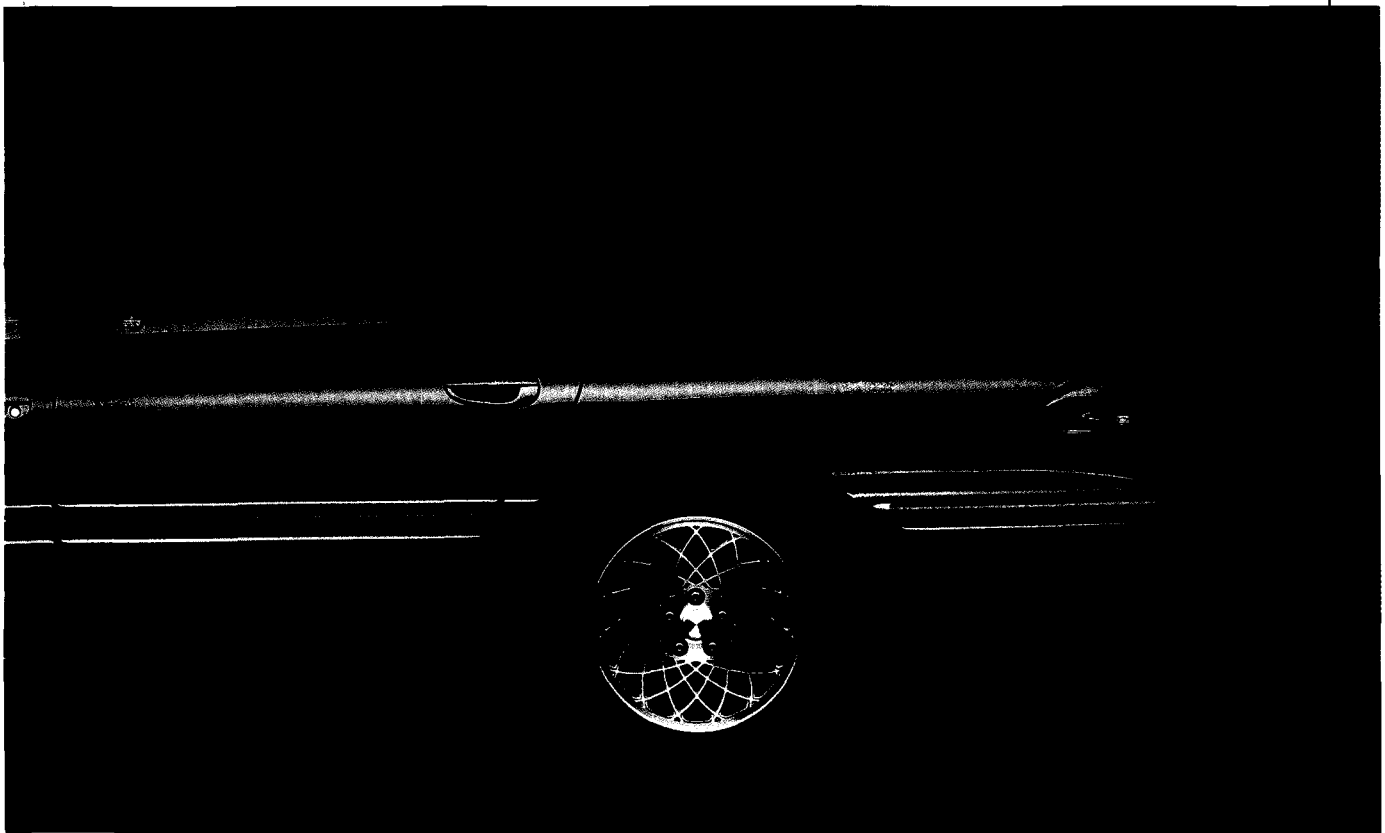
Imaging Sound System and automatic temperature control. And it appeals to your common sense with four-wheel disc anti-lock brakes and driver and front passenger air bags.* Quite simply, the Chrysler LHS was designed to put you back in touch with one of the chief joys of owning a car. In case you've forgotten, it's called driving.

The Chrysler Concorde. A function and a form
automotive writers are still writing about.



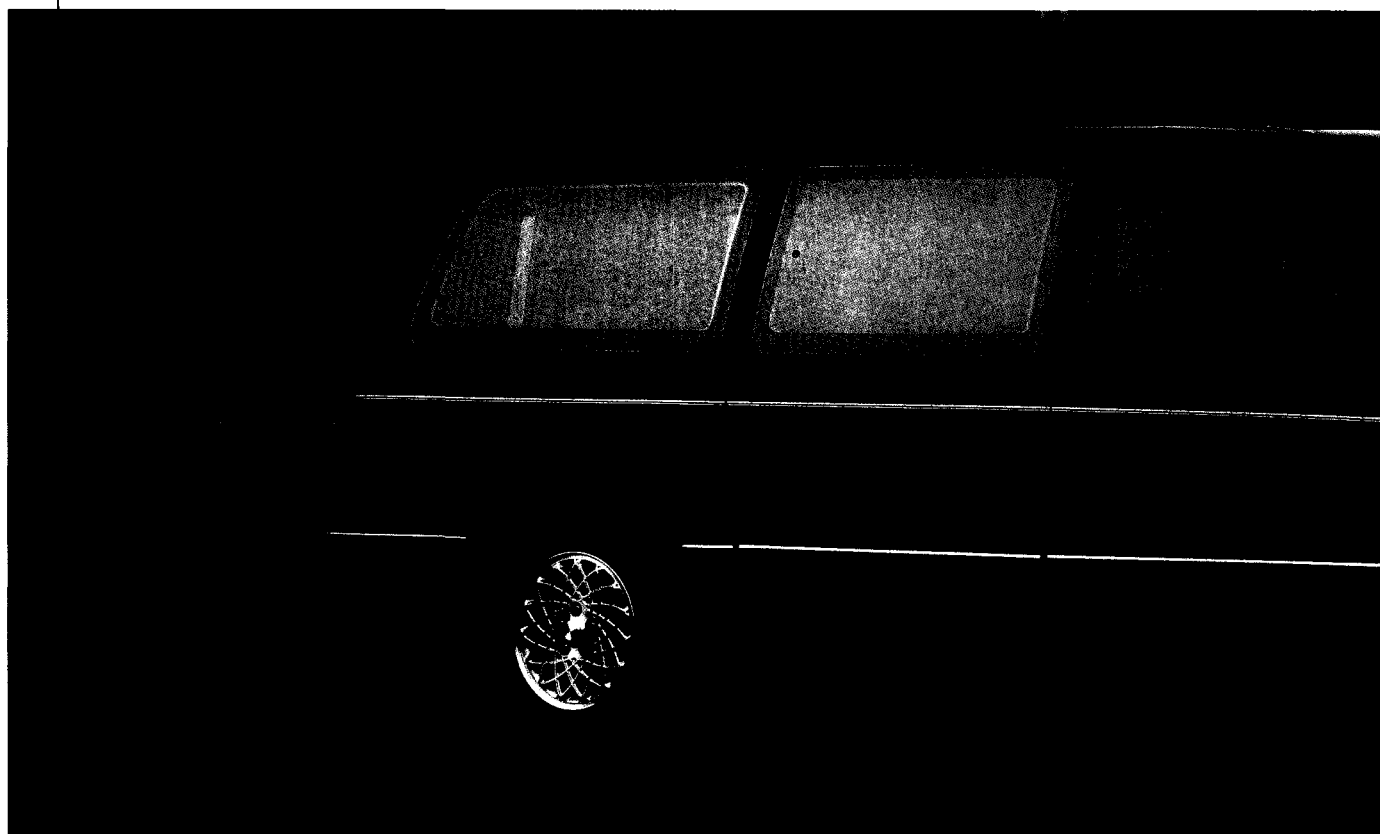
The reviews for the Chrysler Concorde continue to be glowing. One writer has gone so far as to call it “a watershed event in auto industry history.” All of which has been flattering, of course. But even more gratifying is the fact that real people have been buying this car, and *their* reviews are starting to come in. According to

one research study, among the 129 new car models sold last year, the Chrysler Concorde ranked in the top ten in owner satisfaction.[†] Along with Mercedes, Acura and Lexus. There are a number of reasons for this. The Concorde's roominess and comfort, its superb handling, its long list of standard features, including



driver and front passenger air bags.* And its price is set at a level car-buying mortals can actually afford. All of which adds up to a strong argument for test-driving the Chrysler Concorde. You'll not only see why last year it was *Automobile Magazine's* "Car of the Year." You'll see why this year, it should be *your* car of the year.

The Chrysler Town & Country. (Form following function
led to a whole new form of transportation.)



When we introduced the first minivan back in 1984, it literally transformed the way families traveled. And since inventing it, we've continued to improve it. Some examples: we were the first with a minivan air bag. The first to offer an integrated child safety seat. And now we're the first to give you driver and front passenger air

* Always Wear Your Seat Belt. † Excludes sunscreen glass.

bags* and dynamic side impact protection. Which means, for 1994, our minivans are the only ones to meet all 1998 passenger car safety standards.† All this functionality is raised to luxurious new levels in the Chrysler Town & Country. It offers quad seating for seven, an Infinity Sound System, four-wheel disc anti-lock brakes and a



3.8-liter high torque V-6. Luxury appointments like a CD player, leather-trimmed seats are also available. The Chrysler Town & Country shows what can happen when a company believes in continuous improvement. We just can't seem to leave a good idea alone. Aren't you glad?

C H R Y S L E R 

For more information,
there's only
one function left
to perform.

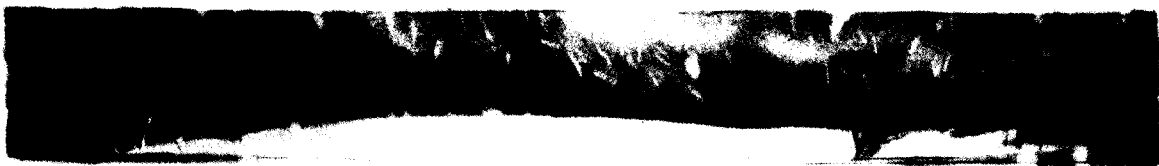
Call 1-800-4A-
Chrysler.

ODE FOR MRS. WILLIAM SETTLE

In Lake Forest, a suburb of Chicago,
 a woman sits at her desk to write
 me a letter. She holds a photograph
 of me up to the light, one taken
 17 years ago in a high school class
 in Providence. She sighs, and the sigh
 smells of mouthwash and tobacco.
 If she were writing by candlelight
 she would now be in the dark, for
 a living flame would refuse to be fed
 by such pure exhaustion. Actually
 she is in the dark, for the man
 she's about to address in her odd prose
 had a life span of one 125th of a second
 in the eye of a Nikon, and then he
 politely asked the photographer to
 get lost, whispering the request so as
 not to offend the teacher presiding.
 Those students are now in their thirties,
 the Episcopal girls in their plaid skirts
 and bright crested blazers have gone
 unprepared, though French-speaking, into
 a world of liars, pimps, and brokers.
 2.7% have died by their own hands,
 and all the others have considered
 the act at least once. Not one now
 remembers my name, not one recalls
 the reading I gave of César Vallejo's
 great "memoriam" to his brother Miguel,
 not even the girl who sobbed and
 had to be escorted to the school nurse,
 calmed, and sent home in a cab. Evenings
 in Lake Forest in mid-December drop
 suddenly; one moment the distant sky
 is a great purple canvas, and then it's
 gone, and no stars emerge; however,
 not the least hint of the stockyards

or slaughterhouses is allowed to drift
 out to the suburbs, so it's a deathless
 darkness with no more perfume than
 cellophane. "Our souls are mingling
 now somewhere in the open spaces
 between Illinois and you," she writes.
 When I read the letter, two weeks
 from now, forwarded by my publisher,
 I will suddenly discover a truth
 of our lives on earth, and I'll bless
 Mrs. William Settle of Lake Forest
 for giving me more than I gave
 her, for addressing me as Mr. Levine,
 the name my father bore, a name
 a man could take with courage
 and pride into the empire of death.
 I'll read even unto the second page,
 unstartled by the phrase "By now
 you must have guessed, I am
 a dancer." Soon snow will fall
 on the Tudor houses of the suburbs,
 turning the elegant parked sedans
 into anonymous mounds; the winds
 will sweep in over the Rockies
 and across the great freezing plains
 where America first died, winds
 so fierce boys and men turn their backs
 to them and simply weep, and yet
 in all that air the soul of Mrs. William
 Settle will not release me, not even
 for one second. Male and female,
 aged and middle-aged, we ride it out
 blown eastward toward our origins,
 one impure being become wind. Above
 the Middle West, truth and beauty
 are one though never meant to be.

—Philip Levine



A Short Story



A Kaya in Houghton

by Ernst Havemann

*Getting an eviction order is one matter,
their lawyer said. Making squatters actually move is another*

ROBERT AND I WERE VERY HAPPY WHILE THE KIDS were at school. Houghton is a superior part of Johannesburg, and we had a pool and a tennis court and a big lawn with shade trees. The kids brought their friends or went to friends' places, and we saw a lot of them—not like families in Hillbrow, where the kids couldn't get away from home soon enough or else had dreadful parties, with sex and drugs. Bacchanalian orgies, Robert called them.

Things were still pretty good after the children left school. For a few years Jenny and her husband and their babies came every Christmas and July. Robert designed an addition with a little kitchen and a washer and dryer for nappies; it was convenient without intruding too much into the rest of the house. Then, when they emigrated, we still had Bobby bringing his university and army friends for weekends. He was on his way to us at Easter when he was killed. He was driving past a black township, you know, quite innocently minding his own business, when a youngster threw a stone into his windshield. They say the township youths were paid five rand for every car they hit. He died exactly twenty years ago last week.

I miss them very much, especially the grandchildren. They were hardly more than toddlers when they left. They're young adults now. I kept their toys and books available for a few years, but finally put them away, telling myself not to be maudlin. I keep on pretending they will visit, though I know they won't. They despise South Africa. Besides, Jenny doesn't think Robert and I are safe here, let alone her children. I can't blame her.

If the kids ever did come, they might be disappointed. After the '87 crash and the new tough sanctions we had to go a bit austere. First we got rid of one of the garden boys. Next Robert had the pool mothballed. He said what with the skimmer and the pumps and the pH factor and chlorine it wasn't an amenity, it was one of those periodic detention sentences that white-collar criminals serve on weekends. Then we let the cook go. You know how wages went up. We had always said if you can't pay a native servant top wages, you shouldn't employ him, so we



installed a dishwasher and a garbage disposal and a new washer and dryer and a microwave. Robert got one of those hovercraft lawn mowers, and we closed up the *kaya*. (We call the servants' quarters the *kaya* because that is what our cook called them. I believe it's Zulu or Swazi for "home." Some quite grand houses have miserable little *kayas*, but ours is rather spacious and well equipped—more like a granny flat, Robert says.)

After that we made do with a jobbing gardener, and I had a coloured woman in twice a week for the floors and

heavy cleaning. I enjoyed her visits: it was a relief to have someone else in the house, especially now that so many neighbors have moved or emigrated or died.

We thought of moving to something smaller, but the houses we were shown were not really in our class: one had two car bodies in the yard and another had a black family next door. Robert took one look and said, "What the hell, we've lived in Houghton for thirty years—we might as well die here. Our place looks okay. I enjoy having a lawn big enough for the Queen to throw a garden party in. Not that she can be in much of a party spirit these days, poor soul. We'll just put pots on the tennis court, with roses and tuberous begonias, and stick a good security fence around the lot."

Have you any idea what a security fence costs? It's hundreds of rand per linear meter. We told the contractor we'd think about it, but we didn't do anything, and then of course we felt guilty. We'd got to the point where we were almost pleased to read that some of the break-ins were in houses with very elaborate security. After one of our guilt sessions Robert said, "What the hell, burglaries and such are a fact of life in our dear old S. A. Republic. It's endemic, like typhoid and violence. We're no worse than Chicago or Israel or Liverpool. Let's go away for a week or three and have fun."

So we went down to Durban for the July Handicap. Robert's friend Dublin had a horse running in one of the

there on the lawn was a red tent—one of those long low ones they call patrol tents—tied against the *kaya*. It had a light burning in it, and we saw a gleam from the *kaya* window, too. We stopped and gaped and Robert said, "Those Boy Scouts are taking things a bit for granted. I said they could try out their equipment in the garden, not be a bloody army of occupation."

Then we saw a man, a big black man, come out from the shrubbery and stand on the porch outside the front door. He stood where we could see him quite clearly, with his feet apart, looking as if he owned the place. Robert felt for his gun, and at first couldn't find it, because it was way under my seat: he put it there because he thinks it's liable to be stolen if he keeps it in the glove compartment. When he found it, he checked to make sure which way the safety catch went, and said very executively, "Get behind the wheel, sweetheart. If there's trouble, put your foot on the accelerator and your finger on the hooter and get help. Don't interfere. Just go like hell down the street hooting and screaming and get help from the first house that has its lights on."

I tried to stop him, but he got out with the gun in his hand, hidden in his overcoat pocket, and walked to where the black man was standing. The black man took a step forward and raised his arm and I thought, *Oh, God, oh, God*, and got ready to hoot and scream, but what the man was doing was taking his hat off. I was so relieved I almost wet myself.

Robert stopped, and the black man put his hat against his stomach in the way they do and said, "Good afternoon, sir." I feared for a moment that Robert would say it wasn't afternoon, but he said, "What can I do for you? What's going on here?" and pointed to the tent.

"My name is Lukas Madlala, sir," the black man said. "I have come to pay my rent." He held out a bundle of what Robert afterward told me were twenty-rand notes.

"Your rent?" Robert said.

The man held out the money again. "I am living in this place, sir. I must pay rent. Saturday it will be one week."

Robert said very clearly and patiently, "I'm sorry, this place is not for rent. *Not for rent*. You have made a mistake. Now please go."

The black man said, "I can't go, sir. Where can I go? I have come to live here, in this place. I pay. I will not make a nuisance, sir."

Just then a baby started crying somewhere near the *kaya*, and the man said, "Where can I put my baby? Alexandra, Soweto, Number Nineteen, they are all full, they don't want more people. You got a big place, sir. I stay over there." He pointed toward the tent and the *kaya*. "Not



minor races. The horse was a long-odds outsider called Brighteyes, by Optician out of Unveiled. When she came in, the trifecta paid four or five thousand rand. That didn't cover our hotel bill and the party we threw, but we were glad to be on the receiving end.

We were still cheerful when we got back to Johannesburg next evening, in spite of the weather. It was one of those bitter Transvaal nights, with a sharp, icy drizzle.

We arrived at the house about eight. For a moment we both thought we had come up the wrong street, because

near your house. We will not trouble you, sir." He held out the money again. "I stay, sir."

The child gave a small cry again and the wind blew an especially loud gust. Like in "Good King Wenceslaus," I thought. The black man said, "You hear, sir. Where can my baby go?"

Robert said, "Well, I suppose you can stay tonight. But only tonight. You must go in the morning. Do you hear?"

The black man said, "God will prosper you, sir," and started down the path to the *kaya*. As he went, he picked up something heavy that had apparently been leaning against the wall behind him. It was a cane knife, what some people call a machete, as long as your forearm, with a wide shiny blade.

DIALOGUE OF SOUL & STONE

I was talking to a rock
and I said, "Stone"—
I talk to them like that—I said,
"what makes people feel extraneous?"

To which the rock in its own idiom
replied, "Extraneous's ass!
You think you got it bad.
Try igneous extrusion.
Try a little freeze and thaw.
Try glaciation.
Stand out in the weather for ten thousand years.
We'll talk extraneous."

One thing about rocks:
they cut you half an inch of slack
but never. That's why guys like me
idealize them. I said, "Sage"—
I laid it on a little thick,
this rock I'm talking to,
it's not much bigger than a Chiclet,
but I don't want to give offense—
so I said, "Sage, what
should the human species do?"

To which the rock said nothing,
but he got that look. You know:
they're thinking to themselves,
"Drop dead."

—Brooks Haxton

We went into the house and looked around carefully. It seemed intact. I phoned the police, who asked if we wanted to file a complaint. It didn't sound like an emergency: perhaps I could come down to the charge office in the morning and make a statement? Right now all officers were coping with some silly protest march. The best thing we could do tonight was bar all doors and windows and be vigilant. Keep our firearms handy but not flourish them. "And remember, madam, the law says you must use only as much force as is necessary to repel an attack, no more. You must not shoot a black in the back, even if he's running away with your jewelry. Don't ask me why. I'm just telling you what the law says, eh."

We kept watch all night, staying awake in turns. Robert said he was not too worried but it was just as well that we had pistols and ammo and we might as well go over our pistol drill together, which we did. After some search we also found the double-barreled shotgun that Robert had bought when someone persuaded him that duck shooting would be fine sport, but that he had never used.

Early next morning we went outside to see what we had to cope with. The path to the *kaya* had been neatly edge-trimmed in a way the jobbing gardener never attempted. At the *kaya* itself we found a black woman in well-pressed jeans and a white blouse sweeping the entrance. She straightened and said, "Good morning, madam. Good morning, sir." She looked at us when we spoke, not like a lot of black women, who look down at their feet when you talk to them.

Robert said, "Who are you? What are you doing on my property?"

She said, "I am Mrs. Madlala, sir. My name is Martha. I am Lukas's wife. He has gone to work. He left me money to pay rent. Two envelopes. I go and fetch it. One envelope is for this week, one envelope is for next week."

"I have not come for money," Robert said irritably. "I don't want your money. This place is not for rent. *Not for rent*. So please get your things packed. I will phone for a truck to fetch you and your things and pay it to take you wherever you want to go. Now get along, please."

"No, Mr. Jansen," Martha said. Her voice quivered but she spoke firmly enough, and the "Mr. Jansen" disconcerted Robert somewhat—not because it was inappropriate or discourteous, he explained later, but because it was one step less deferential than "sir." She repeated, "No, Mr. Jansen. Where can I go? If we had a place to go, we would not be here in your yard."

She turned to me. "Look, madam. You have nice small house"—she gestured toward the *kaya*—"but no people. Lukas and me are people." She started putting her hands together as if teaching a child some piece of logic or arithmetic, but midway her face crumpled. "Please, madam, we need a place for my children. We cannot stay there anymore in Number Nineteen. Every day is necklacing and killing. They kill small children, madam. Small ba-



The Lands' End cashmere sweater. Soft and silky as the beard of a Mongolian goat.

We go to the darndest places to find quality products for Lands' End customers. For our cashmere sweater, we went to Inner Mongolia – a forbidding patch of Asia that's hot in summer, 40° F below in winter.

You see, the world's *finest* cashmere comes from here – from the soft, downy fleece of the Kashmir goat. Local craftspeople turn this delicious stuff into our sensuous, fluffy, 2-ply sweaters. How they do it is a romance in itself.

It starts with the herdsman who raise the goats. They remove the fleece not by shearing it, but by combing it out. Each goat yields about 6 ounces of pure cashmere. A good cleaning reduces this to 4 ounces. It takes 2.5 *goats* to produce a single Lands' End sweater.

We kid you not.

The pure, white cashmere we use takes color brilliantly. Once it's combed and cleaned, the local knitters dye it *before* they spin it into yarn. The result is a richer, truer color – and a sweater that's genuinely colorfast.

Each Lands' End sweater is



knitted to size – not merely cut and sewn to size like some. Then, the entire sweater is finished by hand. If you look closely, you can see this in the hundreds of tiny loops at the neck and shoulders. There are no bulky seams, so our sweater fits you smoothly.

And oh yes, one more detail that should add to your comfort: the price.

We even beat our own price.

You'd expect a cashmere of such quality to be around \$250. Last year even we had to charge \$170. But working closely with our Mongolian partners, we've brought the price down to *just* \$129. Incredible? We doubt you can do any better.

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bies. Please, madam, please, master. We pay rent. What you say, we pay. We will not give you trouble. True as God. We stay quiet, stay clean, very clean, like white people. Look." She opened the *kaya* door and waved us in.

Robert did not take kindly to being directed into his own property, but he could hardly refuse an invitation to inspect. That was what we had come to do, wasn't it?

The kitchen and bedroom were tidy and cozy, and the bathroom was spotless and smelled of piny disinfectant. The whole place felt cherished and lived in, and I realized that the Madlalas had been in occupation for five or six days. Well, thank God they had broken in and got the lavatory going. Suppose they hadn't and had camped out and used the shrubbery. For a week . . .

The electric hotplate stood on the kitchen table, still warm. Martha saw me feel it with my fingertips. She rattled an empty condensed-milk can with a slot in its lid. "We know we must pay electric, so Lukas says when I cook, I must put money." She pushed a coin through the slot. "When I use hot water, must put money." She took another coin from a drawer and pushed it through. "When I iron . . ." She repeated the coin routine and shook the can triumphantly. "I call it Mrs. Jansen's tin. When electric account comes, I bring this tin to give madam." She laughed. "Lukas says Madlalas must not let madam's electric be cut off."

A boy of ten or so peered round the door. "This one is Inkululeko," she said. "Where are your manners, my child?" The boy stood at attention, his hands stiffly down at his sides, and said, "Morning, sir. Morning, madam." Then he disappeared.

Martha pointed to a pink baby basket in the corner. "My baby is ten months. Her name is Jesus-child. I want to call her Diana but Lukas says no. He says I can call next baby Diana, but I don't want more baby. I told the nurse at the clinic two is enough. Two is good, eh?"

"Yes, two is nice," I said.

"How many children has madam got?" she asked.

"Christ, sweetheart," Robert said.

"This is an inspection of an illegal occupation of our property, not a mothers' gynecological get-together. Come on, we've got to phone the lawyer."

Martha broke in. "Lukas will help with jobs that Mr. Jansen wants. Carpentry and wiring and plumbing. He is very clever." She paused and added, "Roofs, too."

Robert and I looked at each other, both thinking of the roof by the chimney where the guttering had slipped two years ago. The first roofer had left the downspout dangling; the next one said we needed a whole new corner of roof

and then didn't send us his quote. Robert nearly broke a hip trying to fix it himself, standing on a stepladder.

"Come on," Robert said. "We've seen what there is to see."

Back at the house we both walked round the side to look at the chimney. A new plastic downspout had been fitted, professional-looking flashing had been put in place against the chimney itself, and the green mold had been cleaned off the veranda.

OUR LAWYER SAID, OH, DEAR, WE WERE HIS THIRD squatter situation this month. Mostly the police were reluctant to act, in case they provoked something violent that might spread. They preferred to treat it as they did domestic violence—as a sort of private affair, a civil matter. That meant our remedy lay in getting an eviction order from the court. It was theoretically a straightforward process, but weeks might pass before our case was heard, and then we might have to deal with an objection or an appeal—and the problem of enforcement. A piece of paper telling people to get out was one thing; actually making them physically move was another. It's tricky at all times, the lawyer said, but especially in present circumstances in the Republic, where every normal legal process may be regarded as racist. Some householders had banded together and



marched in with guns and sjamboks to drive squatters out, but that wasn't our style, was it? In his experience force seemed to work best in poor areas. If it didn't work and the squatters won, the property owner was worse off than if he'd accepted the situation. Some property owners had accepted it: they talked to the squatters and agreed on demarcation lines and who was to pay what and so on—a more or less normal landlord-and-tenant contract, in fact. If our fellow was offering to pay, perhaps that was the way to go.

The lawyer produced a couple of model tenancy contract forms and suggested that we study them and give thought to what we would want to write in the blanks. He would recommend a big deposit and substantial advance payments. The one thing we must not do was let the matter drift. If we seemed to accept the situation as it was, then the squatters would start having rights. They could say they occupied *nec vi nec clam nec precario*—"not by force nor secretly nor by precarious permission"—and after a certain number of years they would become irremovable.

We went home and talked it over, and I said I couldn't be bothered about what might happen so many years in the future. Today and tomorrow was what worried me. Doesn't the Bible say you're living on bonus time after seventy?

Robert said I was quite right, one shouldn't look a bonus horse in the mouth, and what the hell, Lukas seemed a solid citizen. Had I noticed the certificates on the wall, for accounting and elements of business administration? Martha was obviously house-proud. If Lukas would do house maintenance in lieu of some rent, that should suit us both.

I thought it would be nice to have a small boy playing in the garden, even a black boy, and a baby to inquire about, but of course I didn't say that. I just agreed with Robert. He went down to the *kaya* and told Martha he wanted to see her and Lukas at half past five.



At half past five there they were, at the bottom of the kitchen steps, looking very apprehensive. I would have invited them in, but Robert remained standing on the top step looking down at them. He said, "Madlala, I suppose you know you have committed a criminal offense and could go to jail for breaking into private property?" Lukas nodded but didn't interrupt, and I thought how clever it was of him to stay silent while Robert was holding the floor.

Robert went on. "I don't want illegal squatters on my

property, so I'm taking legal action." The Madlalas looked even more apprehensive as Robert handed Lukas a copy of the model tenancy form and said, "Take this, read it, and come back at six-thirty. We are prepared to hear what you have to say about the items I have written in pencil."

Lukas looked at the form once and then again, with his mouth open, and said, "Jesu, Jesu." Then he showed it to Martha and said, "It says we can stay." I feared for a moment she was going to kiss my hand, and perhaps she would have, but Robert said, "Six-thirty sharp, eh," and closed the door.

They were back at six-twenty-five, glowing. This time we all sat round the kitchen table. Robert said, "Well?" and Lukas said very stiltedly, as if he had rehearsed it, "We appreciate your good will, sir and madam." Then he said he was an assistant manager at Cutprice Hardware, so they could afford more rent than we had suggested. Robert said no doubt Lukas could make up the difference by helping out with maintenance and all the small things that went wrong with kitchen appliances: we had five kettles that didn't work but were all too good to throw away. The only thing the Madlalas asked for that wasn't in the contract form was a piece of garden that Martha could dig up to plant sweet corn and pumpkins.

Next morning Inkululeko was busy gathering up the rubbish the jobbing gardener had swept under the shrubs.

He stopped when I came out and moved to help me hang out the washing. I get the big things done by a laundryman who calls, but I do our clothes myself. It's no trouble if you aren't too fussy and don't have things that wrinkle. Robert plasters his hankies on the bathroom mirror while they are still wet: when they dry, they almost look ironed.

I said, "Thanks, Inky." He stopped in his tracks and said, "Does madam call me Inky because I'm black?"

"Oh, no," I said. "It's because I can't pronounce In-ku-lu-lu-le..."

He nodded. "It is not a word for white people. It means 'Freedom.'

If madam wants, madam can call me Freedom." He pronounced it *Freedom*. So that's what we call him: *Freedom*. Robert says it always makes him feel we're being subversive, and he wonders whether we shouldn't have been just a little subversive years ago.

A few days later we had a terrific storm while I was out at bridge. I reconciled myself to finding my washing sopping and probably torn from the line in the gale, but when I got home it was all on the veranda, rescued and folded and weighed down with a couple of clean bricks.

Martha was busy with her sheets, so of course I had to offer to help fold. She told me all about herself and Lukas: what a good job he had, and how he didn't drink, except on Sunday after church, and how wonderful it was to be in our place. The shack they had been in was originally in a quiet area, but then the Young Soldiers moved in and had battles with the Comrade Boys. The Young Soldiers caught a girl they thought had betrayed them, and necklaced her by piling tires on her, dousing them with petrol, and setting them alight. They screamed, "*I-braai, I-braai*" while she burned, because that is the word for "barbecue." They shouted to Inkululeko to come and join them and held on to his hands like in a game. Fortunately, Lukas heard them and grabbed Inkululeko and hurried him away. But just suppose Lukas had not been there: what kind of child would Inkululeko be now?

ONE NIGHT WE HEARD SHOUTING OUTSIDE AND A hammering on our kitchen door. It was Freedom, breathlessly telling Robert, "Come, come, sir. Bring shotgun." Robert doesn't much take instructions from small black boys, but he did this time, and I came on behind, clutching my pistol. Lukas was walking up and down waving a cane knife like a pirate's cutlass. Martha had a knobkerrie, and Inkululeko was brandishing the kindling hatchet. They were all shouting angrily at half a dozen black people clustered outside the garden gate, next to bundles of blankets and cartons of pots and pans. Behind them was an ancient utility truck piled high with sheets of corrugated iron and hardboard and tarpaulins. When Robert appeared with his shotgun, the interlopers put the blankets and cartons back on the truck and left, shouting and waving their fists. Lukas and his family shouted back until the truck was out of sight.

"Bloody PAC. They want to take your garden," Lukas said to Robert. "You know PAC? Bad bastards. But they will not come again. They see these things"—he pointed to the weapons we all carried—"they go to other places. Their own places—Kwa Mbeki, Jonesville, Main Road."

We reported the affair to the police, who said we were lucky our tenants had kept the intruders off. During the night fifty or sixty properties had been taken over within a few miles of our neighborhood in what seemed a concerted operation. The invasion had succeeded only in cases where the householders had not taken a firm stand. Most would-be squatters were easily deterred, the policeman said. Like cats or dogs exploring a new yard, they accepted that the resident animals had a prior right even if they were not as big and strong as the intruders. We should regard our black tenants as insurance, he said. "They could be as good as a pair of Rottweilers, eh?"

Of course, we were shaken by the incident, but we de-

cided that short of selling up (how much would we get for an executive mansion with a black tenant in residence?) and going somewhere else (where?), we might as well make the best of it. So Sunday we invited the Madlalas to drinks. Lukas refused a second beer even when pressed, and Martha drank ginger ale. We learned that our piece of Houghton is Inkatha as far as the main road and PAC on the other side. Lukas and Martha are Inkatha, but only because their friends and relatives are. They have never been to Zululand, and they have about as much reverence for the Paramount Chief as young Englishmen have for Prince Charles.

So there we are: Robert and I have the house; Lukas and Martha and Jesus-child have the *kaya*; Freedom has the tent. They pay rent and electricity. Lukas has fixed all the plumbing, has repaired my antique chairs, and keeps looking for more to do. He and Robert spend hours together in Robert's workshop. Robert is learning for the first time how some of the tools should be used. When they are going to have a party or a church service, Martha tells us and invites us, and they stop the music by midnight. We never go, though Martha and I often have a cup of tea together in my kitchen or hers.

She disapproves of my coloured cleaning woman. One of these days I suspect she will offer to do the job herself, for less. She would like some money of her own—not money that Lukas gives her—and I think she resents the cleaning woman's being free to go into the depths of the house.

The other week the cleaning woman had a family problem and didn't come. Before I could stop her, Martha had my Hoover out, and the bucket of window cleaner and mops and whatnot, and was whipping through the house, making disapproving noises about the cleaning woman's carelessness, exclaiming at the size of the spare bedrooms and the convenience of the laundry sink and the mini-washer in the third bathroom, and remarking that the extension was like a separate house with its own entrance and everything.

She has several times spoken of her sister and brother-in-law, who come to visit in a Mercedes (not a recent model but still a real Merc), and who both earn big money in advertising and marketing. He advises foreign companies on African tastes and customs. I thought she was merely enjoying reflected glory, though she does sometimes say that she and Lukas could easily afford a car—they just don't have one because he doesn't want to show off or attract attention. However, yesterday she mentioned her sister again, and then a little later said wasn't I worried about half the house standing empty? Suppose one day Robert and I arrived home from a day in town and found some rich black squatters in the spare rooms and the kitchenette? Not the main kitchen, just the kitchenette . . . □

The cause of our huge budget deficits is not government waste or welfare programs for the poor—it's the out-of-control spending on welfare programs (called "entitlements") for the middle and upper classes. President Clinton's plan barely makes a dent in this spending

FACING UP

BY PETER G. PETERSON

EARLY ON IN HIS PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BILL CLINTON TALKED ABOUT THE need for Americans to pull together and "sacrifice." Later, in a State of the Union address remarkable for its candor, he spoke to a raptly attentive nation about how our ballooning federal deficits cloud our economic future. That was a subject George Bush had found worthy of mention only once in his 5,000-word State of the Union address the year before. The budget plan that Bill Clinton then delivered to Congress not only used real numbers instead of rosy scenarios; it

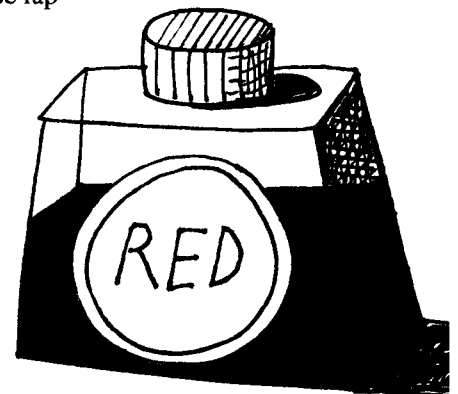
shattered some paralyzing dogmas. The nonsense that we could put our fiscal house in order without new taxes was laid to rest. Especially commendable was the President's opening the door to energy taxes, which not only raise revenues but also represent a means to curb a particularly toxic kind of consumption. Even Social Security, our ultimate sacred cow, was put on the budget-cutting table—if only at the table's edge. After years of empty "Morning in America" and "Don't Worry, Be Happy" rhetoric, all of this was welcome—even intoxicating—to us deficit hawks.

But in the end the actual sacrifice called for under the Clinton plan is so mild and selective that it can hardly be said to address our long-term economic challenges. The President's new taxes on the "rich" turned out to spare almost entirely a much enlarged but fiscally misnamed middle class, excluding all but the top one percent of U.S. tax filers. Despite all the talk of draconian sacrifice, the Clinton plan's proposed energy tax amounted to little more than a flea bite. As for entitlements, the thing that mattered most, the President barely managed to crimp their growth. From 1993 to 2004 federal benefit spending under the original Clinton plan, which, in its handling of entitlements and its overall budget savings, differs only in detail from what Congress approved, would have soared by some \$730 billion—as compared with \$790 billion under the Congressional Budget Office's business-as-usual baseline scenario.

Without much broader sacrifice—and a presidential vision that truly explains its purpose and inspires us to consume less today for a better tomorrow—we will never cure America's economic ills.

The Clinton plan doesn't come close to balancing the budget, even in the near term. According to the numbers developed by the White House itself, if the President's entire original budget package had been passed and implemented, by 1997 the federal deficit would have declined by only \$140 billion from what it otherwise would have been. That would put it at \$206 billion, or 2.7 percent of gross domestic product—just a smidgen under where it was (3.0 percent of GDP) in 1989 before the recession began. If 2.7 percent of GDP doesn't seem like a lot, consider that in 1992 a deficit that size would have soaked up about half of U.S. net private savings. And consider also that about three quarters of the spending cuts that the President has proposed for 1994 to 1998—modest as they are—are only to take place after the 1996 election, which, of course, raises the risk that they will not materialize at all.

After 1997 the federal deficit will once again begin to rise rapidly. Under the impact of continued growth in entitlement spending, by 2004 it will have climbed to about \$465 billion, or 4.6 percent of GDP. As the Baby Boom generation begins to reach retirement age in the years that follow, a General Accounting Office study indi-



cates, the deficit could then soar to an unthinkable 21 percent of GNP in the year 2020, when today's toddlers are starting to raise their own families.

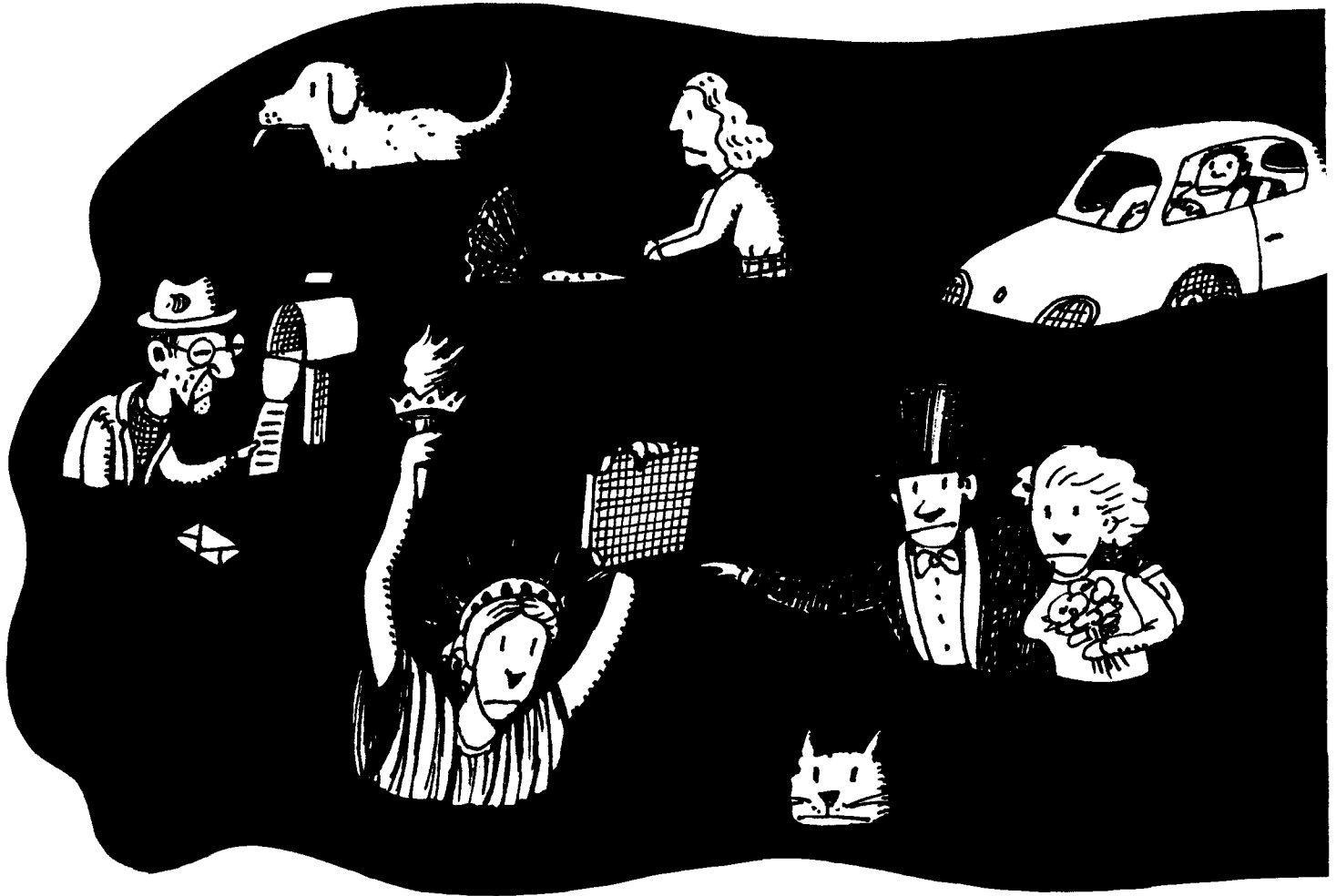
Economists disagree on many things, but almost none would disagree that it is essential not to let our public debt grow faster than the economy. Yet under the Clinton plan public debt is on track to grow far faster than the economy. Today public debt is already at a higher level—55 percent of GDP—than it has been at any other time since the mid-1950s, when we were still paying off the costs of the Second World War. Because the Clinton budget plan leaves on the table a full two thirds of deficits previously projected for 1993–2004, public debt will grow to about 65 percent of GDP by the end of that period. And along with the debt, needless to say, federal interest costs will soar.

Considering how ravenously a large deficit consumes national savings—and Clinton has spoken eloquently about this—and how important the availability of savings is to making the future-oriented investments that Clinton says he wants (and that America surely needs), how can we possibly justify short-term tweaking of the

deficit in lieu of radical surgery to balance the budget?

I have asked the Clinton people this question. One answer they offer is that the volcanic eruption of red ink projected for after 1997 will never occur, owing to steps they will take to control that most intractable force driving our deficits—exploding health-care costs.

The President is certainly right to go after health care. This is where much of deficit reduction must occur. But as to whether Bill Clinton will find his hoped-for health-care savings, I am more than a bit skeptical. As Charles Schultze, a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, put it, “God couldn’t design a program” that will achieve net savings in health care in the near term. The President, after all, is proposing that we spend *more* on health care—according to some, as much as \$100 billion to \$150 billion annually in new public and private benefits, much of it picked up by the federal government. In the longer term achieving real savings elsewhere in health care will require real sacrifices—including, ultimately, selective rationing of high-cost, low-benefit medical technologies and services. But the Administration isn’t preparing the American people for such sacrifices.



Until it does, it won't be able to come up with enough health-care savings to offset the cost of the benefit expansions we are now talking about, much less contribute to overall deficit reduction.

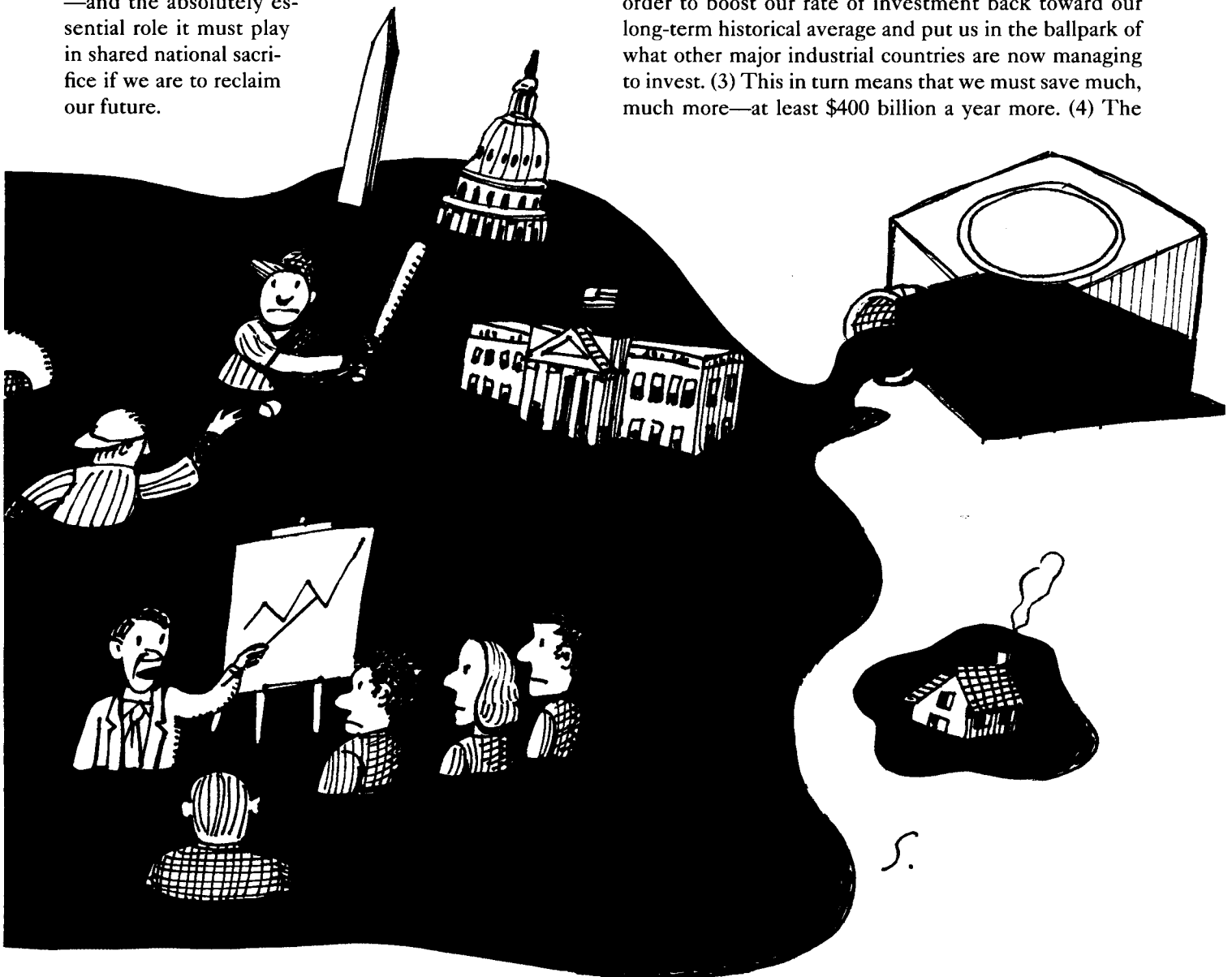
Bill Clinton warned of an economic Armageddon if we fail to change course—but then all he was able to give us to cure our economy's ills was a few teaspoons of syrupy medicine.

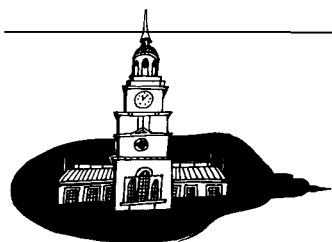
What happened? The President, according to senior aides, kept asking, "What is *politically* feasible? I do not want this to be another budget that is D.O.A." In the end his political advisers told him he couldn't ask for sacrifice where he had to—from the great American middle class. Let me now speak the unpopular truths that I am sure the President knows but believes are too politically dangerous to act upon. Let me turn to the problem of the great American middle class—and the absolutely essential role it must play in shared national sacrifice if we are to reclaim our future.

The Brutal Truth

IF YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY TO MOST ECONOMISTS and policy experts today, a consensus emerges about the magnitude of America's economic challenges and what sorts of reforms will be necessary to overcome them.

In particular, most would agree with the following: (1) To get American living standards rising again, we must increase productivity growth. (2) To boost productivity we must invest more—much, much more—not just in machines but in research and development, in infrastructure, and in people. Making the new investments we need if we are again to know the kind of rising living standards we remember from the 1950s and 1960s will require a lot of money. Many, myself included, think that at least \$400 billion a year in new investments is needed in order to boost our rate of investment back toward our long-term historical average and put us in the ballpark of what other major industrial countries are now managing to invest. (3) This in turn means that we must save much, much more—at least \$400 billion a year more. (4) The





In the end the actual sacrifice called for under the Clinton plan is so mild and selective that it can hardly be said to address our long-term economic challenges. Without much broader sacrifice we will never cure America's economic ills.

surest and fastest way to increase our savings is to reduce and eventually eliminate the federal deficit, which is really just a form of negative public savings. (5) To reduce the deficit and keep it down we must make major cuts in consumption spending, and in particular in entitlements. But this, alas, requires us to confront a brutal question: If we are to save more by consuming less, whose consumption growth do we propose to cut?

It's at this point that agreement on what needs to be done, while not exactly breaking down, comes face to face with a truth that remains politically inexpressible. That truth is that the problem is all of us. *Most Americans—emphatically including the middle class—will have to give something up, at least temporarily, to get back our American Dream.*

We all remember the slogan that came out of the Clinton campaign: "It's the economy, stupid." Well, when it comes to the budget, the watchword ought to be "It's entitlements, stupid." From Social Security and Medicare to the vast tax favors for home-mortgage interest and employer-paid health insurance (policy wonks call these benefitlike subsidies in our tax code "tax expenditures"), consumption-oriented spending dominates the budget today. And the explosive growth of these entitlements will continue to rob our future. The budget arithmetic is inescapable: we just can't get the spending cuts we need from anywhere but entitlements. As big as it is, even defense spending isn't big enough. We could shut down the Pentagon tomorrow and still not balance the budget. Nor can we count on saving much on our huge interest bill unless we first reduce other types of spending. Interest on the national debt is something that we must pay to avoid a devastating financial panic—and it keeps growing as our national debt grows, just as it would fall if we began to attack the deficit. The rest of what government does represents just pennies out of the overall budget dollar.

The Cost of Entitlements

LET'S DEFINE SOME KEY TERMS AND LOOK AT some key facts about entitlements. "Entitlements" are any public-sector payments, received by a person or a household, that do not represent contractual compensation for goods or services. This definition obviously excludes large portions of the federal budget, from defense procurement to interest on

the national debt to purchases designed for America's collective benefit (such as highway construction). But it includes nearly everything else—most notably such dominating fixtures of the American political landscape as Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, food stamps, unemployment compensation, veterans' benefits, and farm aid, to say nothing of our lavish federal pension systems.

The most striking single fact about entitlements is their vast cost. Over the course of fiscal year 1993 the U.S. Treasury will have mailed out benefit checks (directly to individuals or to state agencies and insurance companies that administer benefits) totaling some \$800 billion, or about one eighth of our nation's GDP. That amounts to more than half (53.5 percent) of the entire federal budget—or about \$6 million every minute of every working day, flowing to one out of two American households. These figures, moreover, include only direct outlays from the federal budget. The numbers would be even larger if we included tax expenditures. If we count them and add the cost of administering entitlement programs—as many economists argue we should in order to get the full picture—federal entitlements now amount to more than *\$1 trillion annually* and flow to well over *three quarters* of all U.S. households.

Ten Myths About Entitlements

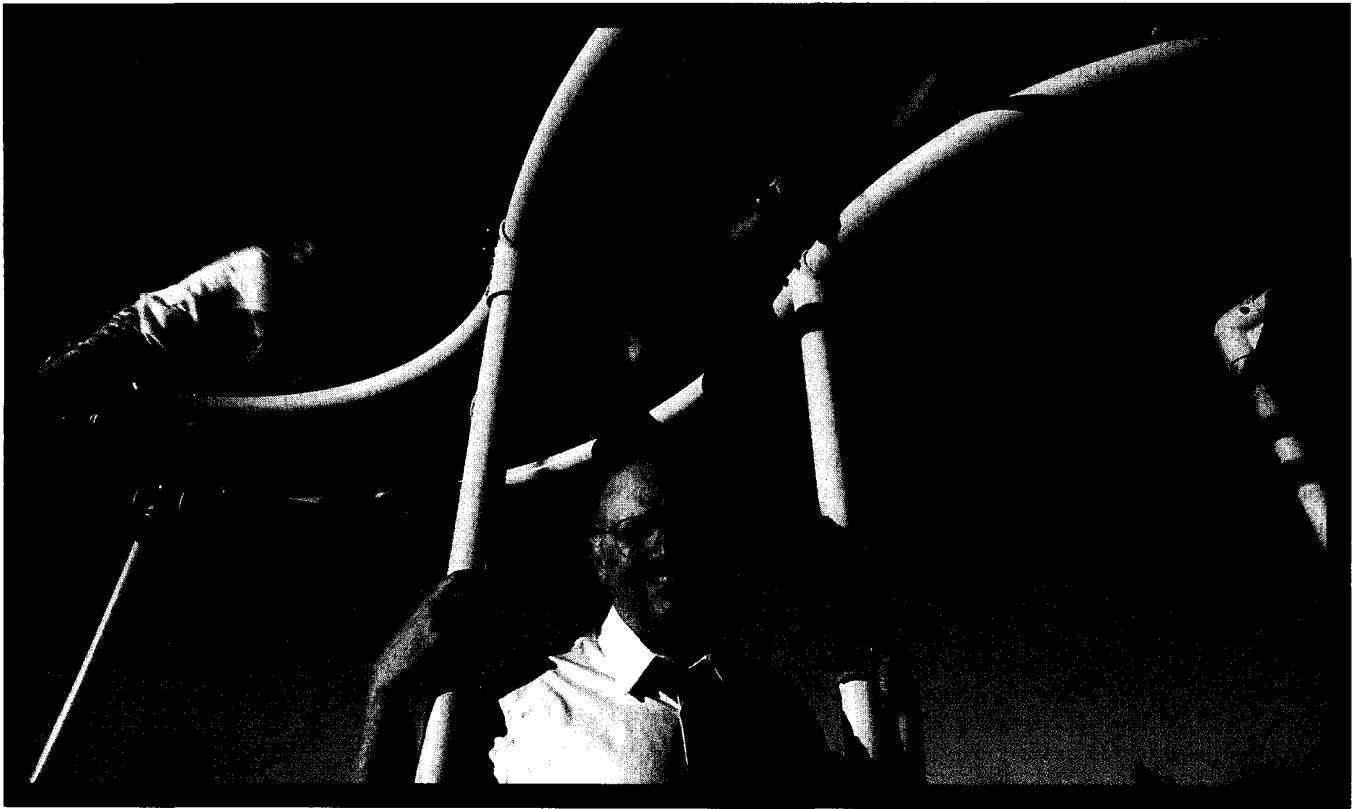
MYTHS ABOUT ENTITLEMENTS ARE EVERYWHERE. They are used—and abused—in the political dialogue in ways that seem to make reasoned debate and reasonable reforms impossible. Let's look at ten of the most common myths.

1. *Most federal social spending goes to the poor.*

It is important to remember what entitlements have done to reduce poverty. Before the New Deal millions of Americans had no means of support in the event of unemployment, disability, unexpected retirement, or the death of a parent or spouse. Vast numbers of children grew up in destitute families. At great cost to society and the economy, millions of workers could fall into poverty and never recover. In 1937 President Franklin D. Roosevelt could say, "I see one third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished." Today entitlements prevent some 20 million Americans (half of them elderly) from falling into poverty.

This is clearly all to the good. However, keeping peo-

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ple out of poverty is not the purpose toward which most entitlement spending is directed. In reality, only about one out of eight federal dollars of social spending serves to lift poor families above the poverty line. Only about one out of four federal benefit dollars even flows through a program that uses financial need as a criterion for eligibility. Counting both direct benefits and the value of entitlements conveyed through the tax code, the aggregate amounts received by people above the national median income are simply staggering. In 1991 nearly half of all entitlements went to households with incomes over \$30,000. One quarter went to households with incomes over \$50,000.

2. Entitlement spending helps to equalize incomes by giving more to the poor than to the rich.

Few axioms of American political life find such uncritical acceptance as the belief that social-welfare programs effect a dramatic redistribution of wealth in favor of low-income households. It apparently makes little difference that most experts, liberal and conservative alike, have never subscribed to this axiom—and that recent data repudiate it altogether.

Back in the sixties the Nobel laureate economist Milton Friedman used to shock audiences by asserting that Social Security was actually a regressive program—since the program's mildly progressive benefit formula compensated neither for its regressive payroll tax nor for the fact that the poor pay taxes over more years (since they tend to start working at a younger age) and receive benefits over fewer years (since they tend also to die at a younger age). Most economists found Friedman's analysis at least plausible; no one has yet disproved it. More recently the celebrated political scientist Mancur Olson looked over the panoply of American entitlement programs and concluded:

Most of the redistribution of government is *not* from upper-income and middle-income people to low-income people. Most of the redistribution of income in fact is from middle-income people to other middle-income people, or from the whole of society to particular groups of rich people, or from one group to another where the groups are distinguished not by one being poor and the other being rich, but only by the fact that some groups are organized and some are not.

Income data from the Congressional Budget Office tend to bear out Olson's critique. Total federal benefits to the affluent are at least as substantial as those to the needy. Among Social Security beneficiaries, for instance, households with incomes of \$100,000 or more receive, on average, checks that are twice as large as those of households with incomes of less than \$10,000. Even when we add in the cash and in-kind benefits disbursed by all of the other federal sources for which we have income data—including "means-tested" welfare and food stamps—we find that households in the top bracket (\$100,000 and up) received an average of about \$5,700 in 1991, slightly

more than the average of \$5,600 received by households in the bottom bracket (under \$10,000).

But direct federal payments are not the only way in which the federal government distributes benefits. We also have to take tax expenditures into account. These loopholes, designed to favor certain households and bearing no relationship to ability to pay, are the fiscal and economic equivalent of a government check. Most tax expenditures are unquestionably regressive: many poor households cannot qualify for them—and even when they do, what they receive is smaller, relative to their income, than what the affluent get. This year, for example, the Congress's Joint Committee on Taxation estimates that the average value of the home-mortgage interest deduction for taxpayers with incomes over \$100,000 is \$3,453 and that the same deduction is worth an average of only \$478 for taxpayers in the \$20,000 to \$30,000 bracket. Even these figures include only those who qualified for the benefit. They exclude many low-income families, including renters and those who opted for the standard deduction, who do not qualify.

When we add together all the direct-benefit outlays and all the tax expenditures, an unambiguous picture emerges. On average, a household with an income under \$10,000 collected roughly \$5,700 in 1991. On average, a household with an income over \$100,000 collected \$9,300. This distribution of benefits by income became more—not less—skewed during the 1980s. Clearly, it has nothing to do with economic equality. Let's phrase the issue a bit more bluntly. If the federal government's purpose were to straighten out the national income distribution, it would do a better job if it dispensed with all the programmatic rules and simply scattered all the money by airplane over every population center, to be gathered at random by passers-by.

3. Social Security and Medicare are an earned right: beneficiaries are only getting back what they paid in.

Here the case is open and shut. Most currently retired Americans receive Social Security benefits that are two to five times greater than the actuarial value of prior contributions, by both employer and employee. The payback for the Medicare Hospital Insurance program is five to twenty times greater. A typical middle-income couple who retired in 1981 have already received back, with interest, not only the total actuarial value of their previous Social Security and Medicare taxes but also *the total value of their lifetime federal income taxes*.

And these calculations of actuarial value are conservative. They assume that employer contributions "belong" to the beneficiary and that the public must guarantee a "market" interest rate on all contributions, no matter what the condition of the economy or the wages of those who are taxed to make good on this claim. In fact, the Social Security Administration keeps no direct record of how much each person contributes. It just keeps records of each person's wage history, to which a politically de-

terminated formula is applied when that person retires.

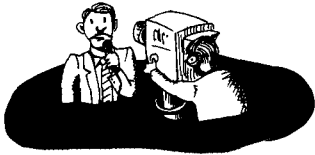
The politically potent and disingenuous language adopted by the Social Security Administration has contributed to the earned-right myth. The system is described as an "insurance" program, although it is nothing of the sort. References are made to contributors' "accounts," when no such accounts exist.

My father, helped along by years of such misleading nomenclature, went to his grave thinking that he was simply getting back his money, by which he meant what he had put into his "account" over the years. Since by this logic the benefits belonged to him, any proposal to take any of them away was both unjust and immoral. In truth, it was as though the government had a moral obligation to provide a windfall forever. He could only wonder why his otherwise well-educated son thought differently. I could never persuade him. It would have depressed him to find out that in fact there was no Social Security savings account in Washington with George Peterson's name on it.

Nor would I have wanted to depress him further with other unpleasant facts about entitlements. My father was immensely supportive of my wife's work in behalf of poor

all direct federal benefits 63 percent went to the 13 percent of all Americans over age sixty-five, while nine percent went to the 26 percent of all Americans under age eighteen. On a per capita basis, and including all federal outlays that might be called "child benefits," from education to immunization, the ratio of average benefits received was eleven to one: \$13,890 to each elderly person and \$1,271 to each child. Even adding in everything spent by state and local governments (on schools, for instance), the ratio still favors the elderly by at least three to one.

Some argue that entitlements for the elderly merely substitute for transfers of wealth that the young would otherwise make to their parents. That might be true if these programs weren't so lavish. Before Social Security and Medicare, young families did sacrifice for older parents—if and when Mom and Pop were in need. Yet because today's retirees are, as a whole, wealthier than the young, adults aged twenty-five to thirty-four now report receiving from their parents twenty times more support than they give to them; even for adults thirty-five to forty-four, the ratio is five to one. Social Security and Medicare, far from embodying traditional family values, have turned them on their head.



From Social Security and Medicare to the vast tax favors for home-mortgage interest and employer-paid health insurance, entitlement programs dominate the budget today. Their explosive growth will continue to rob our future.

children at the Children's Television Workshop. He would have been distressed to learn that in 1986, the last year of his life, the nation was told that it could not afford to fund fully the much-admired Head Start program. Yet merely the *increases* in Social Security's cost-of-living adjustments that year would have fully funded Head Start. Had he known the facts, I am confident he would have been happy to give up his sliver of the huge entitlement pie for such a worthy cause.

4. *The elderly, as a group, are poorer than young Americans.*

In reality, the 1990 official poverty rate among the over-sixty-five population was 12 percent, as compared with 21 percent among children. When we include the value of all noncash benefits as income, the poverty rate for the elderly is six percent, as against 15 percent for children. On this latter basis poor children outnumber the poor elderly in America by more than five to one. In no other major industrial nation is the poverty rate for children (using identical definitions) anywhere near what it is in the United States.

Children are the truly needy in our society, but they certainly don't get most of the public money. In 1990 of

5. *Social Security is building up a huge surplus that will be available to pay for benefits promised to Baby Boomers.*

It is true that Social Security receipts from payroll withholding taxes currently paid into the retirement part of the Social Security system (not the health-care or Medicare part) are higher than Social Security expenditures, and will probably remain so until the Baby Boomers start retiring in large numbers. But this surplus is temporary. What is more, the funds are not being saved or invested. Instead they are being used to help offset each year's overall federal budget deficit. Thus these surpluses are transformed into debts held by the Social Security trust funds. Future taxpayers will become liable for the principal and interest.

Let's peer into the future to see what the real financial status of our old-age benefit programs is. In assessing their solvency actuaries tally up what are known as unfunded liabilities—the amounts (in this year's discounted dollars) by which future benefits promised to today's adults exceed all their future payroll taxes plus the assets currently held in all the government's relevant "trust funds." The federal government's unfunded liabilities

for just four programs—Social Security, Medicare, and federal civil-service and military retirement—come to about \$14 trillion. That's a sum several times larger than the national debt, and one equivalent to roughly \$140,000 for every household. This is a system in surplus?

6. *Today's younger Americans will eventually receive the same health and pension benefits they are providing today's retirees.*

Recently the Senate Finance Committee held a hearing on likely paybacks to various generations. No expert disagreed on the trend (an unusual fact in itself): the earliest beneficiaries got by far the best deal, and the deal has been getting worse for each successive generation. By some calculations some upper-income single males retiring this year may get less out of Social Security than they put in.

Moreover, financing even the reduced returns that are promised to tomorrow's retirees is unlikely to be economically or politically sustainable as America ages. The Social Security Administration projects that, depending on demographic and economic trends, the cost of Social Security and Medicare will by 2040 rise to between 38 percent and 53 percent of payroll—unless we cut benefits. I believe the only real question is when, not whether, we will change course. We can make modest, fair-share sacrifices now. Or we can make wrenching changes later, amid economic crisis and, as Paul Tsongas would say, intergenerational war. The choice is not just economic but also moral. I can imagine few ethical principles more important than fairness toward our children.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL

My father lifts the crippled sergeant's body
and jokes about how light he is and how
we need some rain. He holds him while the man's
young wife strips off the yellowed linen, cracks
white sheets above the bed and lets them drift
across the mattress. She smooths them, tucks the corner.
My father lays the shriveled Christian down.
Three times one week, four times the next. A job
he shares with someone from another church.
He comes home ashen. And every single time,
before he leaves the house he turns to me,
false casually, *You want to come along?*
"Do you need help?" I ask, and he says no.
He leaves. I watch TV. I'm sixteen, shit!
And I don't want to be a soldier yet.

—Andrew Hudgins

7. *Retirement benefits are an "inviolable contract" between the generations.*

No, Virginia, there is no sacred contract, at least not according to the U.S. Supreme Court, which has repeatedly ruled that no covered worker retains any rights, contractual or otherwise, over taxes paid into the Social Security system. Perhaps I may be permitted a layman's less lofty legal opinion. As I recall (from a college course in commercial law), one fundamental requirement of a valid contract is a "meeting of the minds" of the parties to the contract: between those who pay and those who receive. But no such meeting of the minds exists. I am not aware that anyone has consulted my grandson, Peter Cary, now aged three, about the staggering tax rates that our current entitlement "contracts" will require him to pay when he enters the work force.

Simply repeating "inviolable contract," "mandatory," "nondiscretionary," "uncontrollable" payments, or some other disingenuous mantra does not change certain truths. What Congress mindlessly gives can be taken away. A fundamental reality is that the current system is not sustainable. If Social Security (or Medicare) is a contract, it is an unenforceable one.

8. *Tax breaks for health insurance primarily benefit people who otherwise could not afford proper health care.*

Maybe this one isn't really a myth, but the regressivity of our subsidies to privately paid health care is too shocking not to mention. In 1994 exempting employer-paid health insurance from taxes will cost the U.S. Treasury about \$75 billion. Needless to say, of the 35 million or so Americans without health insurance, who receive zero benefits from this huge tax break, most are poor or low-income citizens. Among households that do have insurance, those with the highest incomes and the most generous insurance plans receive several times as much from this federal tax subsidy as those with low incomes and a cost-conscious HMO.

9. *The federal government's major housing entitlement, the home-mortgage interest deduction, promotes homeownership and stimulates the economy.*

In 1994 the cost of the home-mortgage interest deduction in lost revenues to the federal Treasury will be \$46 billion, 80 percent of which will go directly to households with incomes over \$50,000. The main economic effect of the home-mortgage deduction is to inflate the price (and size) of homes, while diverting investment away from more productive sectors of the economy.

Our global competitors, who hear us publicly rail about our investment-starved economy and the stagnation of our productivity, politely ask what conceivable connection this tax subsidy for the relatively well off has with enhancing productivity. Officials in Canada regularly chide me about the fact that Canada has the same rate of homeownership as the United States without the benefit of this tax subsidy.

Why, then, do we have it? The answer, of course, does

AS LONG AS MESSAGES
COME IN BOTTLES ...

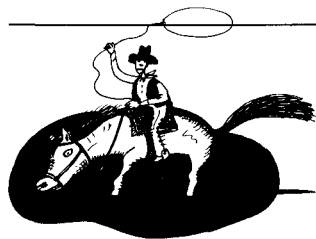
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*Those who appreciate
quality enjoy it responsibly.*

12 YEARS OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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In reality only about one out of eight federal dollars of social spending serves to lift poor families above the poverty line. In 1991 nearly half of all entitlements went to households with incomes over \$30,000.

not lie in any real economic imperative. The subsidy exists because we all think we deserve it. What's more, it props up one of our most powerful special interests: the real-estate lobby.

10. *The only reason that Ronald Reagan could not keep his promise to shrink the size of government was the huge rise in defense spending.*

Judging by the cheers of his supporters and the jeers of his critics, we might suppose that President Ronald Reagan cut everything but defense. And judging by the similar partisan bickering over the policies of his successor, George Bush, we might suppose that the "welfare state" was the victim of further slashing and hacking for another four years after Reagan stepped down.

But the reality is very different: the cost of all direct federal benefits today (\$807 billion in fiscal year 1993) is considerably greater than the *entire federal budget* that existed when Reagan first took office (\$696 billion in fiscal year 1981). In fact, adjusted for inflation, federal benefits soared by 54 percent from 1981 to 1993—while all other domestic spending showed zero real growth, and defense, the one area where everyone supposed the Reagan and Bush Administrations had gone hog-wild, showed real growth of only 15 percent.

Contrary to popular impressions, the advent of the Reagan-Bush era did not signal a decisive shift in entitlement policy. With the exception of the 1983 Social Security amendments (designed by a bipartisan commission), both Presidents left non-means-tested outlays and tax expenditures—that is, most entitlements—on autopilot. Thus the Reagan-Bush years only reaffirmed that these vast middle- and upper-class entitlements were politically "uncontrollable"—a weasel word behind which Congress and the President can hide their unwillingness to act, since together they can control any spending they want.

The Middle Class: The Third Rail of American Politics

THE MIDDLE CLASS IS AT THE HEART OF OUR budget problem—and must be at the heart of the solution. Taken together, the major benefit programs for which we have income data on recipients—spending roughly 80 percent of total federal benefit dollars, and including everything from Social Se-

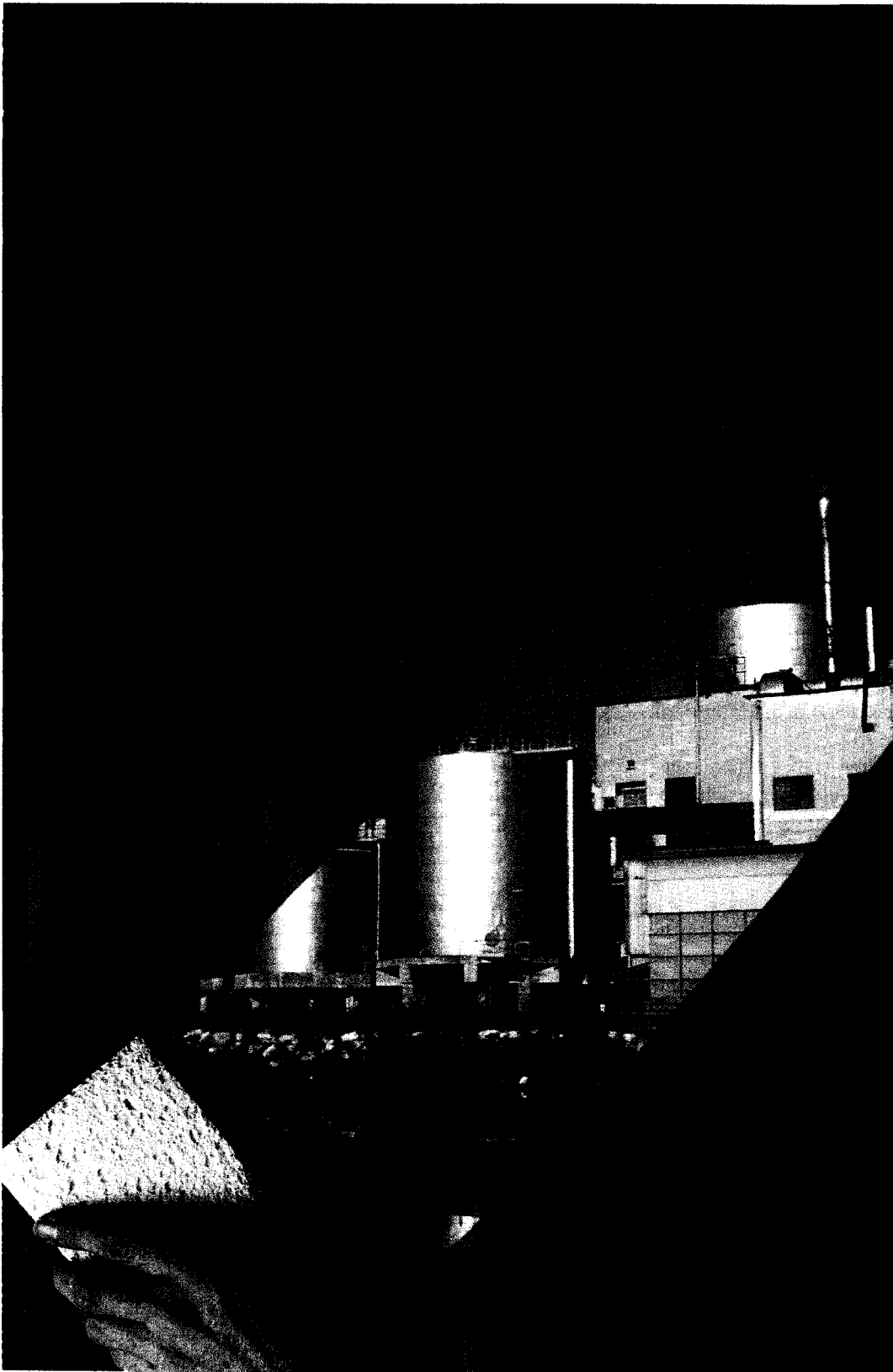
curity and Medicare to AFDC and food stamps—deliver 99 percent of their benefits (\$529 billion in 1991) to the 99 percent of American households with incomes under \$200,000. This is the upper boundary of what President Clinton has for political convenience defined as the "middle class." (The income-tax increases proposed by the Clinton Administration begin at \$140,000 of taxable income, the number most people have heard quoted. But that's really equivalent to about \$200,000 of adjusted gross income from all sources.)

Yet 43 percent of such benefit dollars (\$227 billion in 1991) go to households that cannot possibly be considered poor: those with incomes between \$30,000 and \$200,000. And note that the absolute dollar figure surely understates the total, since it reflects only 80 percent of all benefit dollars. What about the remaining 20 percent? We cannot be sure. Some of it flows through programs such as Medicaid, which mostly benefit lower-income households; some, too, flows through programs such as student loans, farm aid, and veterans' health care, which disproportionately benefit upper-income households. All told, it would be safe to assume that total federal benefit outlays reaching the \$30,000-to-\$200,000 income bracket amounted to at least \$265 billion in 1991.

And what about our ocean of so-called tax expenditures—the subtle subsidies that help the wealthy borrow huge sums for home mortgages and take unlimited health-care deductions? More than two thirds go to tax filers with incomes between \$30,000 and \$200,000. Just seven percent go to the Americans whom the President calls "rich."

The top-earning one percent of Americans, it's true, receive 13 percent of all income in the United States. Going after the rich to help balance the budget is fine—as far as it goes. Unlike some of my Wall Street colleagues, I see absolutely nothing wrong with imposing higher tax burdens on the wealthiest in our society. But it does not require any arcane knowledge of fiscal arithmetic to see that even with the substantial tax increases proposed by the Clinton plan, trying to balance the budget is quite literally impossible on such a narrow stretch of income territory. In fact, to meet this goal by the year 2000 by taxing the "rich," we would need to tax away *all* the taxable income of everyone with more than \$175,000 of adjusted gross income. Or, if we would prefer a less draconian approach, we could merely double the income taxes of "affluent" tax filers—but we

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would need to include everyone down to about \$50,000 of income. Even this kinder and gentler approach would amount to something more like expropriation—hardly consistent with either free markets or democracy.

As for direct entitlement benefits, here too not much help is available from the rich. The maximum entitlement savings obtainable from the one percent of households enjoying incomes of more than \$200,000 are unfortunately limited to the benefits that go to them—about \$5 billion if we took away *all* their benefits (something that even Bill Clinton, with his laser beam on the rich, has never dreamed of suggesting).

But if we are willing to ask for even modest sacrifices from all Americans with incomes above about \$30,000, the picture changes entirely. Suddenly we're talking about a whopping 73 percent of national household income. We're also talking about a stunning 74 percent of all tax expenditures and 43 percent of major federal entitlement benefits, which, taken together—and including our estimate for all benefits—amounted to \$372 billion in 1991. That's a sum we simply cannot afford to ignore if we are at all serious about putting our fiscal house in order.

Twelve years ago, when Ronald Reagan ascended to the White House, I hoped that his politically candid talk about cutting the budget deficit would lead to politically courageous action. But instead we found a convenient scapegoat. The "poor," we learned, were bankrupting America. Just eliminate the "waste, fraud, and abuse" in our welfare system—all those mink-wearing welfare queens driving Cadillacs and buying vodka at taxpayers' expense—and a balanced budget would be in reach. The premise, of course, was wrong from the beginning. Despite cuts in programs for the poorest Americans during the Reagan years, the deficit kept exploding.

When Bill Clinton ascended to the White House, I was once again hopeful that the President would seize the moment and make the tough choices needed to cut the deficit and boost savings and investment. But we seem to be caught up in another form of scapegoating. This time it's not the poor who are to blame; it's the rich who are not paying their way.

To be sure, President Clinton will get further with his scapegoat than President Reagan did with his. But both ways of dodging tough choices veer away from the heart of the problem. We are all implicated in our budget deficits, our entitlement ethos, and the overall consumption bias in our economy. And all of us, most particularly the broad middle class that is the backbone of America, must now be part of the solution.

Let's pause for a moment to ask ourselves, what in reality is the "middle class"? Ask any American if he or she is "middle class," and the answer will almost always be yes. The truly poor will admit to being "lower middle class," and the rich will go along with "upper middle class," but few will forthrightly call themselves "poor" or

"rich." This is a characteristically American self-perception, and it reflects our desire to live in a basically egalitarian society. But in recent years it has allowed nonpoor Americans to believe that they deserve universal federal entitlements—much of them windfalls—such as Social Security and Medicare, which are often disingenuously called "insurance," and which people mistakenly think of as the payback on their contributions to "their accounts."

Next, ask any group of Americans to specify the annual income that defines "middle class" and you'll hear responses ranging from, say, \$20,000 all the way up to \$200,000—if we include the Clinton Administration's definition. But there are more precise and realistic definitions. If nontaxable entitlement benefits and other tax-exempt income are included with adjusted gross income reported to the IRS, the median family in the United States had a total adjusted gross income of \$31,700 in 1993. If "middle class" is then narrowly defined as comprising half of all American families equally distributed around that \$31,700 family, the statistical middle-class income turns out to range from \$14,040 to \$55,880.

This exposition regularly startles those who are new to it. A family with \$60,000 of income invariably thinks of itself as "just getting by," but it actually stands in the top quarter of families. A two-earner family with an income of \$120,000 may think of itself as just middle class. In fact that two-earner family stands in the top five percent of American families. By the time we reach those with incomes in excess of \$200,000—the only households targeted for significant sacrifices by the Clinton Administration's proposals—we are left with a mere statistical sliver of the population: roughly one percent.

Middle-class Americans today, it seems, suffer from what might be called a "reverse Lake Wobegon" syndrome. As Garrison Keillor fans know, Lake Wobegon is a wonderful fictional place where all the children are above average. When it comes to incomes, however, most middle-class Americans, trying hard to make ends meet, assume they must be below average.

Middle-class Americans today feel hard pressed and beleaguered—and they are. Nobody could possibly argue that even a well-above-the-median \$50,000 a year in household income will put one on easy street. It's hard to make it on a typical middle-class income today—when paychecks barely keep up with the cost of homes, of college educations, and even of necessities.

Working hard and trying to follow the rules, middle-class Americans have adopted a kind of siege mentality in the face of evaporating expectations about future income growth. The middle class is already making a *de facto* and unplanned sacrifice in terms of the loss of upward mobility. But an organized, planned, and temporary additional sacrifice can reverse that trend. Only if we all give up something to reinvest in our future will we be able to rekindle the rise in U.S. living standards. If we all just hunker down to protect what we feel we're entitled to,

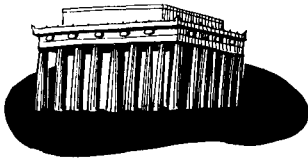
we will condemn ourselves to a future that grows bleaker each year. Evaporating and diminished expectations are not what America is about. The willingness of middle-class citizens to sacrifice a little today for a better tomorrow is, however, exactly what America *used* to be about and ought to be about once again.

In spite of the recent stagnation of its living standards, the American middle class is still the world's richest middle class, consuming far more than any of its counterparts in Europe or Japan—and paying far lower taxes than most. Indeed, Americans may think themselves overtaxed, but we pay some 10 to 20 percent less of our national income in taxes than do the citizens of most other industrialized countries. The actual economic room for sacrifice exists; what we are missing is the public understanding and the political will to recognize such sacrifices as being in our long-term best interests.

We can't, of course, call on the middle class alone to sacrifice. The rich must pay their fuller and fairer share. Many of the same people who argue that the middle class is too beleaguered to contribute to solving our economic problems stand by silently as the \$30,000-a-year middle-class worker pays ever-increasing payroll taxes (which in

Bad economics may end up being bad politics as well. It is a matter of debate whether the American public is actually ready for real change and tough choices. And avoiding excessively rapid spending cuts or large tax increases in the midst of a creeping recovery was an understandable concern—though for all too many years it has never been the right moment in the business cycle or the political-election cycle for decisive action on the long-term economic predicament that by now also harms our short-term economic prospects. Any responsible budget plan must be phased in gradually if we are to avoid too bumpy a ride. But I believe that a clear goal of budget balance—and a commitment to meeting it by the end of the decade—would ultimately go over better with both the markets and the public than the course Clinton has chosen. Indeed, if one accepts Richard Nixon's dictum that the economy that matters most is the one that prevails three months before the next election, the President's current approach is a dangerous one.

By not asking the public to swallow the bitter pills at the outset, Clinton risks being forced to ask the public—and especially the middle class—to swallow them later, closer to the 1996 election. At that point, having denied



We are all implicated in our budget deficits, our entitlement ethos, and the overall consumption bias in our economy. And all of us, particularly the broad middle class that is the backbone of America, must be part of the solution.

many cases come to more than his or her income taxes) to subsidize the entitlement benefits of retirees who are getting ten times their contributions in Medicare payments (tax-free) and who may be earning \$100,000 or more a year in retirement. This is unconscionable.

Relearning Our Endowment Ethic

THESE THINGS ARE CERTAIN: WE CAN'T DO IT without the middle class. And we can't do it without going at entitlements head on.

Bill Clinton's decision to skirt entitlements and to spare the middle class from all but token sacrifice may have seemed a politically expedient course for the short term, just as it has to the past several Administrations. (According to the economist Benjamin Friedman, 74 percent of the burden of what deficit reduction the Clinton plan does achieve through higher taxes or benefit cuts will be borne by the small share of U.S. families earning more than \$100,000.) But it has meant that his only feasible program is one that has no hope of balancing the budget—or even coming close.

the middle class its promised tax cut—and having created the impression that Americans are already making the needed sacrifices when they're not—Clinton may find the public wondering at the need for further sacrifice. Moreover, the lift given to the bond market in 1993 by the early promise of deficit reduction may by 1996 have reversed itself. With health care and other entitlements still spiraling out of sight, and with private credit demands likely rising as we and the rest of the world fully emerge from recession, the United States could once again see soaring interest rates right around election time. As 1996 approaches, Bill Clinton not only inevitably faces a second major budget-cutting exercise but also runs the distinct risk of being tagged the Biggest Borrowing President in history—and he won't even have the excuse of having presided over a divided government. It's easy to imagine a 1996 Republican campaign advertisement along these lines: "Bill Clinton raised your taxes, still borrowed a billion dollars a day, built a bunch of bridges to nowhere—and this time you know who to blame."

My view is that everybody except the poor and near-poor must be part of the solution to America's economic

problems. But as we move through the various strata of the middle middle class and upper-middle middle class, and on into the upper middle class, the sacrifices called for in the form of higher taxes or curtailed entitlement benefits should get much larger. By the time we reach the genuine upper class, we should have increased the tax bite significantly and cut deeply into tax subsidies and windfall entitlement benefits.

To help restore fiscal and moral responsibility to our entitlement system, the budget plan I propose in my book *Facing Up: How to Rescue the Economy From Crushing Debt and Restore the American Dream* therefore includes an "affluence test," or a graduated entitlement-benefit reduction. This affluence test (along the lines of the comprehensive means-testing idea discussed by Neil Howe and Phillip Longman in "The Next New Deal," in this magazine in April of 1992) would apply to all federal benefits, both cash and in-kind. No sacrifice would be required of households with incomes below the U.S. median (generously assumed to be \$35,000 by 1995, when the test's phase-in would begin). For families with above-median incomes, a portion of total entitlement benefits would be withheld on a steeply progressive basis. Under the test, households would lose 7.5 percent of all benefits that cause their incomes to exceed \$35,000, plus five percent at the margin for each additional \$10,000 in income. For most types of entitlement benefits, the maximum benefit-reduction rate would be 85 percent, applicable to household incomes greater than \$185,000.

If this proposal doesn't silence those who rail that entitlement reform is inevitably regressive and must ravage the poor, it should at least give them pause. For families who are earning between \$30,000 and \$40,000, are receiving benefits, and are subject to the test, the sacrifice called for would average just \$260 a year—or one percent of their benefits. Moreover, most who would have to sacrifice are retired and have lower expenses than working-age adults with similar incomes. For families earning between \$50,000 and \$75,000, the sacrifice would rise to an average of \$2,310, or 12 percent of benefits; for families with incomes over \$200,000 it would average \$15,345, or 72 percent of benefits.

All told, the budget savings made possible by the affluence test are enormous: at least \$93 billion in 2004, on the basis of a conservative calculation that takes into account only the 80 percent of entitlement benefits for which we currently have detailed data on recipient income. Affluence testing alone, however, does not add up to complete entitlement reform. Among other measures, we will also need to cap our open-ended tax subsidies for retirement, housing, and health care, accelerate the scheduled rise in Social Security retirement ages, and trim the largesse of our federal pension systems.

All of these reforms involve structural spending cuts that will save significant money in the 1990s and much more beyond. In a business-as-usual budget scenario, en-

titlement costs could be closing in on a quarter of GDP by 2040. Under my plan we would already be saving about 1.9 percent of GDP in entitlement spending by 2004; by 2040 we would be saving 5.3 percent of GDP, or some \$690 billion in today's dollars—more than twice what we now spend on the Pentagon. That's what I mean by structural spending cuts.

We must invent a new entitlement system that will not just pay us affordable benefits when we need them but will also encourage us to save more for the future, care better for our own children and parents, and take more responsibility for our own health. As America itself grows old, perhaps the most vital changes in our entitlement system will be those that encourage a positive new vision of aging. Entitlements for the elderly must promote an active, economically self-sufficient lifestyle for elders who are able. We will no longer be able to afford a system that equates the last third or more of one's adult life with a publicly subsidized vacation.

Getting our entitlements system back on a sound footing is the key to both a balanced budget and a renewed rise in U.S. living standards in the next century. But of course, putting our fiscal house in order will require much, much more. There is still room for trimming in the small discretionary domestic corner of the federal budget. I also believe that in this post-Cold War world we can spend substantially less on defense, and I endorse the President's proposed cuts. To balance the budget by the year 2000, and at the same time spend more on worthy public goals, from more-generous targeted assistance to the poor to productivity-enhancing investments in human capital, research and development, and infrastructure, we will also need to raise new revenues above and beyond the tax increases President Clinton has already proposed. Along with a broad-based progressive consumption tax, I recommend higher "sin" taxes and a fifty-cent-a-gallon federal gasoline tax phased in over five years, in order to target a particularly profligate type of consumption. But in the end, unless we are willing to touch the third rail of American politics and rein in the growth in middle- and upper-class entitlements, our goal will elude us.

The worst aspect of our entitlement addiction is how it subtly fixes our attention on how much we are going to get—and how it obscures any thought of what we have received from others and what we wish to pass on in our turn. In this sense our entitlement ethos pervades not just our public benefit programs but our entire approach to deficit-financed consumption. It is time for America to begin unlearning its entitlement ethic and begin relearning its endowment ethic. At some point we must decide how much we are willing to give up today in order to save for and invest in a tomorrow of rising living standards for ourselves and, of course, our children. The alternative—a future without an American Dream—is no alternative at all. □

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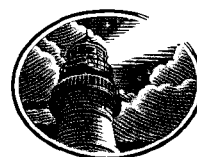
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Hans Eberstark can make himself understood in dozens of languages, and can memorize nearly endless strings of words and numbers. He assumes that everyone else can too, with a little work

IN MANY TONGUES

BY JEREMY BERNSTEIN

DURING ONE OF THE MANY CONVERSATIONS I HAD over a period of months with Hans Eberstark, he remarked that to his “eternal shame and disgrace” he did not learn to speak Chinese “properly” in the nearly eight years he spent in Shanghai, where his family had gone as refugees from Austria just before the Second World War. This is not to say that Eberstark cannot carry on a conversation in Chinese. “I manage to muddle through,” he told me. “The little I learned was Shanghai dialect. I think my pronunciation is pretty good. But my Mandarin . . .” He sighed.

Eberstark’s standards for speaking a language properly are different from most people’s. He is a professional interpreter. Until he took early retirement in 1987, at age fifty-eight, he was employed by the International Labor Organization, in Geneva. He still interprets freelance, and teaches courses at the University of Geneva’s École de Traduction et d’Interprétation, the foremost institution of its kind in the world. Interpreters divide their working languages into three classes: “A,” “B,” and “C.” The “A,” or “target,” languages are those an interpreter is prepared to interpret into, the “B” languages are secondary target languages, and the “C” languages are those the interpreter will interpret from. Eberstark’s A languages are German and English. The latter he mastered in Shanghai, where classes were taught in it; German is his mother tongue. Eberstark’s C languages (he says he has no B languages) include French, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Catalan. “My Portuguese would be wobbly,” he told me. “I shouldn’t say Portuguese Portuguese but Brazilian Portuguese—if spoken slowly. Then a grade below would be the Scandinavian languages—Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. Then there is another language—I hardly ever use it in my normal interpretation, but I do speak it fairly well: Surinamese Creole, the language of Surinam. Also, but less so, Haitian Creole and Papiamentu, the language of the Netherlands Antilles.”

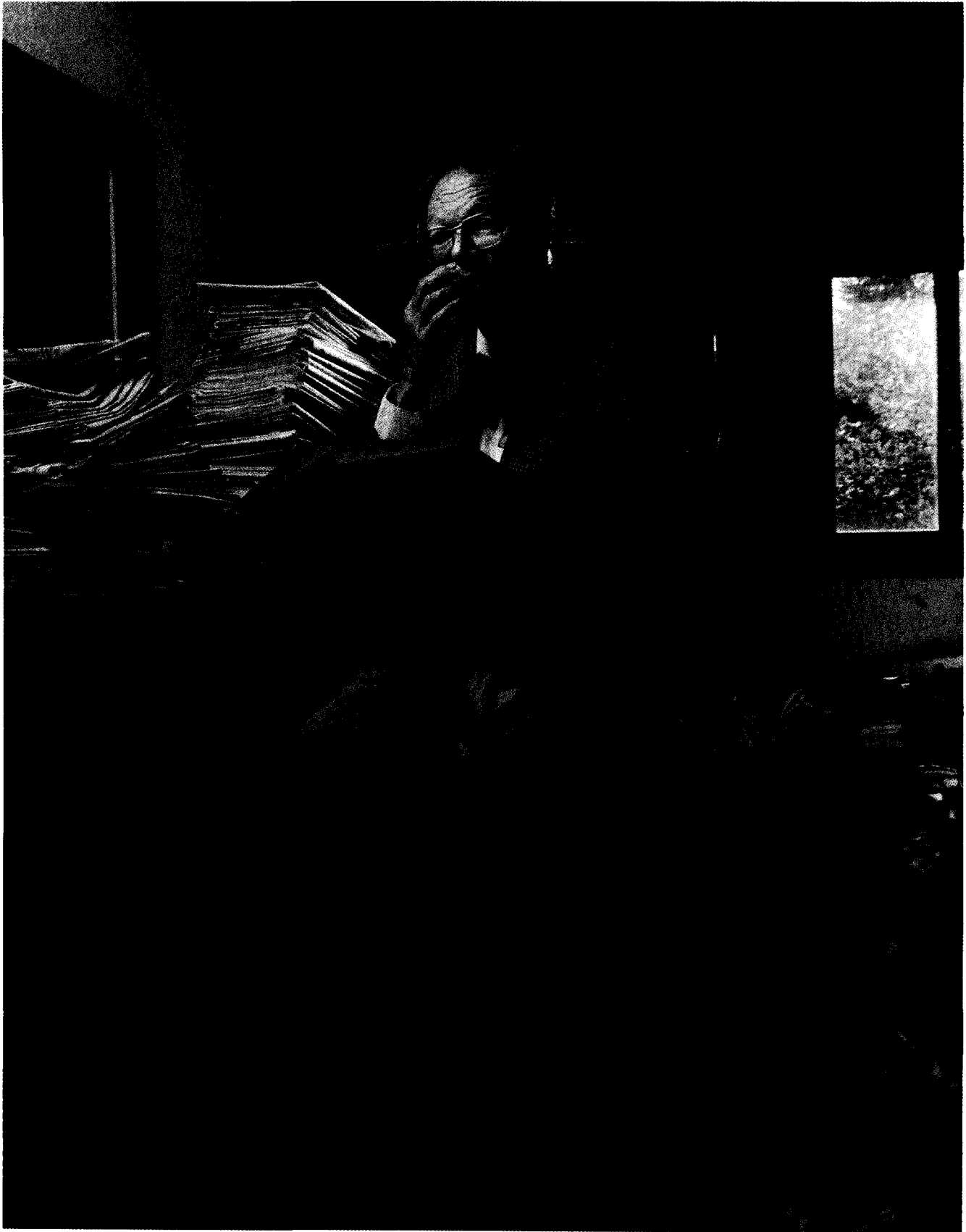
He went on. “I could manage to pass for a Swiss in Bärndütsch, in Baseldütsch—though less so—and possibly in Züritütsch. I have done quite a bit of interpretation from Albanian; still, I would say my Albanian is flimsy. I

have very few experiences of traveling as an illiterate. When I was in Ethiopia, I scratched together a basic vocabulary of Amharic. Since it is related to Hebrew, which I know, there were a number of similar word groups. That is one of my methods. I don’t learn the words, I learn the differences. I anticipate what the words will be, and then I look them up to confirm my informed guesses.”

Like many people who work in cerebral professions—mine is theoretical physics—I have a fascination with geniuses. I have known several and read about many more. Until I met Eberstark, though, I had never encountered anyone I would call a linguistic genius. This is not quite the same thing as knowing several languages. It is the odd quirk of Eberstark’s mind that he is able to absorb language as easily as most of us read the morning newspaper.

Fittingly, I encountered Eberstark in what must be the most linguistically diverse city on earth—Geneva. Those of us who have lived there, as I have done on and off since the early 1960s, often find ourselves when meeting people shifting languages to find the one that best suits both parties. In the cafeteria at CERN, the elementary-particle-physics laboratory near Geneva which first brought me to Geneva, one often finds people addressing three of their neighbors in three different languages. On my last visit to CERN, in the spring of 1991, I met Eberstark, and we got into the habit of seeing each other two or three times a week. Since then we have kept up by phone. He never ceases to amaze me.

Eberstark’s facility with communication is enhanced by his command of accent in most of his languages. Now and then he gives lecture demonstrations, during which he asks people in the audience—usually Swiss, who seem to have a different language in each valley—to converse with him in their native dialect. Before long Eberstark is carrying on a conversation in the same dialect. This skill applies even to languages he knows virtually nothing of. “I certainly wouldn’t claim Finnish as one of my languages,” he said, “but if I read a Finnish text to you, I could do it with a perfect accent, and a Finn who listened to me without seeing me”—Eberstark is swarthy, has dark-gray frizzy hair, and looks very un-Scandinavian—“would probably think I was a Finn.”



THE LINGUISTIC GENIUS HANS EBERSTARK AT HIS HOME IN VERSOIX, SWITZERLAND

Mimicry aside, Eberstark's strong suit is an incredible memory. He seems to have total recall of names, dates, and events—numbers as well as words. A few years ago a friend of Eberstark's named Hank Wind, who was a computer specialist at CERN, learned from the *Guinness Book of Records* that the record for the number of digits of pi (3.1415926535 and so on) that anyone had memorized then stood at about 3,000. Wind bet Eberstark that he could not beat the record. Eberstark decided to memorize 6,000 digits. When he first recited what he had memorized, he made a mistake at something like No. 5,430. Not only did he lose the bet, but he was so annoyed with himself that he then memorized 11,944 digits. This time he wrote out the numbers—twice.

Party Tricks

IT WAS WIND, WHOM I KNEW FROM CERN, WHO INTRODUCED me to Eberstark. I had been hearing about him for years, and I had also read about him in a fascinating book by Steven B. Smith, *The Great Mental Calculators*. But I had no sense of what Eberstark would be like in person. The only other calculating prodigy I had known was the late Wim Klein, who before the advent of electronic computers at CERN served as the resident computer. He was a very strange man indeed. Klein could hardly sit still. When he spoke, he shifted rapidly from one language to another, speaking most of them haphazardly. He and Eberstark became close friends. In Smith's book Klein is quoted as saying of Eberstark, "He's great. He's absolutely daft, also he does not smoke. He does not drink. He's big and fat. He's so quiet. He never gets nervous. Just the opposite from me."

At the time I met Eberstark, Hank Wind was living in a large apartment not far from CERN. He arranged a dinner for the three of us. Wind had a Filipino cook named Gina. Eberstark, he told me, was very fond of eating, and admired this young woman's cuisine. This, he added, would probably induce Eberstark, who does not drive, to make the trip in from Versoix, a suburb of Geneva.

When I arrived for dinner, Eberstark was already there. He was wearing a dark suit—I never saw him wear anything else—and a conservative tie. He turned out to be of medium height and only slightly heavyset. Two things struck me. One was his expression of guilelessness and childlike innocence. The other was his accent in English, which was not definable. It sounded something like a speech synthesizer, but had an actorish clarity. An interpreter is, after all, a kind of actor.

The meal, which Eberstark ate with gusto, was excellent. Toward the end Eberstark said to the cook, in English, "Gina, we will need you for a small experiment." Gina looked alarmed, but Eberstark assured her it would be painless. He asked her what her native language was, commenting that his own knowledge of the principal Philippine language, Tagalog, was almost nil. It turned

out that Gina had been born in the north of the Philippines, where the local language is a variant called Ilocano, of which Eberstark knew even less.

He asked us to pick fifteen words in English. Gina was to tell him what they were in both Tagalog and Ilocano. We picked, among others, "light," "apple," "blue," "school," "sunshine," "mother," and "house." Eberstark took no notes, but occasionally he would make a comment. At one point Gina got stuck on the Tagalog word for "sun." Eberstark reminded her that it was *araw*. (Later he told me, "If you go to the Philippines, you often hear the Tagalog for 'sun,' because it is also the word for 'day.'") When the fifteen words were chosen and interpreted by Gina, Eberstark invited us to give them to him in English in any order. He then recited their Tagalog and Ilocano equivalents, in what Gina said was an impeccable accent.

Eberstark never ceases to amaze me. Now and then he gives lecture demonstrations, during which he asks people in the audience to converse with him in their native dialect. Before long Eberstark is carrying on a conversation in the same dialect.

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way, is *hari* in Indonesian, so *mata hari* is 'eye of the day'—the sun—which was the nom de guerre of a well-known spy. *Hari* is related to *araw*, as you can see. *Mata*, by the way, is also the word for 'eye' in modern Greek. Then there were the words for 'light'—*ilaw* in Tagalog and *silaw* in Ilocano. You will find that the word for 'light' in many languages has an *l* as a component—for example, as in *lux* and *lumen*. The moon in Hebrew is *levana*, which means 'the white one,' and *lavan* is 'white.' The words for 'apple' and 'blue' were easy, because they are Spanish loan words—*manzanas* and *azul*, respectively. In Spanish *manzana* is the singular and *manzanas* the plural, while in Tagalog and Ilocano *mansanas* is both the singular and the plural. The name for this sort of exotic fruit would be taken from the colonizers as *manzanas*. You wouldn't buy just one apple."

I asked him which of the words besides *araw* he had known before.

"I knew the word *anak*, which is both Tagalog and Ilocano for 'child' or 'offspring'; the Indonesian word for child is *anak*," he said. "That was one of the first words I learned in Shanghai. When I went to the dentist, he had magazines in Chinese, which I couldn't then read, but he also had trilingual magazines in Chinese, Indonesian, and English. I already knew the word *mata*, which is the word for 'eye' in both Ilocano and Tagalog, because the Indonesian word for 'eye' is *mata*. 'Day,' by the

WHY ALL AMERICANS SHOULD SUPPORT A MORATORIUM ON IMMIGRATION

FACT: More alien workers entered the U.S. labor market in 1992 than jobs were created, according to Immigration Service and Department of Labor statistics. America's disadvantaged workers suffer disproportionately from the steady influx of low-skilled, low-wage labor. The Zoe Baird incident was only the tip of the iceberg.

FACT: The Census Bureau now projects that there will be 383 million Americans in 2050, largely because of what *The Washington Post* describes as "massive immigration." That's 50 percent more Americans than there are today, and 83 million more than the Census Bureau projected just four years ago.

FACT: Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—2 million to 3 million a year. The law admits more immigrants and other workers than the economy can absorb. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to benefits meant for legal residents.

Our national political leadership is apparently unaware that a majority of Americans of all ethnic backgrounds favor reduced immigration (Roper Poll, May 1992; Latino National Political Survey, December 1992). In fact, immigration policymakers seem more concerned with pleasing the special interests than doing the will of the people they are elected to serve.

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- ✓ revise immigration law to reduce overall numbers; and
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I asked Eberstark how long he would remember all that. He looked at me, somewhat puzzled, and replied, "Forever."

Eberstark has another ability essential to his work as a simultaneous interpreter. (Simultaneous interpreters translate a phrase two to five seconds after its utterance; consecutive interpreters translate at convenient breaks in the discourse.) He can listen and talk at the same time. At first this might not seem like a special ability—but just try it. The night of the dinner Wind tested him by reading aloud a passage in Dutch while Eberstark rendered it into English. There was no discernible time lag. Eberstark explains this by saying that he has a "three-track mind": that is, he can listen to the Dutch, render the English, and think about the meaning of what is being said, all at the same time. The thinking is essential, because an interpreter attempts both to capture the style of the speaker and to make whatever case the speaker is trying to make.

I was immensely curious about Eberstark's background and early life. When and how did these remarkable gifts manifest themselves? There was a hitch, I soon learned. Since Eberstark has total recall, asking him even the simplest question is something like trying to get a drink of water from a fire hydrant. Eberstark recognized the problem, and by imposing what he probably regarded as draconian discipline, I was able to distill the essence into some twelve hours of tape.

An Education in Vienna and Shanghai

THE FIRST THING I WANTED TO KNOW WAS whether there had been a family history of this sort of intellectual ability. Both his parents' families, Eberstark told me, had Talmudic scholars of note among their ancestors. On the maternal side was a renowned sixteenth- or seventeenth-century

commentator whose pen name was Mahazith ha-shekel ("half a shekel"), and an early-nineteenth-century scholar noted for his piety. It appears that this ancestor, when he was very old, decided to learn to play the harp. "My death is approaching," the ancestor said, "and angels play the harp."

Eberstark's father's family came from Bielsko-Biala, in what is now Poland but was then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Eberstark's great-grandfather had no regular occupation except as a klezmer fiddle player at weddings and feasts, earning drinks. He died on his way home from a wedding, having fallen asleep in the snow. Eberstark's paternal grandfather, aged thirteen, took over the family responsibilities. He became a rich merchant, sending most of his brothers and sisters to school, after which they emigrated to America. Remaining behind, in his late thirties he married a girl of sixteen. After having given birth to two children she decided that she wanted to learn English. Eberstark's grandfather found her a teacher. The young wife fell in love, and without giving a reason she told her husband that she would like to live in Vienna. He agreed, and paid for her stay. Her letters arrived regularly, but by this time the couple was already in America: the letters had been given to a friend to mail at intervals.

Eberstark's father was also supposed to go to America, as a reward for finishing his gymnasium studies. He was given passage on the *Titanic*. Fortunately, he developed a case of scarlet fever before it sailed. During the First World War he was drafted into the Austrian army as a medical assistant. After the war he went to Vienna to study medicine. "My father," Eberstark told me, "never really liked medicine. He was more an artistic type. He wrote excellent verse in German, and was very good at drawing bacteria. He was far more interested in doing portraits and writing verse, and playing cards in the coffeeshouses of Vienna, than in practicing medicine." But through his medical practice he met Eberstark's mother, who was a patient in a sanatorium where he was working as an intern. They married, and Eberstark was their only child.

At the age of six Eberstark began studying Hebrew. Then he discovered a conversational dictionary that included the Greek and Russian alphabets, which he also learned. Until the Anschluss, Eberstark went to a school where intellectual standards were high. But then the family was forced to move into the Jewish district of Vienna. "My second school was pretty bad," he recalled. "There were always attacks by the Hitler Youth, who beat up teachers and pupils. This did not happen to me, because of my mother's extrasensory perception. She would say, 'You can go to school now, but not the day after tomorrow.' When I went back, my classmates would tell me that they had been raided by the Hitler Youth. Then I was transferred to another school, my last in Vienna, which had a tacit agreement with the Hitler Youth that it would not be raided." Life at this school was "a real pleasure," Eberstark recalled. "It was particularly stimulating

because the pupils were treated as an elite. The teacher said, 'We don't know where you will go, or whether you will survive, but we will teach you things you are not expected to know at your age. We hope they will serve you well.' That was the cream of the cream of the pupils. Almost none of them survived."

Eberstark himself barely survived. In desperation his parents decided to have him adopted by one of the Dutch families that attempted to save Jewish children—in this case a branch of the De Beers family. But Eberstark was not able to get a Dutch visa. Meanwhile, Eberstark's father had obtained visas for Trinidad, but before the family could sail, the British stopped migration to their colonies. Just as his father was returning the tickets to the travel agency, another man came in to return two first-class boat tickets to Shanghai. "My father said, 'I'll take these,' and managed to get another one for me," Eberstark told me. "My parents spent their last money to get those tickets to Shanghai, and visas. If they hadn't spent the money, it would have been confiscated anyway."

The Eberstarks traveled to Trieste, where on February 8, 1939, essentially penniless, they sailed as first-class passengers for Shanghai on the *Conte Rosso*. The trip lasted twenty-five days, and although his family were refugees, like many other passengers on the ship, Eberstark remembers it as an idyll. The menu ran to seven or eight pages, but he ate hors d'oeuvres, spaghetti with meat sauce, cherry compote, and a double helping of ice cream every day and night. He also began learning Italian.

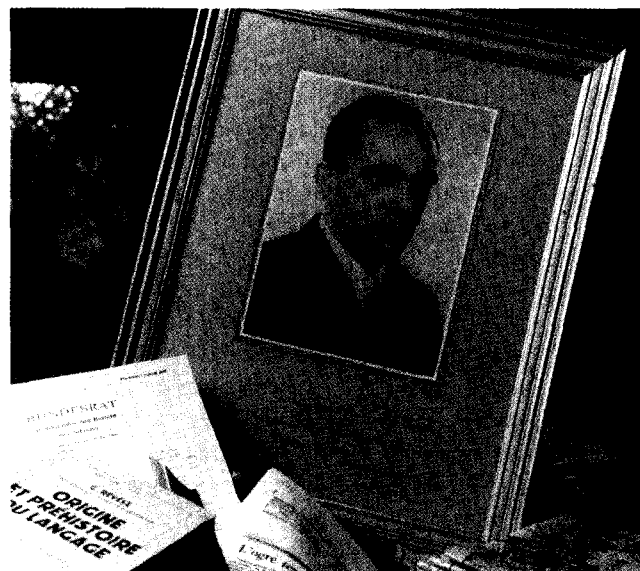
On reaching Shanghai, the refugees were loaded into cattle trucks and shipped to a camp in the northern part of the city. Shanghai had been occupied by the Japanese since 1937. A great part of the city was in ruins. The camp was sponsored by Jews who had emigrated to China in the thirties. Eventually there was a community of some 19,000 Jewish refugees in Shanghai, most of them from Germany and Austria. Those from Poland spoke Yiddish, which Eberstark readily mastered. Doctors were desperately needed, and Eberstark's father volunteered. The family was given a room to share with another Austrian family, and when Eberstark *père* was promoted to chief physician of another refugee camp, they were given a small apartment. "The food in the first few days was fantastic in Shanghai," Eberstark said, "because it was prepared by Chinese cooks. There was a sort of sweet porridge that I liked very much, but which looked like vomit, so most people were put off. The Chinese cooks were dismissed. Some Austrian refugee ladies took over the cooking, and the quality of the food plummeted."

The Jewish refugees and the occupying Japanese lived in relative harmony until Pearl Harbor, partly owing to the presence of a German consul who took the view that the refugees who had German passports were German citizens, entitled to consular protection. He was soon replaced by a more conventional consul, who declared that the Jews were stateless. After Pearl Harbor the Japanese decided

that since the Jews appeared to be enemies of their allies the Germans, they should be treated as enemies. An order was issued requiring all Jews to live in a special district. Anyone refusing would be jailed—effectively a death sentence, since the cages into which they were put were infested with typhus-carrying lice. By 1945, unknown to the refugees, the Japanese had moved huge armaments factories and the like into the district. The Allies were apparently aware of this but, because of the presence of the refugees, held off bombing this part of the city. Eberstark is convinced that if the war had not been ended by the atomic bomb, most of the refugees would have been killed, if not in bombing raids then by the Japanese.

Eberstark attended the Shanghai Jewish Youth Association school, set up by refugees and financed by a Mr. Kadoorie, an Iraqi Jew. The teachers were German-speaking but the classes were in English. Eventually Chinese and Japanese were introduced. Once the U.S. raids began, there were blackouts every night, making reading nearly impossible. "Then the war was over," Eberstark remembered. "You cannot imagine the jubilation. We got our passports back. By 1946 there were several places we could go. Most of us went to the United States, some to Canada and Australia, a lot to Israel. A few, because of nostalgia or the hope of compensation, went back to Austria or Germany. My father was one. He wanted me to enroll in the University of Vienna. I was not enthusiastic about going back. I felt at home in Shanghai and thought I would be a stranger in Austria. But I was eighteen and felt it would be difficult to stay in Shanghai on my own."

The Eberstarks landed in Naples on February 8, 1947—eight years to the day after they had left Italy for Shanghai. After crossing on the *Marine Falcon* the family traveled from Naples to Vienna by cattle car. "We were received with open arms by the mayor of Vienna, who had not been a Nazi and had also been mayor before the



HANS EBERSTARK'S FATHER

Anschluss," he recalled. "That was one of the pleasant shocks I experienced. In the first months I insisted on wearing a Magen David. I didn't want to be taken for an Austrian. I wanted to show my nationality. As a result I never experienced any anti-Semitism, because I made it quite clear I was Jewish."

Eberstark's father, who resumed his medical practice, decided that Eberstark should become a chemist. This led to a violent argument. Eberstark wanted to study languages. His father claimed that he would never earn a living. He once shouted that there were people who spoke five or six languages and were poor. "They go *neben die Schiech*"—an Austrian Yiddish expression meaning 'beside their shoes.' 'Chemistry is the science of the future. You'll be part of it. Study chemistry.'" Eberstark countered by saying that mixing chemicals was dangerous. He might have a fatal accident or lose his eyesight. Besides, he would have to work "someplace in lower Austria" if he became a mediocre chemist. "Going to the country was always a nightmare to me. I was raised in towns and never had a predilection for greeneries."

Prodigal Feats

DESPITE HIS FATHER'S DIRE WARNINGS, EBERSTARK enrolled in the linguistics department at the University of Vienna. He had been told that most people failed the entrance examination for the interpreters' school. He took it anyway, never having had the slightest difficulty with any examination. It was in German and English. The examiner asked Eberstark his father's profession. When told, he asked Eberstark to name several diseases in English. Typhus came up. Eberstark was able to tell the examiner that the German was *Flecktyphus*, *typhus* being the German for typhoid fever. He passed.

Simultaneous interpretation was then being used for the first time, at the Nuremberg trials. It was not yet part of the Vienna curriculum; only consecutive interpretation was taught. If Eberstark had stayed in school for the canonical four years, he would not have learned simultaneous interpretation, which was introduced around 1951. As it was, he attended for something like eight years, finally emerging with a Ph.D. in January of 1956. He had intended to write his Ph.D. thesis on sound symbolism—the way that words like "whir" and "buzz" embody their meaning in their sound. But this plan was derailed by the Bible—or, more exactly, by the Bibles. "I had a fantastic number of Bibles," Eberstark explained. "Not because of any special theological interest but because the Bible has been translated into the largest number of languages—some two thousand. Also, the Bible was translated by translators who really put their hearts into it and—provided they were not too awed by the text—dared to use the idioms of the target language. There was one language that fascinated me. It was originally called Nengre Tongo—Negro Tongue. To-

day it is called Sranan Tongo or Surinamese. It is, in a way, a perfect language. There are no redundancies in grammar. Most languages suffer from redundancies in grammar. In German, for example, if you abbreviated every word you could still read the sentence, because most of the inflectional endings are redundant. In all the creolized languages the grammatical redundancies have been whittled away, as a result of the contact between two peoples who began communicating with each other by means of a pidgin language. Creole languages normally grew out of pidgin languages, which are not the native languages of anyone but are used as vernaculars. Creolized languages develop a life of their own, and acquire far more synonyms, allusions, and so on, because of the mixed roots, while keeping the grammar of the pidgins to a minimum."

"I began to learn Surinamese," Eberstark went on, "using the text of the Gospel of Saint Matthew in English, German, and Dutch, comparing them with the Surinamese version. I wrote down rules for Surinamese and tried to use them to make my own English translation. Where the King James version had 'So-and-so begat so-and-so' and 'Mary became pregnant,' the Surinamese version said 'So-and-so made so-and-so' and 'Mary got a belly'—*kissi bele*. I tried to analyze the language and show that it consisted of different layers. The oldest was pidgin, which was used when the slaves were transported from Africa to Surinam. These words were of Spanish or Portuguese origin. There were very few; the basic infrastructure was English. But the English had been changed considerably when it was adopted into pidgin. There was a superstructure of Dutch, because in 1815 the Dutch took Surinam over from the British. I had never met a real Surinamer, but I derived what I thought Surinamese sounded like from what I learned from the Bible translation. Only much later did I have a chance to speak it."

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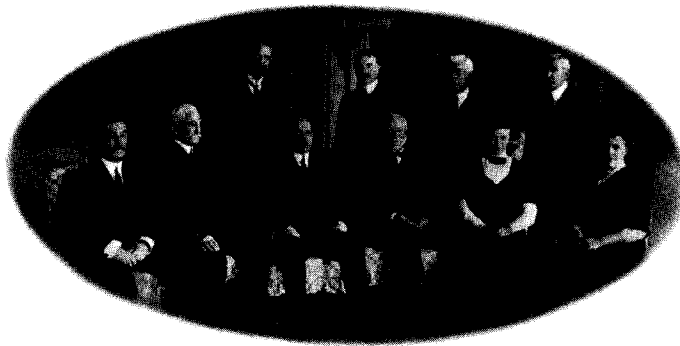
It was while Eberstark was working on his thesis that he became known as the computing prodigy of Vienna. He had been an outstanding student in all sorts of arithmetic, though the subject was of no interest to him. But in 1951 he happened to read in a Viennese newspaper about two mental calculators, one a college student in Milan and the other a young Indian woman named Shakun-

was immensely curious about Eberstark's background and early life. When and how did these remarkable gifts manifest themselves? Since Eberstark has total recall, asking him even the simplest question is like trying to get a drink of water from a fire hydrant.

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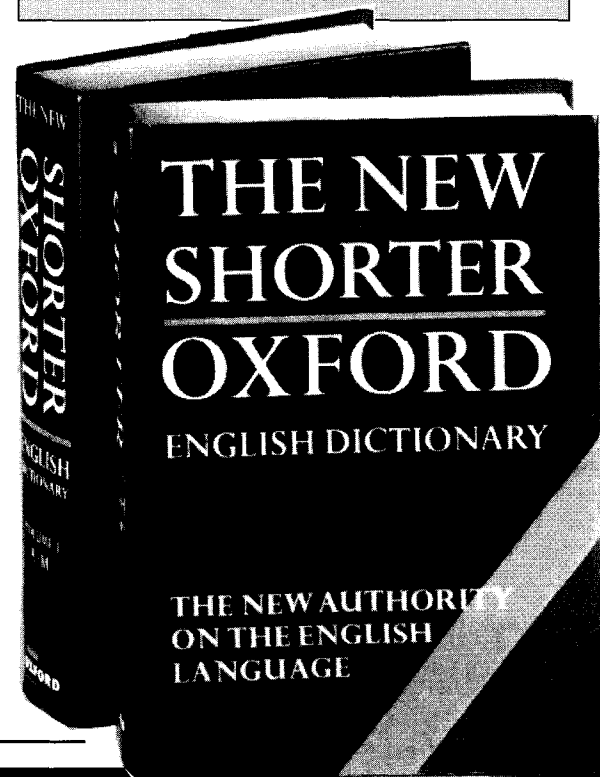
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tala Devi, who was then touring Europe giving exhibitions. The college student extracted the roots of large numbers in his head. Eberstark could also do this. He wrote to the paper, hoping to get a free subscription. He got more than he bargained for: He was interviewed by a reporter who told him that Shakuntala Devi was coming to Vienna and that he, Eberstark, ought to serve as her local counterpart. Eberstark was told what Devi claimed to be able to do. Apart from multiplying six-digit numbers in her head, she could supposedly find the day of the week corresponding to any date in history. Eberstark told the reporter that he could not perform either of those feats. He was told not to be concerned so long as he could extract roots. He was then taken to the Indian consulate, which was organizing Devi's tour.

"At first," Eberstark told me, "we were received politely. They showed me some press clippings. I was suitably awed. Then the Indian consul told me that wherever Shakuntala Devi went, there were always people who said they could do the same thing: 'I am sorry to see that you are among them. You are, no doubt, a very good calculator, but this woman is an absolute miracle. She sees the figures before her eyes, and she *reads them off*. No one knows how she does it, least of all herself.' The reporter suggested that Shakuntala Devi and I pose for a photograph together. The consul said, 'Certainly not! Clear out! I have important things to do.'"

Eberstark decided that he would go into deep training in order to be able to do whatever Devi could do. He attended her performance, a mixed bag. For dates prior to 1900 her days of the week were off by one—something the older members of the audience spotted when it came to their birthdays. Her impresario suggested that this might have to do with a difference between the Indian and European calendars. Eberstark realized that she did not know that 1900 was not a leap year. She was able to extract roots, but when she was asked to multiply six-digit numbers, she said she was out of practice. Eberstark was by now able to do this, and having been sufficiently irritated by the Indian consul, he decided to give his own performance.

In preparing his demonstration Eberstark created a sort of number script. He translated numbers into "words" in a language he invented. Our minds seem to be adept at retaining abstract lists if the elements sound like words. (As an illustration, Eberstark presented me with twenty letters to remember. He recited one after the other, b-a-u-t-c-h-p-i-r-g-n-a-r-g-d-a-l-e-p-o. My first reaction was a kind of panic, but then I grouped batches of letters into words like "bautch" and "dalepo," and had no trouble remembering them.) Eberstark assigned each digit a letter. Seven became *L*, because it looked like an upside-down *L*, and six became *P* or *B*. To avoid unpronounceable words he added a short *A*, which has no numerical significance. There is also advanced Eberstark, in which sixty-six is not *PP* but *M*. Eberstark explained, "I remember



BIBLES FROM EBERSTARK'S VAST COLLECTION

numbers because their shapes remind me of letters. I would call it not mnemotechnics but mnemonics. I see each figure written in a particular script, like the Greek or the Cyrillic alphabet. My number system was simply like learning a different script."

What fascinates Eberstark about mental arithmetic is not the numbers but the odd sounds that emerge. The number 2,694 is "turf," while 2,693 is "treg." In advanced Eberstark 504,562 is "sofspat." All his mental arithmetic is done in terms of these words. He recited the first 1,500 digits of pi for me. It sounded like a mixture of Tibetan chant and rap. He told me that it takes him about five minutes to memorize a hundred digits. The difficulty is in gluing together these hundred-digit units—"bridging the transitions." To do this, he finds additional associations among his words.

The world of computing prodigies is a small one. They soon learn of one another. So it was natural for Eberstark and Wim Klein to be in correspondence before they ever met, in the early 1960s. By this time Eberstark had gone to work for the International Labor Organization, and Klein for CERN. Before that Klein had performed as a computing "freak" in circuses and schools and as a street performer, dodging the French police. He had an office at CERN a few doors from the one I occupied in the summers. He was a friendly man, always willing to extract a root if one needed it. It turned out that he had memorized the entire table of logarithms to many places, along with the values of the trigonometric functions. It saddens me to think that all this is now available on pocket calculators costing a few dollars. After the arrival of electronic computers at CERN put Klein out of business, he often gave lecture demonstrations, some of them with Eberstark.

Eberstark told me about his relationship with Klein. "He said I reminded him of his older brother." (Klein was actually some fifteen years older than Eberstark.) "His

older brother had been gassed by the Germans. Wim barely escaped. He said that we had similar methods in arithmetic. But we were very different. Wim was impatient and choleric. I'm very calm. We were both interested in calculation, but I was also interested in languages and he was not. It was difficult to communicate with Wim, because he bubbled over, in several languages. But I knew what he wanted to say. It took us about the same amount of time to calculate the weekday for a particular date. I was pretty fast at multiplication, but he was even faster. He wrote his multiplications as he went along, while I did them in my head and only wrote the answer. The one great thing about him was that he was able to factor eight-digit numbers. He tried to explain how he did it, but he lost patience. Incidentally, I met my wife at one of our joint performances in the German Club of Geneva."

After Klein retired from CERN, he moved to Amsterdam. In July of 1986 he was murdered by two men who had broken into his apartment. "It was a sad ending," Eberstark commented, "yet it was in character. He wasn't the sort to die in bed after a long illness. There was something sensational—a certain circus atmosphere—about him, and this was a crowning end to his life."

One Language

WHEN EBERSTARK LECTURES NOW, THE SUBJECT is usually his theory of the origin of languages. He is convinced that all languages evolved from a single proto-language—the first human language. Academic linguists used to dismiss this idea, but now it has wider support. (See "Quest for the Mother Tongue," by Robert Wright, April, 1991, *Atlantic*.) Eberstark thinks that many academic linguists are too narrowly focused. "They specialize in a given group of languages and hardly look beyond their noses," he said. "A person perfectly conversant with Indo-European languages would have had a classical education in Latin and Greek. He would know the Romance languages and understand the sound laws. But he would find the Finno-Ugric languages—Finnish, Estonian, and Lappish on the one hand, and Hungarian on the other—to be completely different. He wouldn't see that the inflection syllables, the conjugations, are similar in Finnish and Hungarian, and that these in turn are similar to the Indo-European languages. The same correspondence can be found between the Semitic-Hamitic languages, the Indo-European languages, and the Altaic languages like Mongolian and Japanese. People who are really interested in learning about the origins of languages, and try to analyze them outside the realm of Indo-European languages, are themselves often outsiders. As outsiders, they are rather undisciplined in establishing rules. The theory was initially discredited because many of the examples given didn't stand up."

Eberstark described some of the pitfalls. Loan words

are often cited incorrectly as evidence of linguistic similarities. In Hebrew, for example, the word for "organization" is *irgun*, which is derived from the same root as "organization," which is from the Indo-European consonant root 'r-g-n. Then there is the matter of the phonemes that occur in a given language—fifteen in Polynesian and some forty-five in Georgian, to take two examples. The fact that similar phonemes occur in various languages, opponents of the unified-language theory argue, has to do with sound symbolism. A word like "roar" might sound similar in various unrelated languages because it sounds like what it means. To avoid this cavil, Eberstark chooses words that are primitive—verbs like "eat" and "drink" and simple numbers. He gave me a brief lecture on the words for "one."

"What you find in the Asian languages," he said, "is one of the most commonly spread roots for 'one'—*whd* or *yhd*. It's *echad* in Hebrew, *wahid* in Arabic. Fine, but in Finnish it's *yksi*, which doesn't sound very much like *whd*. But the Finnish word has been modified—*yksi* is in the nominative, but the root is *yht* or *yhde*, which leads again back to *yhd*. Then the Finnish *yksi* becomes *égy* in Hungarian, but you have to know the phonetic correspondences for the Finno-Ugric languages to see how that works. Japanese is a special case, because 'one' has two different roots: the Sino-Japanese root, in which the Japanese took the old Chinese numbers, and the original Japanese numbers, which are very different. In the original Japanese 'one' is *hitotsu*, which when pronounced sounds very much like *yhd*. The usual Japanese for 'one' is *ichi*, and this is derived from the Chinese *yit*, so there again you have *yhd*. Then, in Malay or Indonesian it's *satu*. That doesn't sound very much like *yhd*, but in Malay there is no 'hy'—pronounced as in 'huge'—phoneme, which means that *satu* would have evolved from *hyatu*. There are a number of languages where the 'se' sound corresponds to 'yh' in another language—*sind* and *hindu*, for example, both meaning 'India.' In English you won't find *yhd* or *whd* meaning 'one.' But in Anglo-Saxon you do find *wiht* meaning 'something.' That is clear from 'naught,' 'not something,' which was originally *nāwih*. In German you have it in *nicht*—'not.'

"There are also an enormous number of languages that have the same root for 'seven': *seben*, *septum*, *hepta*—the 'se' and the 'he' phonemes are related to each other—and *seitzmä* in Finnish or *hét* in Hungarian. Similar to *hepta*, same root as *seitzmä*. In Hebrew it's *ševa* and in Arabic it's *sib'a*. In Basque you have *saspiak*. In Swahili . . ." At that point I stopped Eberstark, because my head was beginning to reel.

Both Eberstark and Klein claimed that their skills were a question of method, and therefore could be taught. Both tried to teach me. The more they did, the less I understood. Both seemed genuinely puzzled that others could not do what they did. Genius for me has always been someone's doing effortlessly what I cannot do at all. □

STONES

BY GUY BILLOUT





Vox Populi

Rap can be as enjoyable as it is offensive, which might explain its staying power

by Francis Davis

ROCK-AND-ROLL has outlived its usefulness to most of us who grew up with it. The current hits aren't about us anymore, but that's all right—we're no longer crowding the clubs and record stores. Pop has always existed primarily for the young, the only ones who have time for it. The source of disenchantment is in realizing that the favorite songs of our high school and college years are no longer about us either—they reflect where we were in our lives then, not where we are now.

This may be why so many of my friends have developed a sudden interest in country, a style of pop whose subject matter is less often adolescent sensuality than adult wreckage. It may also explain why so many aging rock singers, on finding themselves in a reflective mood, have turned to songs given their definitive interpretations by Frank Sinatra in the 1950s, when our parents were our current age. With no-

table exceptions, including Neil Young, Richard Thompson, and Loudon Wainwright III, the pop singers of our own generation have given us no clue as to how grownups of our day are supposed to feel and behave as they enter middle age. This is because these pop singers know no better than we do.

I sense, too, that the first full generation after ours might be more disenchanting with rock than we are: between their favorites and ours exists no clear line of demarcation like the one that existed between the big-band crooners our parents had enjoyed and our yowling idols. Pop today, in other words, has something to alienate everyone. People in their late thirties and older are put off because it's not just theirs anymore, younger people because it never was just theirs.

No other subgenre of pop alienates as many people as deeply as rap does, despite what I sense to be a suspicion

—even on the part of those who profess to find rap indistinguishable from random gunfire—that it is the only thing happening right now, the only kind of pop with the sort of larger cultural significance taken for granted in pop since Woodstock.

BY THE TIME a rap song first made the national charts—"Rapper's Delight," by the Sugar Hill Gang, in 1979—rap was already something of an old story, having started about five years earlier as an underground offshoot of disco. Its origins as a kind of dance music are hinted at in its other name, "hip-hop," which is preferred by those for whom it is not just music but a look, an attitude, and a lifestyle, although even they frequently use the terms interchangeably. The "rap" is the lead vocal or vocals; "hip-hop" is the vocal plus everything else on the record—the background chants

and disjunct instrumental sounds that initiates call the "beats," which are sometimes supplied by live singers and musicians but are more frequently the result of a disc jockey's sampling bits and pieces of other records.

In the beginning the rap was optional. Hip-hop's first heroes were its DJs, who provided a nonstop groove for dancers by isolating, electronically boosting, and repeating ad infinitum bass lines and drum breaks from 1970s funk and glam-rock hits. Although vilified by some as plagiarists and scavengers, these hip-hop DJs (Grandmaster Flash and Afrika Bambaataa became the most famous of them) were essentially grass-roots successors to Phil Spector, Brian Wilson, and George Martin, the 1960s rock producers who pioneered the use of the recording studio as an instrument in its own right. A sociological study that attempted to link the rise of hip-hop to the decreased availability of musical instruments in public schools in the 1970s would be right on target. In the meantime, what needs to be acknowledged about hip-hop, apart from its paradoxical origins as a roots music dependent on electronic technology, is its remarkable staying power. It has outlasted graffiti, break dancing, and every other manifestation of the black-teen Zeitgeist of which it was initially seen as only one component.

Rap remains dance music, and on the most basic level a catchy rap song wins you over in much the same manner any good pop song does: by virtue of its hooks—those vocal refrains and stupid instrumental riffs you can't get out of your head. The DJs have been relegated to the background, but the most imaginative of the record producers who have succeeded them—Teddy Riley (Wreckx-N-Effect, Kool Moe Dee, and Heavy D. and the Boyz), Prince Paul (Queen Latifah, Big Daddy Kane, 3rd Bass, and De La Soul), and Hank Shocklee (Ice Cube and Public Enemy)—are responsible for the only formal innovation in pop since the punk minimalism of Talking Heads and the Ramones in the late 1970s.

The controversy surrounding rap, however, usually concerns its lyrics, not its hooks or its merits as a music for dancing. In Michael Small's informative 1992 rap scrapbook, *Break It Down* (Citadel Press), Afrika Bambaataa includes on his list of rap's possible antecedents African call and response,

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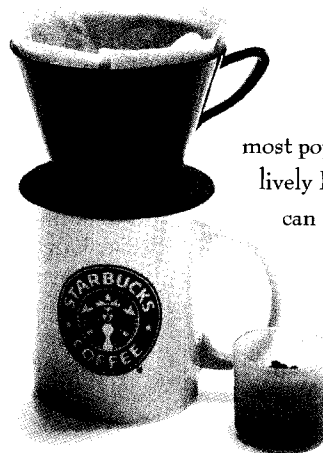
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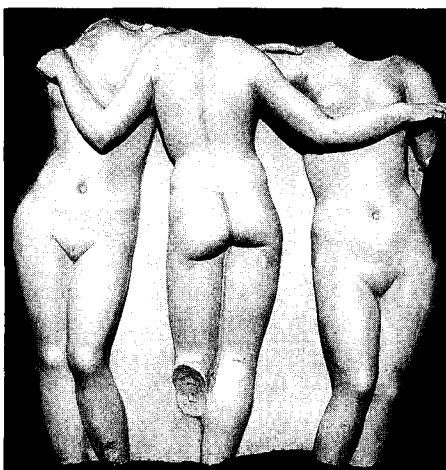


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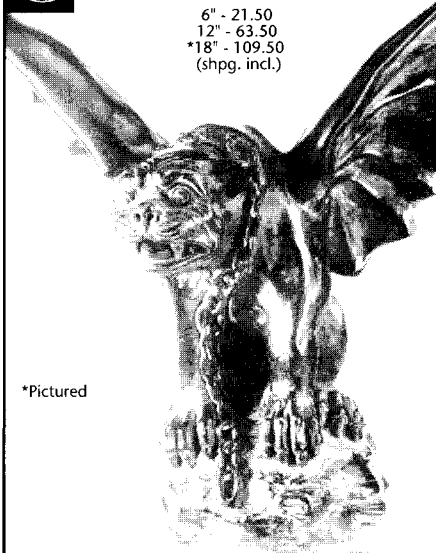


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the insult game called the dozens, Cab Calloway, chitlin-circuit comedians, bebop scat singing, black nationalist oratory, Jamaican dance-hall "toasts," and the "political awareness rap" of the Last Poets, a spoken-word group popular in the 1970s. Others have mentioned the influence of jive-talking radio disc jockeys, the singing poet Gil Scott-Heron, and the jump-rope game double dutch.

Rap can also be compared to 1950s a cappella or doo-wop, with which it shares a street-corner male ethic, a delight in onomatopoeia, and an ingenuity in making do with very little. The difference is that doo-wop's young singers were forever trying on courtly feelings much too large for them, on already popular songs such as "Red Sails in the Sunset" and "A Sunday Kind of Love." Rap has no dreamy side—unless you accept, as an indication of how times have changed, a song like Ice Cube's "It Was a Good Day," from his recent CD *The Predator*, in which Ice Cube enjoys marathon sex, gets drunk without throwing up, doesn't get stopped and searched by the police, doesn't have to attend the funerals of any buddies, and goes the entire day without having to fire his AK-47. As if to show us what a fantasy all this is, the video for the song ends with Ice Cube in a Los Angeles SWAT team's crosshairs.

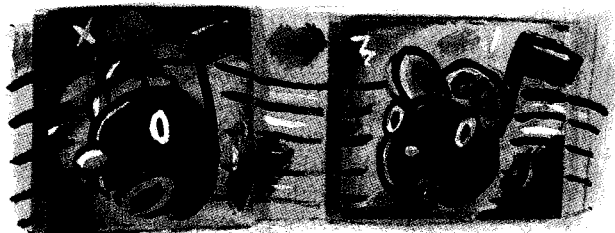
Ice Cube, a founding member of a group called N.W.A ("Niggas With Attitude"), epitomizes "gangsta," probably the most popular style of rap right now, and certainly the most truculent and ghetto-centric—the style people have in mind when they condemn rap for its comic-book Afrocentrism, its monotonous profanity, its Uzi-brandishing, its anti-Semitism and intolerance of Asians, its homophobia and crotch-grabbing misogyny, and the seeming determination of many of its performers to conform to every negative black stereotype.

According to gangsta's apologists in the music press, these objectionable characteristics are symptoms of black disempowerment. It's difficult to argue with this at face value—difficult not to feel, on being subjected to a drive-by musical attack from a Jeep whose back seat has been torn out and replaced with speakers, that what one is hearing

is the death rattle of Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream.

Just as there is something called alternative rock, which nobody in the music business seems quite able to define except by example, there is something called alternative rap—perhaps best exemplified by the group Arrested Development. Musically, the difference between gangsta and alternative is that alternative tends to be more playful, both in its rhymes and in its sampling. But the *perceived* difference between the two styles has almost nothing to do with music. One gains a sense of what both gangsta and alternative have come to stand for by listening to "People Everyday," a song from Arrested Development's debut album, *3 Years, 5 Months & 2 Days in the Life of...* Speech, Arrested Development's leader, is spending the afternoon in the park with his girlfriend when along come "a group of brothers" swigging forty-ounce bottles of malt liquor, "goin' the nigga route," and "disrespecting my black queen." Speech at first ignores them, but after they make fun of his colorful garb (an Afrocentric variation on thrift-shop chic, to judge from the album cover) and start "squeezing parts of my date's anatomy," he springs into action. "I ain't Ice Cube," he tells us, "but I had to take the brother out for bein' rude."

It takes "three or four" cops to pull Speech off the gangsta (who evidently survives the encounter), and the story becomes one of "a black man, acting like a nigga and get stomped by an African." Speech, who tells us on another



er of the album's songs that he's "a bit shorter than the average man" and on yet another that "brothers" in possession of automatic weapons "need to learn how to correctly shoot them, [to] save those rounds for a revolution," has more in common with Ice Cube than he may care to admit. A machismo fantasy is still a machismo fantasy, even if it takes the form of an appeal to black pride rather than a call for retribution against the police. And shouldn't a song-

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writer who has been praised for leading one of the few sexually integrated rap groups know better than to put a woman on a pedestal as his "black queen"? At least she's not his "bitch" or his "ho," as she might be on a gangsta record. And at least Speech's politics are slightly more sophisticated than those of the gangstas, many of whom claim Malcolm X as their role model, although what they seem to find most admirable about him is that he was once a street hustler with the gift of gab, just like them.



BEYOND COMPLAINING that rap isn't really music because so few of its performers play instruments or "sing" in the conventional sense of the word, middle-class whites who grew up dancing to Motown's three-minute assimilationist fantasies seem to be alienated by what they take to be rap's black-separatist agenda. A still deeper source of frustration might be a sense on the part of middle-aged whites that rap's tacit off-limits sign is generational, not racial.

But at whose young is rap aimed? In a nasty little cover piece on rap in a 1991 issue of *The New Republic*, David Samuels argued that the audience for rap now consists in large measure of white middle-class teenagers turned on by rap's "evocation of an age-old image of blackness: a foreign, sexually charged, and criminal underworld against which the norms of white society are defined and, by extension, through which they may be defiled." The cover of Ice-T's recent *Home Invasion*, which depicts a white tousle-top surrounded by the books of Malcolm X, Donald Goines, and Iceberg Slim, listening to music on headphones as he fantasizes that his mother is being ravished and his father is being beaten to death by muscular black intruders, suggests that there's some merit to Samuels's argument.

So what? Rap's young white fans are hardly the first of their race to get off on black music. The problem with focusing on what percentage of rap's listenership is white and whether its per-

formers pander to white sexual fantasies is that such questions leave black adults out altogether. Reading any of the recent trendy books and magazine pieces contrasting the tastes and values of Boomers with those of their offspring, one might think that generation gaps were an exclusively white phenomenon. Yet a visit to a record store with one section for rap and another for soul makes clear that black America has its own generation gap, of which differing tastes in music are only the visible tip.

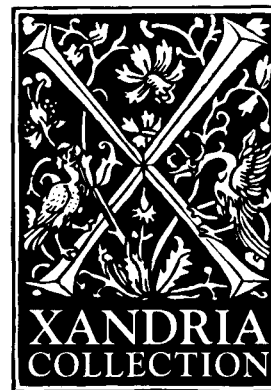
As the essayist Gerald Early has pointed out,

Each new generation [of African-Americans] views its elders with suspicion, thinking them failures who compromised and accommodated themselves in

order to survive among the whites. And each generation, in some way, wishes to free itself from the generation that produced it.

African-Americans now in their late thirties or early forties, already resentful of their marginalization by mass media that tend to present black culture only in terms of new directions in jive, must sometimes feel as though everything they grew up believing is under attack in some of the music their children are listening to. "When we first started, everything was black-this and black-that—the whole positive black thing," Easy E, the former drug dealer who was a founder of N.W.A, once explained to an interviewer. "We said f... that—we wanted to come out in everybody's face. Something that would shock people."

This particular generational clash is exacerbated by class friction of a sort seldom experienced by whites. In *Juice*, an otherwise forgettable 1992 action movie directed by Ernest Dickerson (Spike Lee's cinematographer), a man named Quincy who is an aspiring hip-hop DJ from the projects introduces himself as "Q" (his street name) to the estranged husband of the older woman he's been sleeping with. "What, did names like Mustafah and Akbar become too hard to spell?" the husband sneers. His equal disdain for the African or Islamic names given to children by roots-conscious black parents in the 1970s and for the breezy street names many of those kids have since adopted



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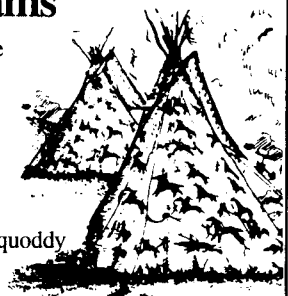
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is supposed to tip us off that this man is a member of the black bourgeoisie, or at least aspires to it. Both kinds of names reek of the ghetto to him, and this makes him an unsympathetic character in the movie's scheme of things. What gives the scene its power and surprising complexity is the glimpse it provides of the alienation felt by many middle-class African-Americans at a time when the ghetto street culture celebrated in rap is increasingly viewed as the only authentic black experience.

MY OWN feelings about rap are so conflicted that I hardly know how to answer when somebody asks if I'm a fan. As a middle-aged white man, I'm in no position to think of rap as mine. As a music critic, I listen to a good deal of it out of professional obligation, and I enjoy much of what I hear—although even much of the rap I enjoy troubles or saddens me. The rapper most admired by my colleagues is Chuck D, of the group Public Enemy, who has, in effect, put a beat to the bluster of the Black Panthers and the Nation of Islam. Marshall Berman, a professor at the City University of New York and the author of *All That Is Solid Melts Into Air*, an influential text on modernism, has likened Public Enemy's "breakthroughs" in rap to "Picasso's in painting, Eliot's and Pound's in poetry, Faulkner's and Joyce's in the novel, Parker's in jazz." All I hear in Chuck D is a rapper whose delivery is too sententious to be convincing and whose worship by the pop intelligentsia is evidence of the extent to which black racism is now accepted as a legitimate response to white oppression.

The rap performers I enjoy are those who emphasize production values, songcraft, and that quality of playfulness endemic to all good pop. These include P. M. Dawn, Neneh Cherry, De La Soul, and a new group from Los Angeles called The Pharcyde. Another new group, the Digable Planets, are nothing if not playful in attempting to fuse rap with elements of bebop, but what finally turns me off about them is their reduction of jazz to walking bass lines, finger-snaps, and bohemian posturing.

These performers (I'll add Arrested Development, if only for their "Tennessee," an evocation of the agrarian South as a place filled with both harrowing and idyllic memories for black Americans) suggest the wide range of

approaches possible in a genre as seemingly inflexible as rap. My favorite among all recent pop albums is one generally spoken of as an example of alternative rap, though it might not be if the young performer responsible for it weren't black and didn't employ sampling and other hip-hop studio conventions.

Michael Ivey is the leader of a group called Basehead, which—at least on its debut album, *Play With Toys*—turns out to be not a group at all but just Ivey on guitar and vocals, a drummer named Brian Hendrix, and a handful of other musicians drifting in and out of the studio. Ivey sings in a small voice as uvular as any we've heard since Donovan. When he isn't singing, he's speeding up and slowing down the tape to alter his speaking voice: what are presented as arguments between him and his friends are actually Ivey's stoned interior monologues. Although "basehead" is street slang for someone who freebases cocaine, the illegal substance of choice in Ivey's songs is marijuana, and even it takes second place to beer—Ivey or one of his imaginary friends is always popping the top off a cold one.

Ivey is a musical as well as a verbal ironist who delights in subverting both rock and gangsta-rap conventions. His guitar riffs demonstrate pop's boomerang effect: played a little faster and with more thunder, they could be the riffs that Led Zeppelin and other British proto-metal bands appropriated from the Delta bluesmen. The bass-heavy sound mix on *Play With Toys* is similar to those favored by the gangstas, but Ivey turns the tables on them by sampling N.W.A's "8 Ball" on a song called (what else?) "Ode to My Favorite Beer."

Ivey's melodies are slightly woozy and doggedly minimalistic; a key change is a big event. Not much happens in his lyrics either. Ivey, who recently graduated from Howard University with a degree in film, drinks beer, writes songs, broods over breaking up with his girlfriend, and frets over his own future and the fate of other young black men as he watches the evening news. Although compared by critics to the aimless post-adolescents in Richard Linklater's movie *Slacker*, Ivey can no more be said to represent a type than his music can be reduced to sociology.

Basehead's new *Not in Kansas Any-more* is a disappointing follow-up on

which Ivey—whose cult listenership is mostly white, to judge from the audience that turned out for a show he gave in Philadelphia last winter—makes what sounds like a deliberate attempt to blacken up, at least in terms of his lyrics. Leaving his apartment for a change, he's treated as a potential shoplifter in a clothing store and stopped and frisked by the police for no apparent reason other than that he's young and black, and therefore assumed to be armed and dangerous. Though I don't doubt for a minute that Ivey is writing from experience, his touch is almost too light to convey his indignation.

This turf belongs to the gangstas, whose ghetto narratives forcefully express the rage a middle-class monologist such as Ivey can't bring himself to feel. What gives a song like Ice-T's "Cop Killer" or Paris's "Coffee, Doughnuts & Death" its troubling power is the performer's sense and ours that he isn't speaking just for himself. These songs are the only ones on the radio now in which more seems at stake than a spot on next week's charts. But the

fact of their social significance does not allow us to overlook all that is reprehensible about them; issues are rarely that simple, and neither is pop.

I am someone whose tolerance for such violent films as Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* and Abel Ferrara's *Bad Lieutenant* renders him vulnerable to charges of practicing a racial double standard in feeling such dismay over rap's bloodlust. And I do admit that rap troubles me in a way that movies rarely do. But there are differences between movies and pop music, perhaps the most obvious of which is that movies, by their very nature, are capable of presenting multiple points of view. In *Reservoir Dogs*, for example, Tarantino stops just short of showing us a cop having his ear sliced off by a sadistic, razor-wielding hood played by Michael Madsen. This is a scene that sickens some moviegoers and sends others stumbling for the exits, either in fear of what they're about to see or in fear of their response to it. The camera follows Madsen throughout the scene, and it's difficult not to become caught

up in his delirium as he turns up the volume on the radio, does a series of graceful little dance steps to Stealers Wheel's "Stuck in the Middle With You," and closes in on his defenseless, screaming captive. "Was that as good for you as it was for me?" Madsen asks the cop afterward. Then he douses him with gasoline and pulls out his lighter. Madsen might also be asking those of us who sat through the scene without averting our eyes. But along with Madsen's dance steps, what stays in the mind are the cop's screams and his dazed reaction to his mutilation and imminent death.

Pop songs are theoretically as capable as film of providing this kind of emotional and moral complexity. Randy Newman and Lou Reed are among the pop songwriters who have provided it, or at least have come close. Rap is strictly first-person-singular at this point. Its young performers have yet to develop the artistic, and moral, gift of empathy. Maybe when they grow up. This, though, may be asking too much of pop. □

Q: Which is the only quotation book that gives you:

Ruth Bader Ginsberg on abortion: "The emphasis must not be on the right to abortion but on the right to privacy and reproductive control." **Alice Walker on Sundays:** "Anybody can observe the Sabbath, but making it holy surely takes the rest of the week." **Marcel Proust on happiness:** "Happiness serves hardly any other purpose than to make unhappiness possible."

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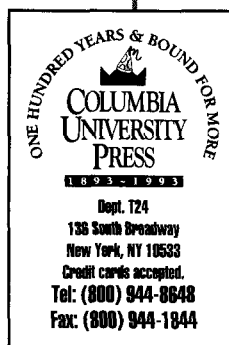
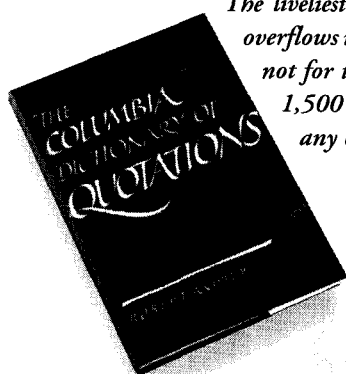
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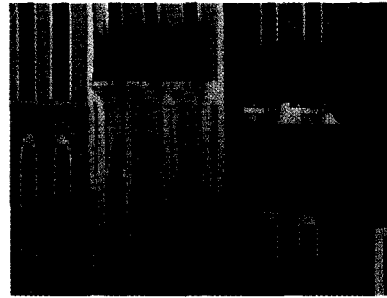
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Puerto Rico's Riches

Beyond the stereotype lies an exceptionally varied and beautiful island

by Herbert L. Hiller

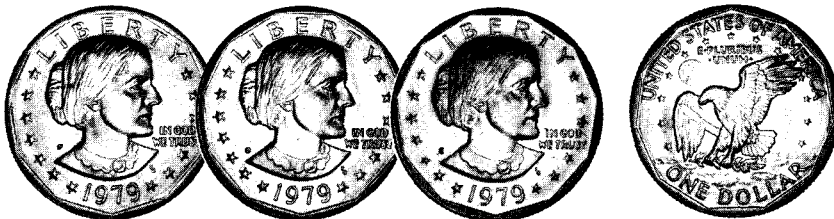
PUERTO RICO claims vacation attention as one of the most beautiful, culturally diverse, and accessible islands in the Caribbean. Nevertheless, for many Americans the prospect of vacationing in Puerto Rico holds little interest. The Puerto Rican underclass looms in their minds. Puerto Ricans represent poverty and, at the threshold of prejudice, some root connection with the fallen quality of urban life. Puerto Rico tries to counter these negative impressions by promoting itself as America in the Caribbean. Yet the real cultural appeal of the island is precisely the tension—"our rebelliousness," in the words of Paul Vivoni, a former director of the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture—between Puerto Rico's resilient Spanish heritage and the ways of a suzerain America. More prideful than hostile, that rebelliousness ultimately comes to seem to the inquisitive traveler like a gift.

Since the United States seized Puerto Rico from Spain, in 1898, the island's political status has remained unresolved. Today Puerto Rico's relationship with the United States is riddled with contradictions. Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens but disenfranchised in U.S. elections. Mainland corporations are induced to benefit the insular econ-

omy by establishing island plants with tax concessions that Congress can withdraw at any time. After more than forty years of local elections, and having fought for almost twice that time in America's wars, Puerto Ricans enjoy neither statehood nor independence, and even now, with a nonbinding plebiscite on the question scheduled for November, it is not clear which status they would prefer. Precisely this conundrum of becoming yet never arriving characterizes the Puerto Rican personality, affecting life with sadness and defiance, with romantic ambiguity. Puerto Ricans revere the past with an intensity that suggests that tomorrow, ever wished for, will arrive looking much like yesterday.

Although I was aware of the high rate of violent crime in metropolitan San Juan (it is higher than that in New York City), I walked, bicycled, and drove a car everywhere during thirty days of visits to the island last year and this. I found that the best way to get to know Puerto Rico starts with walking through Old San Juan. In the old city—in contrast to the new—and in the old towns throughout the countryside, where community still exists, I felt safe walking day or night. (The violent-crime rate for Puerto Rico as a whole

At left and above, the balconies and cobbled streets of Old San Juan



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The old city is a narrow peninsula only eight blocks by seven, extended by the military installations of El Morro and Fort San Cristóbal and by a walled perimeter studded with stone sentry boxes become icons. Over five centuries the old city's military posture has slackened to informality. Where else in "America," for example, will you still see a housewife on a third-story balcony lowering a straw basket on a string for groceries?

Mornings you step into slanted sun and shadow and feel the trace of empire in the city's antique look. Every few blocks has its ancient plaza. Children play among statues of folk singers and conquistadores. An art installation on the Plaza de Armas early this year featured a house full of tinkling wind chimes. Even the Pueblo supermarket stocks its shelves inside neoclassical architecture. Buildings are restored in wonderful pastel colors; the streets are narrow and fitted with old blue stones. Wood-balustered balconies flaunt frangipani, hibiscus, and bougainvillea. Streets drop and rise as if flung.

Everything built comes right up to the sidewalk, the entire city hugging your explorations. Galleries are everywhere, and tucked between the backs of buildings that don't quite meet are surprise gardens with fountains. Ornamental grillwork fills many spaces, and handmade tiles decorate steps leading to upstairs apartments. Many buildings bear plaques—some grandly historical and others commemorating, for example, where the first piña colada was concocted, or where literary meetings were held in the 1870s. Ponce de León, cast in bronze from cannons captured during the British attack of 1797, stands across from the Plaza de San José, which long ago, as a plaque notes, was a public washing place and cattle pasture.

Two small lodgings complement the old city's character: the atrium- and art-filled Casa San José and The Gallery Inn, which is a working art studio with guest suites and intimate banqueting rooms where local bankers flatter clients. Several excellent restaurants are in the old city, including Il Perugini and the Bistro Gambaro. La Mallorquina is the oldest restaurant, dating from 1848. Campostela, Ramiro's, and many more are a short cab ride away.

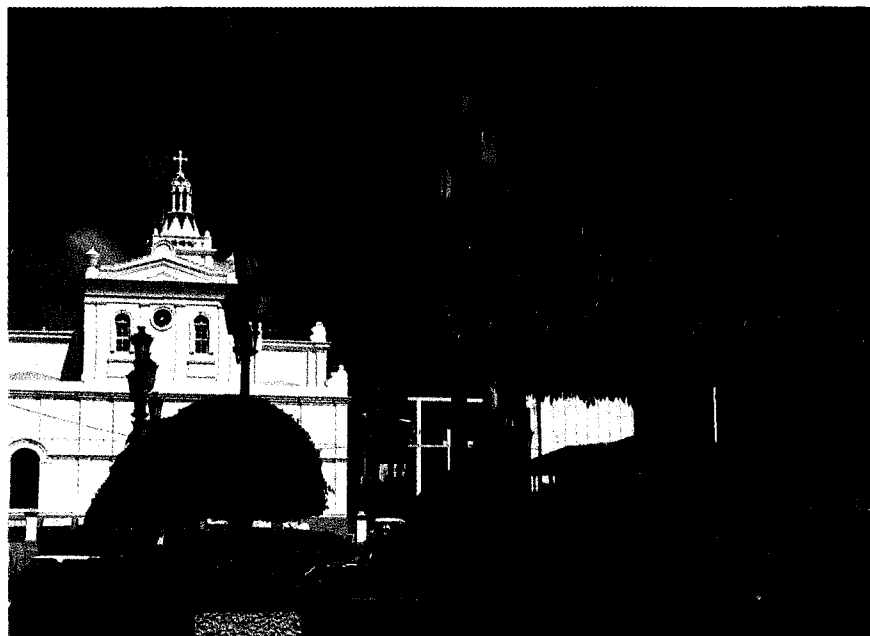
The subtlety of Old San Juan can be

glimpsed in the way rent-controlled apartments are mixed among town-houses for the wealthy. The nuisance of getting around by car further equalizes life. Everyone walks to the *sapatería* to get shoes resoled or to the *colmado* for a food item or two. By day apartment balconies are hung with women in simple dresses, men in undershirts. The place is a museum yet hoi polloi.

At night cars lurch crazily down the ballast-stone streets aglow with coach lanterns. At street level only restaurants and bars are lighted; they are announced by blasts of salsa or, at Nono's, by jazzy piano. At Hijos de Borinquen young artists show off portfolios of their work to one another and to patrons. El Batey is dark and cavelike, with caricatures and names scrawled across the walls, and with large lampshades formed of business cards strung together. At some street corners the street names are imprinted on artful wall tiles. Calle de la Luna shows a smiling crescent moon, Calle del Cristo a numinous Christ on the cross.

PUERTO RICO is a much greater and more varied space than you can hope to cover in any two or three visits. The island stretches 110 miles east to west, with a range of mountains that reach above 4,000 feet running from end to end. On a day without haze, at points along the Ruta Panorámica you can see both the north and south coasts—a combined distance of thirty-five miles. That highway, which zigzags 150 miles along a ridge of exceptional roadside beauty, each spring draws fitness enthusiasts who over successive weekends hike portions of it until they have walked coast to coast.

Those exploring by car will find worthwhile attractions in all parts of the country, particularly if they allow serendipity to balance their itineraries. From Mayagüez, on the west coast, you can drive north and east into karstic countryside to visit the caves at Camuy. These are remarkable for their enormous main chamber—as large as a domed stadium—and for the swift Camuy River, which was responsible long ago for the caves and is today still roaring, though it is visible only through a sinkhole, a terrifying distance below. Nearby is the Arecibo Observatory, where astronomers dressed in jeans and sneakers transmit and receive signals to



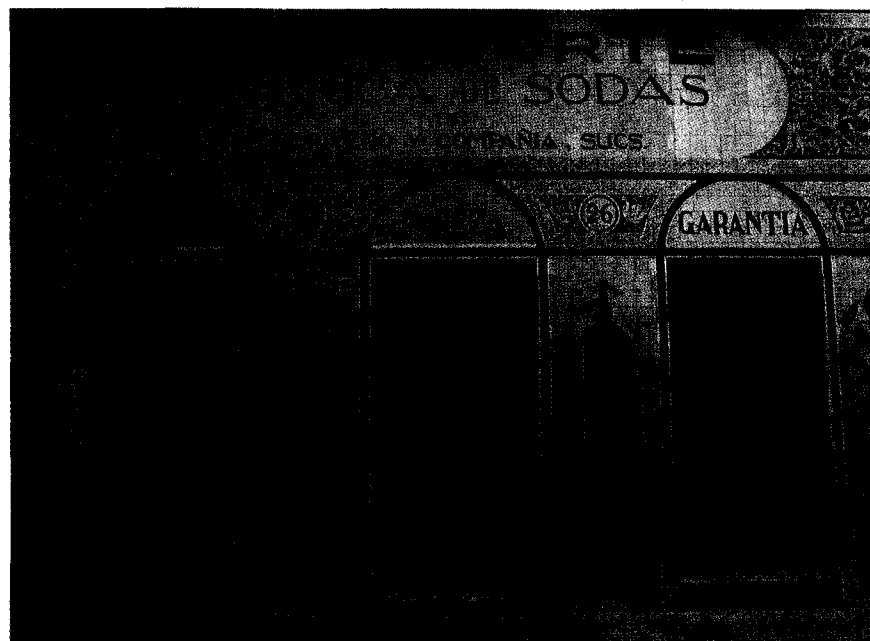
A manicured plaza in San Germán, Puerto Rico's second oldest city

and from places thousands of light years away, using antennas and a reflector suspended across twenty acres—some modern Babel meant to scan God's purpose. The scientists reveal themselves as playful with a propensity to program spacy music during visitors' hours.

Nearer still to Mayagüez, in the foothills, I found Casa de Piedras—the House of Stones—so named because one climbs up steep stone steps to an old stone-and-bamboo house of rustic beauty, now a bar with a panoramic view of the coast. The house sits open

to the hillside, fancifully overdone in mosaic tiles, with terraced alcoves made private by jungle growth. The place is as well a gallery of *independentista* art, with guitars and folkloric tapes and records continuously playing.

I liked Guánica, on the south coast, or, more precisely, two places to stay there: the Copamarina Beach Resort and the very B&B-like Mary Lee's by the Sea. Each is remote, yet neither is so complete as are, for example, Hyatt's Dorado and Cerromar resorts, on the north coast, or the extensively refurb-



A façade in Old San Juan features elaborate tile work

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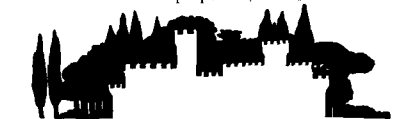
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bished El Conquistador, on the east coast, which is scheduled to reopen this month—virtual resort cities, with their own casinos. In Guánica, after a day or two on the beach the temptation is to drive loops. One day you might go to the hill town of Maricao; then to the coast town of Joyuda, famed for its seafood restaurants; to restored San Germán, the next-oldest city after San Juan, dating, it's believed, from 1512, and now renewing its historic quarter as a way of countering urban sprawl; and finally, in early evening, to Phosphorescent Bay for a boat ride.

Another day visit is to nearby Ponce, once the island's principal trading port and now a jewel of preservation, where \$500 million has been invested in historic renewal. Ponce, like San Juan, is a city for walking. Worth driving to in its environs are the restored coffee plantation Hacienda Buena Vista and the Tibes Ceremonial Park of the pre-Taíno Indians. On the way back to Guánica is the Guánica Dry Forest, a counterpart to the rain forest El Yunque of the northeast.

The government-affiliated Puerto Rico Tourism Company (212-599-6262 or 800-223-6530) not only provides information about lodgings and attractions island-wide but also sponsors a network of *paradores puertorriqueños*, country inns that were originally intended to reflect the indigenous character of their localities. Not all do. Those I have visited that can be recommended for indigenous character and also high standards of cleanliness, service, and food include Parador Villa Parguera, in Lajas, not far from Phosphorescent Bay; Parador Hacienda Gripiñas, a restored coffee-plantation house in the mountains in Jayuya, close to the Ruta Panorámica; Parador Casa Grande, in the hills, close by lakes, in Utuado; and Parador Hacienda Juanita, another coffee-plantation house, directly on the Ruta Panorámica, in Maricao.

As I traveled around, it seemed to me that every town, simply by remaining rooted in Spanish colonial times, presented a wondrously metaphorical juxtaposition after a century of influence by the United States of Detroit. Each town has its behemoth Chevrolets rigged with loudspeakers urging everyone to visit the Casa de Novias Margari-

ta, or Dr. J. Hernandez Padrón Specialista Medicina Interna, or the Farmacia Gímenez. I sensed life figured out more from imagination and risk than from mere labor and capital. Life came across as the daily negotiation of what works.

Even the smallest villages affix culture firmly to scene with such repetitive elements as arched doorways, *tablones públicos* for posting notices, the parasols that the women carry, and the guayaberas and straw hats and cigars and canes of the elderly men who sit on the slat benches in the plazas. These



*Puerto Rico's ample size is evident on
the Ruta Panorámica*

things say Puerto Rico as surely as do the tree frogs that lull your sleep in the countryside and the roosters that awaken you to dark coffee and pungent mornings.

There is about Puerto Rico this aspect of everything doubly resonant, both straightforward and symbolic. The poster tradition that Governor Luis Muñoz Marín began in the fifties, to instruct the poor in how to wear shoes and how to get rid of stagnant water, has become a folk-art form, every *municipio* celebrating its coffee harvest or kite fes-

tival with an annual series prized by collectors. Paul Vivoni says, "While we await the resolution of status, culture is the only weapon we have." Everything that represents the American century—from Coca-Cola to Pat Ewing sneakers to MTV—has an aspect as if decaled onto unsure surfaces, susceptible to being peeled off.

Puerto Rico's current tourism administration has announced its intention to double tourism's contribution to gross domestic product over the next decade, from six percent to 12—a formidable

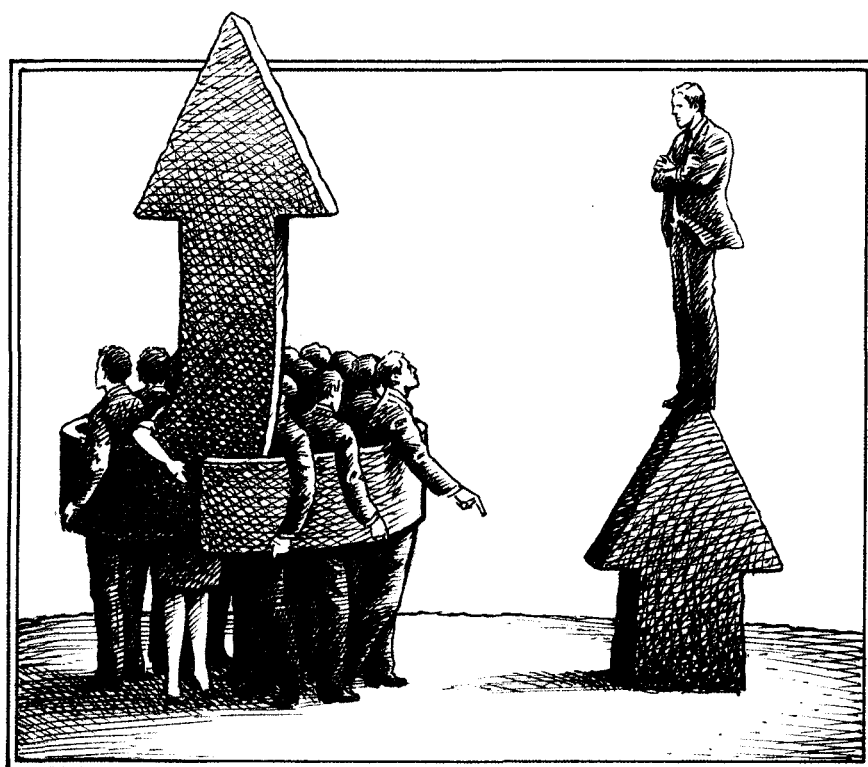
task. At the same time, an official in the administration says, it seeks to diversify tourism and will no longer rely on Miami as a model, by which he refers to the phalanx of high-rise hotels and condominiums along the sea in the Condado and Isla Verde sections of modern San Juan. Indeed, Old San Juan has been declared one of the island's greatest assets.

Maybe the best reason for making Puerto Rico the fifty-first state is that the other fifty might be inspired to perform new feats of preservation. □



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Books



Liberalism and Its Enemies

by Glenn Tinder

THE ANATOMY
OF ANTILIBERALISM
by Stephen Holmes.
Harvard University Press,
\$29.95.

LIBERALISM CAN BE defined as the philosophy and practice of liberty, with liberty understood not only as protection against undue interference with an individual's life but also in terms of representative government, constitutionalism, rule of law, and other such institutions commonly found in the politics of North America and Western Europe. Liberalism began to develop as long ago as the sixth century B.C., in ancient Greece, and is arguably the main strand in the political tradition of the West. One of the principal themes

advanced in *The Anatomy of Antiliberalism* is that opposition to liberalism is also a tradition. It is represented by figures such as Joseph de Maistre, Leo Strauss, Alasdair MacIntyre, and Christopher Lasch. The author's purpose is both to define the antiliberal tradition and to defend liberalism against it. The result is a book that sheds a good deal of light on the idea of liberty, mainly through the author's vigorous and well-informed polemic, but also partly through inadvertent disclosures by the author—a liberal—of limitations of the liberal mind.

It is noteworthy that the antiliberal tradition is defined by Holmes in a way that groups together two very different political types: violent antiliberals, such as fascists, and what we might call "liberal" antiliberals—writers who attack liberalism yet accept the established framework of constitutional government in the West. Holmes says explicitly that he is not insinuating that the liberal antiliberals are quasi-fascists. Why, then, classify them with fascist and other violent antiliberals? The answer, I think, is that Holmes is struck first of all by the common principles that bind together the two types of antiliberals; he

is struck also by the failure, as he sees it, of liberal antiliberals to take note of or set themselves apart from their sinister comrades. "They make no clarifying effort," he writes, "to explain their differences from fascist philosophers whose rhetoric is often indistinguishable from their own."

Defined in this comprehensive fashion, then, what is antiliberalism? As a tradition, it contains certain typical elements. It is often pessimistic in its view of human nature and history, and attacks liberalism for naive illusions concerning human goodness and the power of reason. Antiliberalism is in many instances aristocratic, in one way or another, and criticizes the egalitarian and democratic aspects of liberalism. Typically, antiliberals emphasize the social nature of human beings and construe liberalism as "atomistic"—that is, as tending to regard each individual as a separate, self-contained universe. Finally, antiliberalism emphasizes the absoluteness of values, and sometimes asserts the reality of that supreme value God, and accordingly brings liberalism under judgment for its supposed moral relativism and its secularism. Antiliberals do not stand for any single social and political ideal, but typically they affirm tradition, authority, and "community," which is apt to be equated with some particular social unit such as the nation. They may favor an established religion, or a clerisy such as the philosophical elite that was for Leo Strauss the purpose and center of the social order. Almost always they wish to provide moral discipline and sensitivity with some kind of force and standing in the public realm.

Antiliberalism is not unattractive. Practically everyone in a society as morally and spiritually chaotic as present-day America will find congenial ideas in the antiliberal tradition. Hence the importance of the author's defense of liberalism—for it is liberal convictions and institutions that confine our chaos within humane bounds. Were liberalism to be lost, our present disorder and confusion would be turned into an irretrievable historical disaster. One of the main things Stephen Holmes (who teaches political theory at the

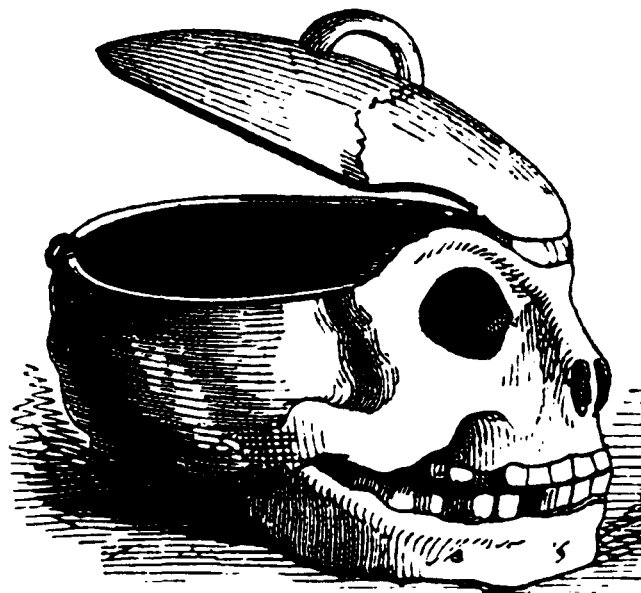
How to Be Religious & Not Commit Intellectual Suicide

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University of Chicago) intends to do in his book, and does do very well, is to show that the great liberal writers, such as John Locke, Adam Smith, and John Stuart Mill, were acute and well-balanced thinkers who seldom made the kind of simple errors with which the antiliberals charge them. They were not, for example, so extreme in their individualism as to ignore or deny the social nature of human beings.

The chief value of *The Anatomy of Antiliberalism*, however, lies not in what the author does to set straight the historical record of liberal thought but rather in his clarification of certain principles concerning the character and meaning of liberty. On our grasp of these may well depend the saving of the liberal structure of the American polity.

One of these principles, for example, concerns the relationship of liberty and class. Among the oldest and most powerful prejudices against liberalism is the one embodied in the Marxist canard that, as the British socialist Harold Las-ki put it, liberalism is "the philosophy of a business civilization." Such an interpretation reduces values of universal import to matters of class interest. Holmes effectively disposes of this prejudice when he observes that "the liberal campaign against arbitrary arrest, preventive detention, and savage punishments cannot be reduced to a bourgeois strategy for maximizing profits." Similar points can be made concerning other liberal goals. Religious tolerance, personal liberty, and the franchise are of value not merely to members of the bourgeoisie but to all members of the human race. Some of the most tragic developments of this century might not have occurred had key leaders in the Marxist world had some sense of the universality of liberal ideals.

Another important principle skillfully dealt with in *The Anatomy of Antiliberalism* has to do with the political implications of pessimism. One of the most notable characteristics of the antiliberals is their tendency to criticize liberals for their unrealistic optimism yet in constructing their own social and political ideals to become optimists themselves. This happens, for example, when they treat tradition as a storehouse of wisdom rather than of prejudice (after all, slavery in the United States was a rather ancient and widely honored tradition at the time it was

Answers to the September Puzzler

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Students. a. COURSE (homophone); BOT(C)H b. S-H(RUG)S; (S(L)E)DS c. HAVE-N-S; A-PARAT (*apart* anag.) d. WILL-OW; OP(TIM)AL e. CRUISE (homophone); AN-GLO (*log* anag.) f. A-POLLO; IMMERSE (hidden) g. T-OFU (*UFO* rev.); TEAR GAS (anag.) h. RED(RES)S; S(AF-E)ST *Grades.* 1. C(A-S)HEW; CHA(PY)TE-R (*teach* anag.) 2. LOTHAR-IO (*harlot* anag.); SP(OK)-E 3. UNRAVEL (anag.); ROO(FE)D 4. RO-UES (*use* anag.); OUTLAWRY (*lout* anag.) 5. S(A-GIN)AW; ILL-USE (*bullies* anag. - *b*) 6. ELISIONS (anag.); LOT-US 7. BASAL(t); PE-RIG-EES (*see* rev.) 8. HOT SP(OT) (*tooth's* anag.); AR-MADA (*Adam* rev.) 9. DILATION (anag.); SERIF (rev.) 10. THE-OREM (*more* anag.); GA(R)G-L-E 11. CEDAR (homophone); ALAS-KANS (*sank* anag.) 12. HOSTEL (homophone); OBE(SITY)

abolished in 1865). Their selective optimism is evident when they affirm the wisdom and moral purity of a particular elite or class, as do Strauss in the case of philosophers and Lasch in his discussion of the lower middle class. Holmes neatly brings out the more balanced understanding inherent in liberalism with his observation that "liberals are not optimists but *universalistic* pessimists: not the governed alone, but also the governors need to be ruled."

One of the most significant liberal principles is established in Holmes's statement that "most liberals valued freedom of thought not because they were moral skeptics but, on the contrary, because they saw such freedom as an indispensable condition for discovering the moral truth." Critics of liberalism often assume that because in a liberal society all moral issues are open to public debate, and no particular moral code has official status, liberalism involves the abandonment of all moral principles. Holmes's statement shows that this is not so. No doubt liberals sometimes have assumed that issues open to debate are inherently irresolvable and that all moral principles are therefore in doubt. But such an inference is not logically necessary. On the contrary, intellectual liberty may be based on the premise that moral truth can be discovered and securely established only through uninhibited inquiry. Moreover, it may be joined with the proposition that intellectual liberty cannot be significant unless it is a road to moral truth; otherwise it is reduced to an exchange of idle opinions. Granted, free speech in America today is used mainly for purveying advertising and entertainment and for pressing group and party interests. Nevertheless, moral inquiry does occur; the abortion controversy is evidence of this. And the idea that freedom is a condition for discovering moral truth is not insignificant from either a theoretical or a practical point of view.

Among the liberal principles clarified by Holmes, none is more important than that of individualism, which is strongly defended. Such a defense is particularly welcome in the present intellectual climate. The notion that human beings can be fully human only as members of cohesive social groups, although at least as ancient as the philosophy of Plato, has in our time reached the status of a cliché. It has been influ-

entially represented by writers such as Alasdair MacIntyre and Robert Bellah. It is commonly accompanied by animadversions on the supposedly blind and insensitive way in which liberal individualists block the satisfaction of one of humanity's deepest needs—the need for "community." One truth ignored in such communitarian critiques of liberalism is that many cohesive social groups are quite evil, and if individualism consists in assuring that individuals are able to stand apart from such groups, then individualism is quite a good thing. Drawing a phrase from Michael Sandel, a leading critic of liberal individualism, Holmes observes that members of the Ku Klux Klan, as well as of groups more widely admired, have "a commonality of shared self-understanding." And further along he speaks ironically of racism as a "robust denial of atomistic individualism."

Also commonly ignored in communitarian critiques of liberal individualism is that individualism implies the denial only of coerced relationships, not of all relationships whatever. One of the chief errors of the antiliberals lies in the assumption that individualism is inherently antisocial, whereas the truth is that "individualism can involve a heightened concern *for others* [Holmes's emphasis] as individuals rather than as members of ascriptive groups." In other words, the core idea of individualism does not have to be that all true life is private and exclusive. It can be rather that all true relationships are formed in freedom.

This principle has an important bearing on the subject of civil liberties. Criticisms of liberal individualism are typically accompanied by attacks on the preoccupation of liberals with individual rights, which supposedly leads to selfishness, to uncooperative social relationships, and to a neglect of interpersonal obligations. Here again antiliberals blind themselves to the true logic of liberty. Without individual rights there is no security for lives that are unselfish, cooperative, and morally resolute, because lives of this sort very often clash with the demands of racial, national, and other social groups. In a totalitarian state a dissident—like Andrei Sakharov—is rarely if ever a selfish individualist. As Holmes puts it, with characteristic succinctness, "Liberal rights . . . are facilitative. They make possible all kinds of social relations."

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THESE ARE ONLY examples of the liberal principles discussed in *The Anatomy of Antiliberalism*. The book is rich in insights and ideas, all of which contribute to the overwhelming impression the reader is likely to derive from the book: that liberalism is not weak and one-sided but rather takes into account, or at least is able to take into account, a wide range of fundamental human needs and desires. The liberalism sketched by Holmes is not easily relativized in either radical or conservative terms.

A serious weakness in Holmes's argument, however, is that liberalism in its traditional forms emerges from his book—contrary, perhaps, to his own convictions—as a philosophy and practice without any serious drawbacks whatever. This falsifies not only liberalism but also the situation of human beings in history. As the great liberal writer Isaiah Berlin has eloquently argued, no one set of social and political institutions can allow for the satisfaction of all legitimate aspirations, because these aspirations clash. Thus personal freedom may inescapably involve economic insecurity, and religious tolerance may lead unavoidably to spiritual uncertainty. Destroying established inequalities—however desirable in itself—will in most circumstances weaken authority and attenuate social relationships. Berlin's writings demonstrate that a defense of liberalism can be based on such incongruities, for they imply a degree of social imperfection that renders liberty imperative. Nevertheless, they also imply that even a liberal society will incorporate substantial imperfections.

Holmes's tendency to idealize liberalism is manifested in a chapter on "antonym substitution." Here it is charged that antiliberals regularly set aside the counterconcepts that liberals had in mind in setting forth liberal concepts and replace them with their own counterconcepts. For example, liberals stressed instrumental values as a way of opposing not moral values but "wastefulness and status display." Antiliberals distort liberalism by contrasting instrumental with moral attitudes and by ignoring the fact that liberal instrumentalism was a historical expedient rather than a philosophical absolute. As another example, the liberal emphasis on the subjectivity (Holmes encloses the word in quotation marks) of value judgments

was intended not to deny altogether the possibility of objective value judgments, as antiliberals maintain in another act of antonym substitution, but only to "deflate moral imperivalisms." But mightn't Holmes better have admitted that the great liberal writers, if only under the pressure of intellectual debate, occasionally were one-sided? Aren't there weaknesses of some sort in a philosophy that stands secure only by allowing its defenders to choose their own antonyms rather than by accepting responsibility for whatever antonyms are inherent in its major concepts? It seems fair to say that Holmes does not fully face up to the imbalances present at least in traditional liberalism, if not in liberalism abstracted from all shifting historical circumstances—in liberalism ideally defined. The liberalism suggested in Holmes's defense thus lacks the hard, realistic edge one feels in Isaiah Berlin's liberalism.

As these comments indicate, Holmes does not give antiliberals a sympathetic reading. He is fair in his treatment of them, but far from long-suffering. He does not follow the practice strongly recommended by one of the greatest of liberal writers, John Stuart Mill: that of taking care to enter fully into the minds of intellectual opponents in order to discover the element of truth that is apt to be contained even in opinions that are on the whole erroneous. It might be argued that the greatest weakness in Holmes's book derives from this failure. He becomes so engaged in countering antiliberals at every turn that he never stands back to ask what is bothering them basically. Thus antiliberalism often appears in his book as a sheer gratuitous misreading of liberalism, which is yet oddly widespread.

Nevertheless, underneath antiliberal polemics, as misdirected as they may be on the level of explicit argumentation, one can see a source of discontent that cannot be disposed of as readily as Holmes disposes of explicit antiliberal errors. This is the feeling that liberalism is somehow spiritually deficient. This feeling can assume diverse forms—that liberalism is lacking in heroic grandeur, in religious awe, in moral depth, or in tragic sensitivity. It is dry and practical and worldly. It is somehow small-minded. Antiliberals are very diverse in their political orientations. It might be said, however, that

most of them are in search of glory and see liberalism as inglorious, in thought and in action alike.

If such is an accurate characterization of the gravamen of antiliberal charges against liberalism, then it does not quite suffice to refute each of those charges singly, however effectively this may be done. It needs to be shown either that "glory" is not a legitimate common aim or that liberalism is not inglorious. Holmes does not manifest very much sensitivity to this issue, and his book contains comments that suggest he is unaware of it. He remarks, for example, that liberals admired the useful not only as opposed to the wasteful and "the merely traditional" but also as opposed to the sacred, as though this would be the attitude of any sensible person. In the same paragraph he casually observes that monks and aristocrats were "regularly derided" by liberals because they "never contributed anything *useful* [Holmes's emphasis] to society"—a statement one might characterize as at best too simple. In another passage he grants that some liberals "identified good and bad with bodily pleasure and pain" but excuses this on the grounds—presumably unexceptionable to anyone of normal sentiments and intelligence—that most of them were merely "hoping to channel intellectual energies away from sterile theological disputes and toward discovering medical and economic responses to the unrelenting hardships of famine and plague." (It may be noted simply that theologians, although much concerned with some of the ultimate questions of human existence, are no more favorably inclined toward sterile theological disputes, or toward famine and plague, than anyone else.) In passages such as these, and in his general neglect of the deepest sources of antiliberal discontent, Holmes displays some of the very liberal qualities—the dry practicality and worldliness, the unconcern with spiritual nuances—that disturb and anger antiliberals. It may be said, accordingly, that although he deals very effectively with the *anatomy* of antiliberalism, he pays too little attention to its *spirit*.

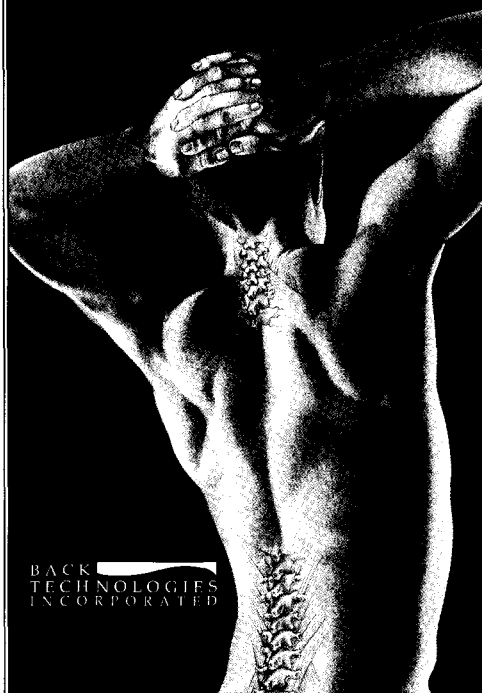
IT IS, OF COURSE, the anatomy, rather than the spirit, of antiliberalism that is Holmes's explicit topic. Nevertheless, the spiritual deficiencies of liberalism are of urgent concern to us to-

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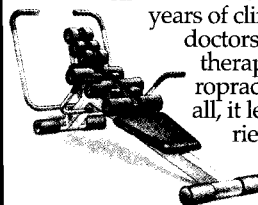
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day. This is because the inglorious character of liberalism is not merely an impression that a handful of intellectuals have derived from reading the works of Locke and Mill. It is, rather, a glaring fact of life in the most powerful of liberal nations.

More than a century and a half ago, in his study of democracy in America, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote that "nothing conceivable is so petty, so insipid, so crowded with paltry interests—in one word, so anti-poetic—as the life of a man in the United States." It seems unlikely that Tocqueville would appraise American liberty more positively were he able to return today and observe the impact on it of technology, industrialization, material abundance, and television. Surely one of the most significant realities of our time is that the life of free peoples contains little to stir awe or admiration in the mind of an impartial observer. Modern liberty is decidedly inglorious.

Must it be so? Is human nature so deeply inclined toward the shallow and the base that in all times and circumstances liberty will give rise to patterns of existence that are "petty" and "insipid"? Will liberty always be displayed mainly in lives "crowded with paltry interests"? Is liberalism in practice bound to leave people for whom the word "glory" stands for something of importance feeling that humanity has been diminished?

If so, the rebellion against liberalism, which (as shown in Nazism and communism) can assume forms far more terrifying and virulent than the writings Holmes discusses, will be mounted recurrently and will no doubt sometimes succeed. And if liberalism is bound to be inglorious, one may even wonder, in spite of the decencies liberalism safeguards, why the rebellion shouldn't succeed. "High abstracted man alone" may be, as Herman Melville said, "a wonder, a grandeur, and a woe." Such a man may, however, be unfit for liberty and may, wherever liberty is established, come to conform with Melville's characterization of "man-kind in the mass": "a mob of unnecessary duplicates, both contemporary and hereditary."

The author of *The Anatomy of Antiliberalism* deals admirably with the issues that he does address; one cannot help wishing he had addressed this issue, too. □

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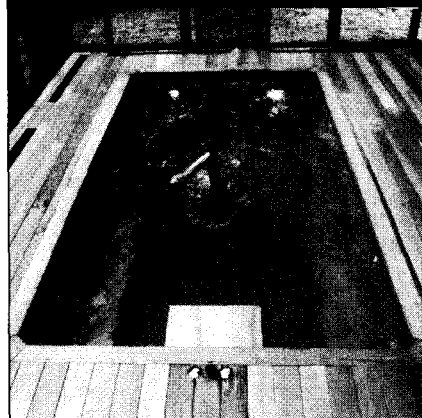
BERTIE AND OTT: The Movie. Why hasn't it been made? We've had Derek Jarman's *Wittgenstein* and Sally Potter's *Orlando*. And now—Peter Greenaway's *Garsington*? Think of it. The starring roles: two of English history's most cerebral, intense, and physically mismatched adulterous lovers, the diminutive, chinless, lecherous, aristocratic, iconoclastic philosopher, with his bright eyes and hyena laugh and mannered speech, and the immense, flame-haired, huge-nosed, huskily booming and whispering hostess, oozing with spiritual and emotional largesse. Parts to die for. Dudley Moore and Anjelica Huston? Woody Allen and Eleanor Bron? And the supporting cast! The ruthlessly abandoned wife, sad, awkward, desperate Quaker Alys, and the doting husband, handsome, unstable, promiscuous, devoted Philip Morrell. And all that famous crowd of Apostles and Bloomsberries, poets and politicians and philosophers! What walk-on roles! Virginia Woolf, lethally watchful, equivocal friend to Ottoline, describing Russell as a "luminous vigorous mind . . . attached to a flimsy little car, like that of a large glinting balloon." Darkly demonic Ludwig Wittgenstein, Russell's possessive pupil and philosophical conscience. Ottoline's rival lover, the smolderingly erotic painter Henry Lamb, sulking on the sidelines. D. H. Lawrence, disgusted, acrimonious, and vengefully satirical; Siegfried Sassoon, T. S. Eliot, Mrs. Eliot, Katherine Mansfield, Shaw, Lenin, Charlie Chaplin . . . And the settings! Peppard Cottage, the little Morrell country house near Henley; Garsington Manor, Cotswold stone jewel without, orientally high-colored stage set within, seething with jealous talents; Trinity College, Cambridge;

Bedford Square; the House of Commons . . . And the dialogue! "I feel just filled with utter thankfulness for you and worship. Darling darling Bertie." "My love for you is as deep and boundless as the sea. I cannot tell you how great it is, but I know you know. Yours in utter devotion, B." No: perhaps it would all be too much of a good thing—too much idiosyncrasy, too much color, too much period Englishness.

These two biographers handle the much-too-muchness of their subjects in different ways. (One difference is in naming: Moorehead, writing of a public man, speaks of "Russell"; Seymour, dealing with a private life, of "Ottoline.") Both have a great deal of new material: Miranda Seymour rescues Ottoline's emotional and candid memoirs from the reverential widower's expunging hand, and Caroline Moorehead has profited from a mass of unpublished papers, particularly those of Russell's wives and mistresses. Ottoline's biographer is concerned with helping her escape from the standard image of "a bizarre and overbearing aristocrat who tried to get into intellectual society"—an image for which Seymour largely blames the Bloomsbury group (though I think Lawrence is as much responsible). She wants to replace the much-caricatured grotesquerie of Ottoline in later years—maligned by Clive Bell as a haggard old wreck in her dirty finery—with a younger Ottoline, beautiful, adventurous, and original. So she tends to be effusive and chatty (about "Ottoline's spectacularly bad press," about "sex and religion" as "a famously heady brew," and so on). In her enthusiasm for Ottoline's generosity, sensitivity, and audacious spirit, her lack of snobbery and her valiant fight against lifelong illness, Seymour pours onto the page a marvelously fresh and intimate portrait that changes one's feelings toward this grandly unconventional woman.

Caroline Moorehead has a harder job, I think. She has some solid (male) precursors (lives of Russell have been written by Ronald Clark, Alan Wood, and Alan Ryan, and a fine life of Wittgenstein by Ray Monk). She has to pace herself for a very long haul, from the Boer War to the Vietnam War, with her man prominently and influentially involved in all the major world events in between. She has to deal with the broad shifts in liberal thinking in this century and to decide to what extent

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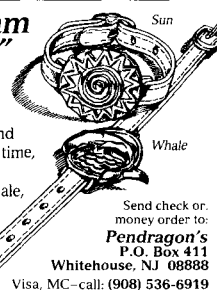
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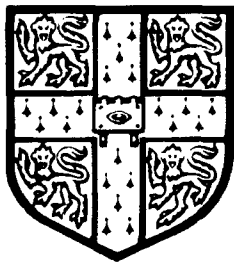
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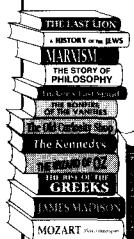
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Russell's intellectual development is formative, or paradigmatic, of the age. So she must trace, in their context, his evolving and changing commitments to pacifism, socialism, progressive education, passive resistance, and disarmament. She must make us understand the links between his fervent atheism, his belief in the possibility of social reconstruction (at once optimistic and grimly realistic), and his repudiation, as a logician, of idealism and his conviction that all knowledge rests on empirical evidence. And she is dealing with a much less sympathetic, as well as a much more intelligent, character, and has had to decide when to take offense.

Fortunately, she steers clear of the current fashion for pejorative, witch-hunting biographies and lets Russell's frequent awfulness—outstanding even by contemporaneous standards—speak for itself. As in: "If only he [Bernard Berenson] would not permit himself the physical liberties which Jews indulge in of touching one and putting their hands on one's shoulder and so on." Or: "Who is that Jew at Oxford?" (referring to the philosopher A. J. Ayer, whom Russell knew quite well). Or, referring to Lytton Strachey's homosexuality: "diseased and unnatural." Or, on eugenics in *Marriage and Morals* (1929), recommending sterilization for "feeble-minded women" whose offspring would be worthless to the country.

"Controversial stuff," Moorehead comments meekly, choosing not to be outraged by her outrageous subject. There is, after all, quite enough witch-hunting going on within this story of a lifetime's resistance to authority. It starts with Russell's ostracism by, and dismissal from, Cambridge for his pacifism in the First World War, and his imprisonment in 1918 for advocating peace with Germany. It continues in 1940 with a savagely censorious American campaign of moral indignation against his appointment to a chair ("a chair of indecency") at the City College of New York, and it ends with his week's prison sentence, at the age of eighty-eight, for "inciting the public to disobedience" at the Hyde Park Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament rally of 1961.

In the American conflict Russell's inextricable egotism and heroism are seen at their most vivid. His attitude toward the States—characteristic of many upper-class British intellectuals—was one of mingled scorn and greed. "If I

ever want to come here again," he observed on a visit to America in the 1920s, "please remind me not to: the people are horrible, and the beastliness of the country makes me miserable." But he was happy to return on lecture tours for ever larger fees, even as his criticisms of the country (first aired in an *Atlantic Monthly* piece in 1915, urging America to take a firmer stand against the "warring governments" of Europe) became more and more extreme. They culminated, in his nineties, in his vitriolic opposition to the Vietnam War and his obsessive attacks on American domination of the world:

Whenever there is hunger, wherever there is exploitative tyranny, whenever people are tortured and the masses left to rot under the weight of disease and starvation, the force which holds down the people stems from Washington.

This intemperance may well have taken its tone, Moorehead suggests, from the influence of the sinister protégé, Ralph Schoenman, Russell acquired in his old age. And yet much of what Russell said about America was right. After he was driven from his post in New York by public outcry, he drew analogies between Nazism and the opponents of academic freedom in America. The comparisons were prophetic of the McCarthyism to come. And what politically correct campus would now appoint the anti-Semitic, womanizing Bertrand Russell to a chair?

WITH SUCH an incomparable mixture of integrity, idiosyncrasy, and arrogance on her hands, Moorehead does well to maintain a moderate tone. Her descriptions of Russell tend to be given in voices other than her own. A young American meeting him when Russell was twenty-two, in 1895, said, "He gave me a feeling of intense mental life almost unrivalled in my experience. Ideas simply leaped from him." Beatrice Webb described him in her diary a few years later as dark-haired, bright-eyed, nervous, alert, quick, intellectually audacious, and a delightful talker, with no tolerance for bores or for "other people's emotions." Norbert Wiener, the German-American philosopher prodigy, at Cambridge in 1913 called him a "keen, cold, logical machine." In 1918 a fellow noncombatant summed him

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Many believe that the "land for peace" formula will solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. They think that peace would soon come to this troubled region if only Israel surrendered Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), Gaza and the Golan Heights to the Arabs.

What are the facts?

A totally new concept. The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. **Should be 2-way street.** In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the

world; the port and naval installation of Sharm-el-Sheik, and the oil fields that Israel had developed. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the

"A new idea, perhaps even a good one...but it needs to work both ways to be valid and effective."

Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible. No

compromise, no concession is ever possible. **Conflict is with Arab nations.** The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), the Gaza region and the Golan Heights. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But no peace will come about by Israel's giving up these areas of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use these lands as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the Palestinians. It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank", Gaza and the Golan Heights to Israel for the sake of peace. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

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up as "very childlike in his engrossment with his own emotions, virtues, vices, and the effect he has on other people. The oddest mixture of candour and mystery, cruelty and affection."

And so the exasperating personality—cold, vain, cranky, charming, utterly confident of his own rightness, blazingly energetic and relentlessly clearheaded—is carefully established, and nowhere more emphatically than in this version, by Colette O'Neil (the actress Lady Constance Malleson, his lover, on and off, for more than thirty years): "When BR really wants anything, he lets NOTHING WHATEVER stand in the way of getting it. He has always been like that."

When Moorehead deals with Russell's work as a philosopher, she is somewhat dutiful and flat, though clear enough on his collaboration with Alfred Whitehead, his shift away from George Moore, and his troubled intellectual relationship with Wittgenstein, who detested his popularizing self-help books, including *The Conquest of Happiness*. (Although this was timely for a postwar audience looking for "a new philosophy of life," Wittgenstein called it a "vomitiv.") Moorehead does communicate the mental excitements of a man for whom the discovery of Euclid at eleven ("one of the great events of my life, as dazzling as first love") and a sudden revelation in early manhood of the answer to Kant's question "How is geometry possible?" were milestones in his inner life.

But she does best with the outer life, the active expressions of Russell's powerful will: his self-assertive marital and sexual behavior, and his analogous, but more admired, intransigent and anti-authoritarian acts in the public sphere. Russell's peculiar childhood—the early deaths of his radical, aristocratic parents, and his Victorian religious upbringing by his grandmother, the puritanical widow of Lord John Russell, in the grand and gloomy Pembroke Lodge—clearly has a great deal to answer for in his later relationships. Moorehead isn't overbearingly psychoanalytical: she deals quietly, for instance, with Russell's fears of inherited insanity in his family (an affliction that indeed affected the desperately unhappy lives of his son and his granddaughters). She gives the facts simply of Russell's cruelty to his first wife: his notorious moment of disenchantment ("I went out bicycling one

afternoon and suddenly realised that I no longer loved Alys"), their horribly prolonged breakup ("So as not to feel overpoweringly irritated, Russell decided to stop looking at her"), Alys's self-disgust, and her wretched later life, fifty years spent hoping for his return.

Russell's minor liaisons—his irresponsible flirtation with the unstable Vivien Eliot, his ruthless shedding of the unhappy American girl Helen Dudley ("I broke her heart")—are coolly presented. Moorehead cannot quite remain neutral about Russell's exploitation of the remarkable Colette, whom he left and returned to and left, over and over again, from 1916 to 1949. ("If you leave me," she wrote once, "I'll not kill myself . . . I'll still love you as I'm loving you now; but I shall not tell you what is in my heart. I know that we belong together. If you don't know it, there is nothing I can do." There was no reply.) But she evenhandedly shows how bitter his second wife, Dora, could be (their divorce, for all their vaunted principles of sexual freedom and equality, was viciously recriminatory) and how "difficult and dislikeable" was his young third wife, "Peter" Spence. Russell's contradictions—sexual greed and puritanism, commitment to educational reform and inability to bring up his own children happily, belief in equal rights and the demoting of women's intellectual capacities—come across infuriatingly.

There's some comedy, too, not least in Russell's attempts at fatherhood (after the birth of his first child he wrote to Wittgenstein: "At first he looked exactly like Kant, but now he looks more like a baby"; and he told his children, in later years, to lean out of the car window and shout "Your grandfather was a monkey!" at passers-by, "to convince them of the correctness of Darwin's theory of evolution") and in Russell and Dora's managing of the permissive 1920s Montessori-style Beacon Hill school. Here children of progressive middle-class intellectuals were sent to develop their "spirit of enquiry." Stories of Dora's quests for chamber pots in primary colors, her instructions to the staff to let the children swear and flick butter at the ceiling during mealtimes, and her school plays ("Thinking in Front of Yourself," in which the hero, Youth, makes his life choices among a worker, a "modern" woman, and a factory owner), or of Russell's concern for the children's bowel movements ("considered so im-

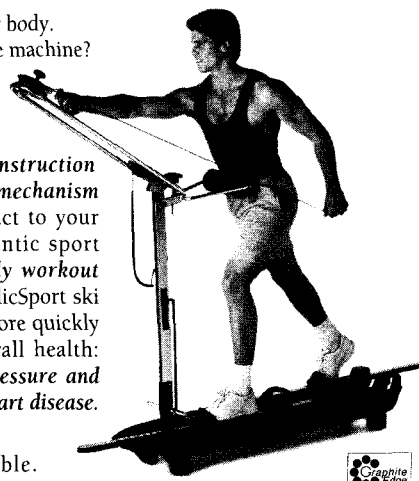


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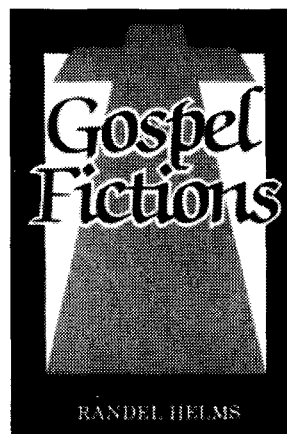
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portant that Russell himself would sit on the lavatory, his trousers round his ankles, surrounded by children on their pots. When these tipped over, as they often did, no fuss was made"), have a particularly English flavor to them. That sort of affected, well-meaning, privileged bohemianism runs all the way from William Morris to Dartington Hall and the Green Party.

MOOREHEAD is in no doubt that the love affair with Ottoline was one of the most important things that ever happened to Russell, and she quotes him saying in his autobiography, "She made me less self-centred, and less self-righteous . . . She made me less of a Puritan."

The great quarrel between them was over belief, an issue that shows up the differences between these two biographers. Moorehead talks mildly of Russell's worrying away at the question of faith and realizing that either Ottoline would have to "abandon her dependence on her God" or he would "have to find some compromise acceptable to them both." She notes that the novel they wrote together, about a young man searching for a faith, *The Perplexities of John Forstice*, was not a great success and was almost immediately repudiated by Russell as "too sentimental." But Seymour makes much more of Ottoline's spiritual grip on Russell, and argues that in the religious debate between them he moved a long way from his earlier sense of "cosmic loneliness." She puts more emphasis, too, on the battle for dominance over Russell's mind between Wittgenstein and Ottoline: "If Wittgenstein had had his way, Russell would never have written a word about religion and morals; if Ottoline had been allowed to have hers, he would have written about nothing else." It's characteristic of Seymour to go for the more dramatic interpretation. (When Ott and Bertie were reunited after his American trip in 1914, Moorehead writes, "their fondness for each other" was undiminished; Seymour's version is, "Their sexual relations now entered a new phase of blazing intensity.") But her case for a profound influence that was later played down by Russell looks plausible.

And they had strong affinities. They were both intensely eager for material to sink their teeth into, but Ottoline's passion for experience, as Miranda Seymour vividly demonstrates, went into

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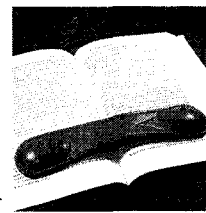
society, relationships, faith, imaginative intimacies with artists, interior design, clothes—all things that left Russell cold. They were both vain exhibitionists who didn't care for convention. They had both had odd, grand childhoods. Ottoline spent a solitary, pious, undereducated youth in Bolsover Castle (home in the seventeenth century to the literary Duchess of Newcastle, Ottoline's role model), shadowed by a tribe of unsympathetic aristocratic relatives. Throughout her adolescence she looked after her depressed invalid mother. This all makes painful reading. They both dedicated themselves to the cause of conscientious objectors in the Great War. Seymour waxes eloquent on Ottoline's hospitality at Garsington to intellectuals and artists turned farm laborers, and the mockery and satire she got in return: "My chief mistake has been to be too kind to people who have abused it and have tried to live on us." They were both incompetent parents. For all her partiality, Seymour cannot disguise Ottoline's lack of sympathy for her daughter, Julian (she was the survivor of twins, and it was the much-wanted son who had died), whom she was always accusing of selfish, sulking ingratitude, stupidity, and cruelty, but who just wanted to be more ordinary than her mother.

Ott and Bertie's love affair was ardent but sexually incompatible: at first she found him physically unattractive (especially because he had bad breath, resulting from untreated pyorrhea), and she "had a horror of sexual frankness." Eventually his infidelities and his demands made her unhappy; but after the affair ended, the friendship remained. Seymour argues strongly for Ottoline's sensuality and attractiveness. But in her marriage of companionship (Philip Morrell satisfied himself elsewhere, producing—to Ottoline's dismay—two illegitimate children by two women at nearly the same time) and in her affairs she seems to have been more interested in minglings of souls than of bodies. Whenever she fell in love—with the much older fashionable doctor Axel Munthe, who seduced her when she was twenty-four, with Henry Lamb and Siegfried Sassoon, and with Russell—she paid a price for her susceptibility, as Russell did not. Seymour has discovered, from the uncensored journals, only one affair that fulfilled her, and this was with "Tiger," a young gardening boy at Garsington. (Seymour sus-

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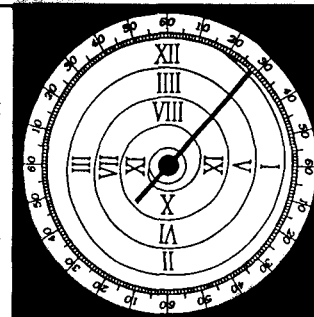
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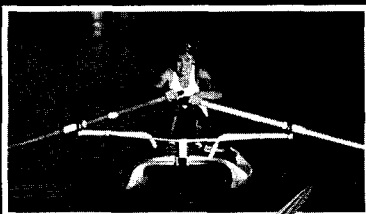
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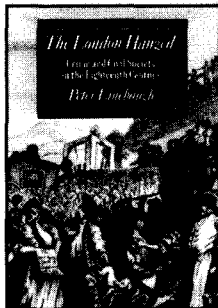


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pects that this extraordinary liaison may have filtered through to Lawrence and provided a hint for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.) But poor Tiger died of a brain hemorrhage in Ottoline's arms, the week before Virginia Woolf was due to arrive for a weekend at Garsington. Woolf observed that Ottoline's mood was "low in tone."

WHAT UNITES Ottoline Morrell and Bertrand Russell historically is that for all their bold modernity, they were figures in transition, leftovers from a previous era. When Russell, at sixty-six, composed a (greatly premature) obituary for himself, he wrote that his life "had a certain anachronistic consistency, reminiscent of that of the aristocratic rebels of the early nineteenth century. . . . He was the last survivor of a dead epoch." In the late 1920s, when he and Ottoline still met regularly as friends, he compared them to "two shipwrecked Victorian mariners adrift in the twentieth century."

These anachronistic aristocrats and the world they remind us of should not be sentimentally lamented or idealized. But the couple did share a quality that makes them admirable, for all their absurdities and their self-admiration. "Conventionality is deadness,"

Ottoline wrote in her diary in 1907. "Your life must break bounds set by the world." And, in 1929, "I know I have given love, affection, interest and sympathy. It has often been trampled on, abused or misunderstood and derided, but that doesn't matter. . . . Self-satisfaction is death." Writing to her in 1918, Russell imagined what he would like a future biographer to say of him.

I existed from my own centre, many things that I did were regrettable, I did not respect respectable people, and when I pretended to do so it was humbug. . . . I hated hypocrisy and lies: I loved life and real people, and wished to get rid of the shams that prevent us from loving real people as they really are.

George VI, on giving Russell the Order of Merit in 1949, remarked, "You have sometimes behaved in a way which would not do if generally adopted," and Russell replied, "How a man should behave depends upon his profession. A postman, for instance, should knock on all the doors in a street at which he has letters to deliver, but if anybody else knocked on all the doors, he would be considered a public nuisance." Both Ottoline and Russell knocked on a good many doors. The quality they shared was courage. □

Brief Reviews



WILL ROGERS by Ben Yagoda. Knopf, \$27.50. Will Rogers, vaudeville rope twirler, newspaper columnist, political commentator (sometimes a cannily foresighted one), and the most popular film star of his time, was the son of a prosperous part-Cherokee rancher in what was then the Indian Territory. By 1885 a Cherokee leader could claim "that there was not a family in that whole nation that had not a house of its own. There was not a pauper in that nation, and the nation did not owe a dollar." Such a state of things could not be allowed to continue, and Congress took steps to abolish it. One of the victims was Clem Rogers, who saw bad times ahead and began to

worry about his feckless son, a lad addicted to horses, parties, music, and gadding about, but impervious to spelling and grammar. Young Will took off for Argentina via England and returned by way of South Africa and Australia, supporting himself by playing cowboy in any Wild West show that came handy. Managing the family's much-reduced ranch was not to his show-business taste. With one thing leading to another, Will Rogers became the most widely known and beloved American since Mark Twain. As Mr. Yagoda ably recounts Rogers's story, it appears that the foundation of his success—aside from genuine stage charm—was a combination of

sharp intelligence and amiable disrespect. He could make people think without making them feel guilty—a rare and now seemingly lost art.

HAVING OUR SAY by Sarah and A. Elizabeth Delany with Amy Hill Hearth. Kodansha, \$20.00. The oral memoirs of Sadie and Bessie Delany, both more than a hundred years old, represent the slow progress and frequent frustrations of the black intelligentsia and professional classes over the past century. The sisters are sometimes understandably testy, rarely openly bitter, always attractively colloquial in style, and adroit in making their points by anecdotal example. Their recollections are no credit to white society, but a great credit to the Delany sisters.

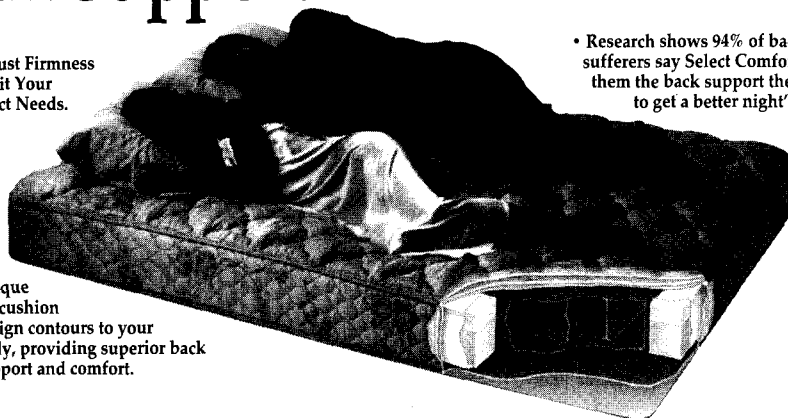
THE BUCCANEERS by Edith Wharton, completed by Marion Mainwaring. Viking, \$22.00. Wharton's last, unfinished novel was posthumously published in 1938. In its present form it has been completed by Ms. Mainwaring, a Wharton scholar and devotee, on the basis of the author's surviving outline. That outline has not been included in the new version, but checking reveals that Ms. Mainwaring has faithfully followed it, barring the unnecessary but not implausible introduction of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The question is, would Wharton herself ultimately have followed an outline that left a large gap in her story of American beauties invading London society in the 1870s? Extreme youth and a liking for ruins do not satisfactorily account for the abrupt, and offstage, marriage to a particularly dreary duke of a lively, imaginative American girl with little interest in social position and even less in luxury. Ms. Mainwaring has achieved a Whartonian style that is convincing if a trifle short of satirical jabs, and the now hybrid work remains a shrewd, subtly acerbic study of Anglo-American contrasts and the restrictions imposed on nineteenth-century women by both the law and the vagaries of the marriage market.

FROM THE STEAM ROOM by Robert Nichols. Tilbury House, \$18.95. Mr. Nichols's fantastic novel mixes prose with poetry and past with future. New York City, finally and hopelessly bankrupt, has turned all control over to Helix Glowlight, who hopes to get electricity and other municipal services back into action through a loan from his

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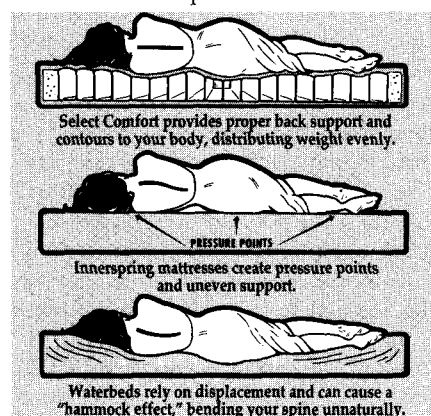
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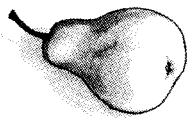
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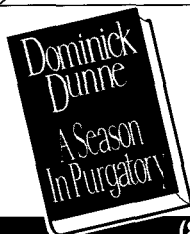
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friend Roderick McBladder, the president of Global Bank. McBladder, like the international finance he represents, flies about the world untouched by anything except his own bad dreams. Glowlight contends with city bigwigs named Canker and Lockjaw, and carries on a love affair with a Puerto Rican woman whom he mistakenly considers a street-smart urchin. None of the ensuing confusion is intended to make realistic sense. It is designed rather as a fun-house-mirror view of an already distorted society, satirical fantasy with a serious point, and, as can easily happen with that difficult genre, the author's preposterous trimmings ultimately obscure his basic intention.

TO THE WHITE SEA by James Dickey. Houghton Mifflin, \$22.95. Readers who expect a repetition of the tension and excitement generated by *Deliverance* will be disappointed by Mr. Dickey's new novel. The story is not lacking in action, some of it savage, but that action is embedded in meditations on man's affinity with the animal world. Mr. Dickey's protagonist is an Air Force gunner shot down over Tokyo shortly before the great fire raid on that city. His position should be hopeless, but the man comes from a remote region of Alaska, where he grew up hunting, trapping, and studying game. His object is to find similarly cold country, and as he lurks and dodges his way north to Hokkaido, he uses every trick of camouflage and predation that he has learned from hare and wolverine. In one sense the story may be considered a celebration of union with the natural world. In another it is a story of regression, of a gradual repudiation of human status beyond that required by the normal brutalities of war, a darkly pessimistic revelation of the feral creature behind the tamed human face.

WATCHERS BY THE POOL by Margaret Reinhold. Carroll & Graf, \$18.95. The author "practiced neurology and psychiatry in London" before removing to a renovated farmhouse in Provence, accompanied by her two cats. She soon acquired eight more cats, because Provençal country people are less than generous with cat food. These cats—usually referred to as "beautiful cats," although a healthy cat that is not beautiful is almost as rare as a hen's tooth—became companions whose feuds, al-

liances, tastes, and prejudices the author observed with psychiatric enthusiasm. She also conducted conversations with them. Readers who appreciate descriptions of Provençal scenery and respect the idiosyncratic character of cats should enjoy the book. Readers who disapprove of anthropomorphism will loathe it.

MATISSE by Hayden Herrera. Harcourt Brace, \$29.95. Ms. Herrera's account of the industrious life and highly varied work of Henri Matisse is informative, admiring but not idolatrous, and lucidly sensible in exploring the meanings underlying the painter's sometimes enigmatic images. The author acknowledges that an arrangement "may have been prompted solely by formal concerns," and emphasizes Matisse's belief that an artist sometimes paints more than he consciously has in mind. The illustrations are well chosen, although the color plates are sparser than one might wish.

SACRED CLOWNS by Tony Hillerman. HarperCollins, \$23.00. The latest adventure of those engaging Navajo policemen Leaphorn and Chee has less than usual of Mr. Hillerman's superb descriptions of western weather and country, and more than usual of off-duty romance. The plot is as mystifyingly convoluted as one expects of this wily author.

ALWAYS GETTING READY by James H. Barker. University of Washington, \$50.00/\$29.95. Mr. Barker first visited the Yup'ik Eskimos of southwest Alaska and then settled among them, taking photographs all the way. His text concentrates on how the Yup'ik support themselves through the seasons of hunting, fishing, and berry picking—for one of which they are always getting ready—and it is full of fascinating details about such matters as the effect of wind on the salmon run and the means of locating one's position on the "flat white plain" of shore-fast ice. There is information on government meddling and a section on the potlatch, with photographs of dancers whose heavy boots and layered clothing make them resemble agile, histrionic teddy bears. All the photographs are in black and white, and they splendidly convey both the hardships of Yup'ik life and the resilience of Yup'ik people.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

THE PUZZLER

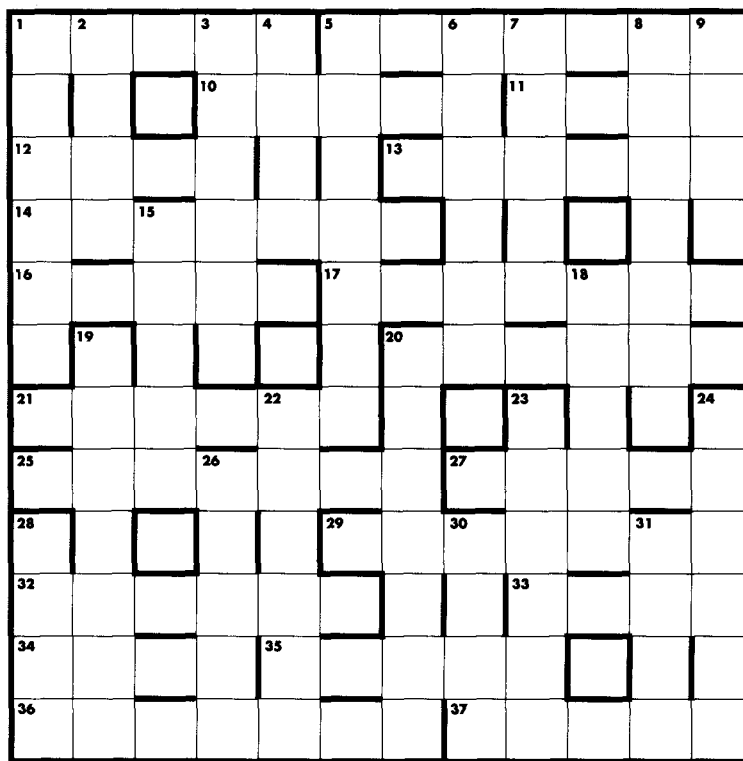
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

HAUNTED HOUSE

Six times in this puzzle part of a clue answer vanishes, with a surviving fragment entered in the diagram. But the six departed specimens come back to haunt the grid; that is, they can be found lurking in the finished diagram, reading forward, back, up, down, or diagonally in any direction—in such a way that one letter from each “ghost” occupies one of the six other-wise unused boxes. The letters in those six boxes, when read from left to right and top to bottom, identify the “ghosts.”

Answers include seven proper nouns and less-than-common words at 32 Across and 19 Down.

See page 131 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 127.



ACROSS

1. Wire fences are small, short, and suited for pets (10)
5. Famous people's feet? (7)
10. In the morning I run with friend from Chihuahua (5)
11. An absence of rail transportation for Christmas (4)
12. Using the snout, turn up donut in garbage (4)
13. Elaborate pairs of Roman columns collapsed (6)
14. *Gun* editor has lives changed (7)
16. Antelope dash to end of road (5)
17. Tavern's last great deal for pasta (7)
20. Everything that is right for French department (6)
21. Bag I held in French dance (6)
25. Naive, like Paul Simon when he went solo? (7)
27. Old boat's new paint (5)

29. Colony member, tucked back in covers, takes a little snooze (7)
32. Combat-stressed alloy (6)
33. Nutritionists' idea—it isn't bad (10)
34. Spread out sign (4)
35. Blame off-key soprano (5)
36. Intrinsically American or Greek hero (7)
37. Rod lunged, shot, and blasted (9)

DOWN

1. Place where you can study song vocally (6)
2. Malt drink containing old juice-yielding herb (4)
3. For example, swallowing a can! (6)
4. Smackers with bats cross home (9)
5. Permission for breaking silence (7)
6. Russian author describes round number that's very big (6)

7. Burdened, English numbered about 100 (10)
8. Ordained in half-dead religion (7)
9. Pig pens left rather inactive (4)
15. Safe piece of gymnastic equipment (5)
18. Brad put up a vinyl plant (5)
19. One aboard actress Lombard's toboggan (7)
20. Attacks like ships, metaphorically (7)
22. Almost plant identical seed (6)
23. Old poet to keep in dark, to a degree (6)
24. Assembled spar on a ship in the sound (6)
26. Wolves, see, raised cry (5)
28. Couple of speedsters having to hit the brakes (4)
30. Prohibition rejected at Boston University (4)
31. Mascot seemingly gnawed former Cincinnati Red (4,4)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

beeper gun *noun*, used to refer to a .22-caliber, five-shot stainless-steel mini-revolver fitted with a fold-up holster grip, which when folded and clipped into a pocket is sometimes said to resemble a beeper: "Officers on the streets are constantly at risk, and they never know what they're going to face." . . . *Beeper guns* are 'very dangerous and are an easily concealable threat to our officers . . .'" (Washington, D.C., Police Chief Fred Thomas in *The Washington Post*). BACKGROUND: According to both Ken Friel, the general manager of North American Arms, which makes the .22-caliber mini-revolver, and a spokesperson for the Washington, D.C., Police Department, *beeper gun* is a term that was created by the media. This is the only point on which the two sources concur. The term surfaced last June, when District police confiscated one of the mini-revolvers from a subject who had thrown it, along with a real beeper, into nearby bushes; he claimed that both objects were beepers, and it was only upon retrieving them that officers discovered that one was a gun. Friel disputes Chief Thomas's contention that the handguns are a danger to police officers and argues that the guns are used as backup weapons by some police officers themselves.

Goodyear *verb, slang*, to run over and kill an animal: "Early one summer morning

A selection of terms that have newly been coined, that have recently acquired new currency, or that have taken on new meanings, compiled by the executive editor of The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition.

several years ago I found an orter stretched across the shoulder of the road. She'd emerged from high grass, poked her head across the edge of the blacktop, and was *Goodyeared*" (Lionel Atwill in *Sports Afield*). BACKGROUND: Pop culture is full of instances of trademarks that have been made into verbs. *Goodyear*, for which we have this single citation from earlier this year, joins such other verbs of the class as *Exxon* (defined in this column in 1990 as "to damage, especially by pollution"), *Xerox*, *Spackle*, *Windex*, *Jet Ski*, and *FedEx*. A similar development has resulted in *Saturnize*, which derives from the famously customer-friendly approach adopted by dealers of the GM Saturn, and which means "to train in creative auto-sales techniques intended to foster positive consumer attitudes toward the dealer and develop loyal, repeat customers."

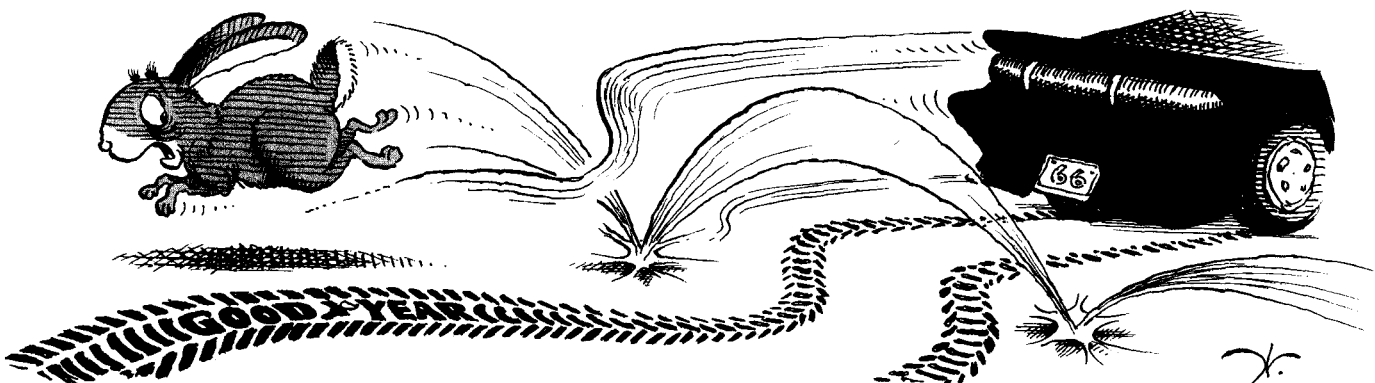
isopraxis *noun*, a non-learned neurobehavior in which members of a species act in a like manner: "Dressing like your colleagues and neighbors dress 'reflects a deep reptilian behavior principle called "*isopraxis*,"'" says [the research anthropologist David B.] Givens. '*Isopraxis* in-

volves mimicking,' he says. 'You're allies. You look alike, think alike. It's easier to be accepted if you look like others. "Same" is safe'" (*Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: *Isopraxis* is a variant spelling—intended, Givens says, to appeal to non-scientific readers—of *isopraxis*, a word coined by the neuro-anatomist Paul D. MacLean, who first used it in print in 1975. It is composed of the Greek prefix *iso-*, one sense of which is "uniform," and the Greek word *praxis*, one sense of which is "custom." Examples of *isopraxis* in the animal kingdom include the simultaneous head-nodding of female and juvenile lizards in response to a male's territorial display, and the group gobbling response of tom turkeys. Among human beings it is manifested in the hand-clapping of a theater audience and, on a larger scale, in historical mass migrations, in mass rallies, violence, and hysteria, and in the sudden widespread adoption of fashions and fads.

kata tatakai *noun phrase*, used to denote the practice in Japanese firms of targeting redundant employees for termination of employment: "Some layoffs have been disguised by

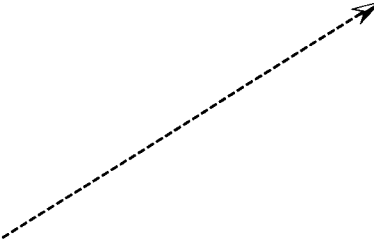
the practice of *kata tatakai*. . . . A boss tells an employee, We have no work for you so you'll have to go—and by the way, this is voluntary, right?" (*Time*). BACKGROUND: Japan's legendary "lifetime employment" system is being tested by instabilities in that country's economy, and major Japanese firms are cutting their staffs, commonly employing such measures as reducing recruitment, encouraging early retirement, eliminating part-time positions, and transferring employees to branch offices or affiliated firms. They are generally loath to fire employees outright, or even to use terminology equivalent to our words *fire*, *terminate*, and *lay off*. To be fired would be expressed in Japanese by the verb phrase *kubi ni naru*, which translates literally as "to become a decapitated head." The term of choice is instead the superficially more benign *kata tatakai*: *kata* means "shoulder" and *tatakai* means "a tap." Employees who refuse to leave after having been thus tapped may be assigned menial, demeaning, or even pointless tasks, such as cutting trees and writing daily compositions at a remote rural facility, or may be relocated to an inhospitable work space, such as a dimly lit basement, and given no tasks whatsoever. The Japanese word covering these practices—all aimed at eventually forcing the worker to resign—is similarly understated: *iyagarase*, or "annoyance."





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